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The greatest and unfortunately the last serial novel of

DONN BYRNE

"FIELD OF HONOR"

BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

A beautiful full-page painting in glorious colors (see page 27

MAY
1929

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Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Order it from him today—by the bar or in the ten-bar carton so many women find convenient. Fels & Company, Philadelphia.

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

Registered in the U. S. Patent Office

ARTHUR T. VANCE, *Editor*

William Paul Ahnelt
President and Publisher

VOL. XXX. No. 8

MAY, 1929

THE LATE DONN BYRNE'S HOME, COOLMAIN CASTLE, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND

"I consider 'Field of Honor' the finest story I have ever written"

—DONN BYRNE

In the Summer of 1926, while living in his beautiful medieval castle in Ireland, Donn Byrne wrote a letter to his American literary agent telling him that he was engaged on a stupendous piece of work that he thought especially suitable for Pictorial Review readers.

From time to time Mr. Byrne kept us posted regarding the progress he was making, and in February, 1928, we received the final instalment, just six months before the tragic motor accident which robbed the literary world of one of its greatest figures.

Accompanying the manuscript was a letter in which Mr. Byrne stated: *"I consider 'Field of Honor' the finest story I have ever written."*

We think that Pictorial Review readers will agree with this opinion. It is a prodigious story, with a background of such vastness that it possesses almost an epic quality. The scenes are laid in Europe during one of the most fascinating periods in all history, and some of the glamourous figures that again come to life under the spell of Mr. Byrne's magic pen are Napoleon, Wellington, Pitt, Nelson, Lady Hamilton, Canning, and Castlereagh.

Woven into the foreground of a magnificent tapestry of events is a love-story of infinite tenderness with all the silvery enchantment of romance that Donn Byrne knew so well how to spin.

"Field of Honor" is, alas! the last work by Donn Byrne that we'll ever be privileged to place before our readers, but it makes a glorious farewell to a glorious career. It begins on page 9.

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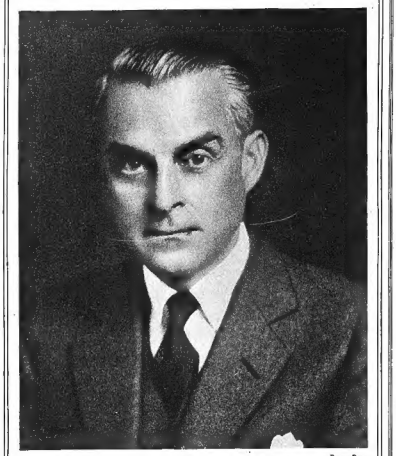
THE FIRST SUCCESS I EVER MADE

By Struthers Burt



Bowen Bros.

STRUTHERS BURT

THIS is a vague title, because success is comparative, and the term can be applied to any relationship of life, to any fact or event of life. For example, considering all the chances against it, I dare say just getting born is "the first success" any one ever makes. As far as I can make out countless millions of people don't get born at all. That, however, is a metaphysical question, so we can leave it. But living to maturity is not a metaphysical question, and again, considering all the chances against it, any man or woman who lives to forty, or even twenty, can consider himself or herself in a certain way gloriously successful.

Think of all the enemies from measles to appendicitis that have been either evaded or conquered! Of course the heroes and heroines of these conquests or evasions have not been deliberately conscious of them. They have been what is known as lucky. But then I am not at all sure just how much success of any kind is deliberately attained. I am inclined to agree with Mr. Charles Schwab in that respect. If a fairy asked me what I would rather have, luck or patience, I would say luck.

Once, however, you get away from just being born and just not dying too immaturely of disease, consciousness does begin to enter into most of the things you do. It requires consciousness, for example, in this age of motors not to be run down at a corner, and not, at some other corner, to run down someone else. Still more, in this age of divorce, does it require consciousness to remain married for any length of time to the same husband or wife. Equally, in this age of competition and crowds, does it require consciousness to make an adequate income.

So before I begin talking about myself I would like to take this opportunity to issue a blanket congratulation to all my fellow citizens who, having reached the age of maturity, are supporting themselves and are still married to the same man or woman. Whatever may be their other faults and failures, and despite Mr. Mencken, Mr. George Jean Nathan, Dean Inge, and the newest school of writers, I consider these mature, self-supporting, still married fellow citizens grand men and women. I might not like all of them personally if I met them, but, fundamentally, I admire them. They have exhibited courage, persistence, some degree of vision, and, best of all, have been struck by the lightning of luck, and lightning does not strike the baser or minor trees.

None the less it is not this that is usually meant when one is asked to describe his or her first success. Very definitely one's profession is meant. And so I suppose in a symposium of this kind—if this is to be a symposium—authors are expected to tell how, why, and where they sold their first story.

Curiously enough, if you look into this question, you will find that the majority of authors sold their first stories in a dramatic manner and very much true to form. Fact persistently remains stranger than fiction, so much so that strange facts come to be regarded as banal. You have to be careful about handling facts, so few people believe them. But I can not help that. I did sell my first story in a dramatic manner. That is to say, the circumstances surrounding the sale were dramatic.

I began to write when I was eight years old, perhaps earlier—I can't remember—the first collected masterpieces only date back to the age of eight. Eight is a normal age for authors to begin their life-work. The disease usually appears some time around then. But if you do not count two years as a newspaperman, I received no gain from this preoccupation until I was thirty-one. When I was thirty-one I sold my first story, and I sold it to an estimable New York publishing firm. Its name was "The Water Hole," and I sha'n't forget it.

The year before, in what seems now a bewildering state of financial innocence, I had married. Since only frankness is valuable, I might just as well tell what my wife and I got married on. The relation may interest other young married people. Between us we had exactly a thousand dollars a year. That was in 1913, and altho the cost of living has doubled since then, even in 1913 a thousand dollars a year was no fortune. There were compensating circumstances, however.

I can not claim an altogether insane courage. I had a home, and that home permitted me to live precariously. For six years I had been owner of a—at the time extremely non-profit-paying—ranch in western Wyoming. Then it looked as if it would never pay, but it offered us a home where we could live for practically nothing. It is odd to think that those extremely non-profit-paying little homestead and desert claims are now part of the eminent and prosperous Bar B. C. Ranches, Inc. Especially "Inc." But so they were, and it goes to show what time and the inevitable growth of the United States will do. But, for some curious reason, both my wife and myself discounted this Wyoming ranch and pinned our faith entirely on forty acres of apple-land in the State of Washington, which I had looked at, helped plant, and bought a fourth interest in three years before.

WITHIN two years that land was going to net at least forty thousand dollars a year, so my share would be ten thousand dollars annually. Very nice, wasn't it, for a young married couple? Even better than the apples eaten by that young married couple in the Garden of Eden. The only advantage they had over us was that their apples were real and ours weren't. I don't know what has happened to that apple-ranch. I hope the local authorities have seized it for taxes. As I haven't heard from it for twelve years, I imagine they have.

The greatest asset we possessed, however, was one that we discounted even more than the Wyoming ranch; that was the fact that my wife was also a writer. So far she had written only children's stories for an English publisher, and it had never occured to us that she would ever do anything else. Her share of our annual thousand dollars came from that publisher. He was the publisher who bought "Treasure Island" for five hundred dollars outright. You can imagine just how rich my wife was going to become on her children's stories.

At this moment it is customary to say that if it had not been for one's wife one would never have got anywhere. Well, customary or not, that's true in my case. Circumstances and a theory that before you become a writer you have to know something about life, had made me, from the age of twenty-four on, a ranchman, and I would probably be a ranchman to-day if I hadn't married that girl on a combined income of a thousand dollars a year. They may at times annoy you—women, I mean—and they do undoubtedly add to the complication of life, but it is lucky for men that they have the extraordinary and blessed gift of vicarious ambition. Even a female writer has that gift if you marry the right one.

I HAD just about given up any idea of writing, but my wife, seeing some of my dusty manuscripts, said they weren't much good, but that I was silly not to go ahead. So I did. I began, once more, in the rare intervals of leisure a poverty-stricken rancher has, to write verse and short stories. I sold some verse. I got twenty-five dollars for that. Life looked big. If I could write an epic poem of a thousand lines, at fifty cents a line, I would have something. The only drawback was that my mind seemed to work only in short lyrics.

That Winter my son was born. That Summer my daughter showed signs of wishing to enter this dangerous world. The following Winter we found it necessary to go East for a couple of months. We had enough money to buy our railway-fares and live at the most inexpensive sort of boarding-house—if we were careful. Unfortunately, being young, we weren't so terribly careful. We hadn't been East more than a month before we found that, at the rate we were going, we would probably have to walk back West. That was before the days of hitch-hiking. Meanwhile, with much enjoyment but not the faintest encouragement, I was writing short stories.

Money, unless you replenish it, has the most curious way of reaching a vanishing-point. It is worse than a straight line indefinitely continued. I don't exactly know what happens to a bank-account unreplenished.

A February night arrived, and on that night my wife and myself had just exactly forty cents between us. We had paid our board bill for another week, so we couldn't be thrown out on the frosty world, but as far as cash was concerned we had just exactly forty cents. We talked it over. There didn't seem to be much sense in hoarding forty cents.

We decided to go to the movies. Fortunately at that date the average charge at small but good motion-picture theaters was twenty cents a person. See how nicely that worked out. Twenty cents a person and we had forty cents between us. A cent less would have ruined us; a cent more would have done us no good. As for ice-cream sodas after the show, we never ate them anyhow.

We set out for the theater, we enjoyed the picture, and we came back to our rooms. On the desk was the late mail, and amongst it a letter from an estimable publisher, saying that my latest story had been accepted and that a check—at the time huge to me—was on its way.

That's true. You may not believe it, but it is. After all, it doesn't make much difference who believes it, so long as the check came, which it did very promptly. I think there ought to be a Constitutional Amendment requiring all magazines to pay upon acceptance.

But I want to tell about my second success as well, only this time it isn't my success, but my wife's. Since it saved our lives once more, I suppose I am entitled to a passive share in it.

Four years later we were at war, and altho by now I had two children and was very little richer than I was in 1914, I was seized with a fury of patriotism and borrowed five hundred dollars and joined the United States army. It was one of the most expensive pleasures I have ever purchased,

Continued on Page 103

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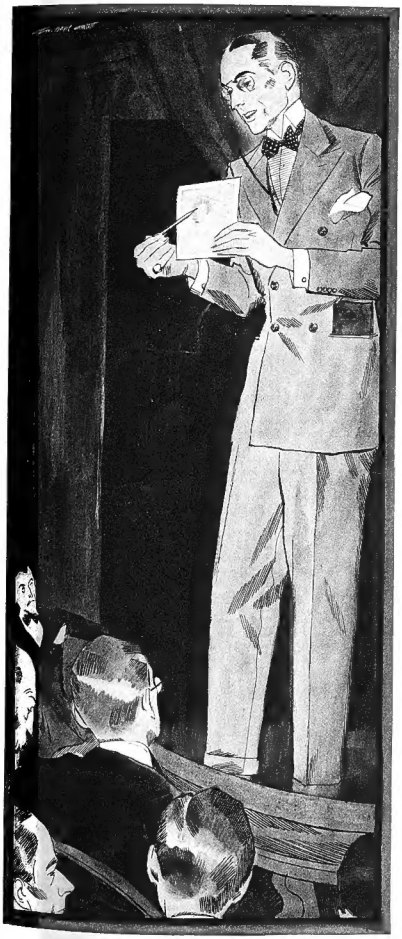
Here are the facts
boiled down - about troubles of the Gums



The CAUSE . . . . *Soft food, hasty eating*

The EFFECT . . . . *Tender, bleeding gums*

The WARNING . . . . *"Pink tooth brush"*

The REMEDY . . . . *Ipana and massage*

Quickly and telegraphically, those four lines above give you the gist of the profession's findings about troubles of the gums.

You might attend dental clinics, study the professional journals, or simply chat things over with your own dentist. However you check up, wherever you seek the facts, you will find authorities agreed on this: the present rise of tooth troubles originating in the gum structure is traceable to these soft, delicious foods that modern taste demands.

"Take an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets," writes one famous specialist. *"If there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook."*

Which is precisely why gum troubles today are almost a national scourge—why x-ray files the country over are becoming crowded with pictures showing the dire results of gum neglect!

For, like any living tissue, the gums need exercise! Deprived of it by modern fare, they grow weak and tender. And teeth become affected—sometimes their loss is threatened.

Look out for "pink tooth brush"

If your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that worse troubles are on

the way—gingivitis, Vincent's disease or possibly pyorrhea.

Gum massage is the profession's weapon against "pink tooth brush." *"Massage moves along the sluggish blood stream,"* says a standard text, *"and makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."*

Give your gums this gentle frictionizing twice daily. Speed the rich, cleansing blood through the tiny vessels of the gum walls—wastes are swept away—depleted tissues are restored—pink, healthy gums are yours again!

Ipana Tooth Paste has a special ingredient that gives it power to tone the gums as well as clean the teeth. It contains zirafol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists. So thousands of dentists recommend Ipana for this massage. They know the health it brings to gums as well as the beauty it brings to teeth.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

We will gladly send you a 10-day sample of Ipana. The coupon will bring it, and your first brushful will show you that Ipana has a delicious taste and a remarkable power to brighten and polish your teeth.

But it's better to start at once with a full-size tube from the druggist. It contains over 100 brushings—a much fairer test of Ipana's power to firm up your gums and to improve the health of all your mouth!

* * * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-59
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Address.....

City.....*State*.....

* IPANA Tooth Paste *

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I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND MY CHILD TO SCHOOL

By Elizabeth Breuer

Drawings by Ruth King

I AM in a quandary. A modern school has just informed me that it will give my ten-year-old daughter a scholarship for next year. She goes now to a little red schoolhouse presided over by two white-haired darling women who have neither the desire, the training, nor the equipment to give the children the sort of schooling which modern experimental schools are giving to but a limited few.

But here Anne has learned many fine things, among them the important one of seeing a task through. She has been a member of an absorbing, gentle democracy, and her teacher has the rare gift of taking her young charges seriously and treating them with respect.

On the other hand, I think of all the benefits she can get only by the offer of this modern school: rhythmic exercises which she needs to develop her physical coordination and train her feeling musically; a workshop in which she can build anything she pleases, from a doll-bed to a sheep-pen; and association with free and spirited and superior children.

I know it is a splendid chance, but I don't want her to go. Is it because I prefer the country school? No. Frankly it is because I would prefer she went to no school, however admirable.

Neither in modern nor in old-fashioned schools do I feel that my daughter is getting those worth-while benefits that will really help her; anything that will really matter to her when she is grown up. If I had my way about it I would keep her out of all schools because they do little but keep her occupied with all sorts of unnecessary tasks that merely clutter up her time, when at home she could devote herself to any of the things she is really vitally interested in.

If my home were a city apartment I would grasp eagerly at the chance to send her to a modern play-school; but we live in the country. We have built a home which is not only a beautiful place for grown-up people; it is a place where children have the space and opportunity to work as they please.

Now it is gardening-time. And this year Anne is violently interested in gardening. It is as if for the first time she grasped the wonder of things growing, of being able to make beautiful things come out of a brown, cold earth. The first thing in the morning she runs out to the sweet-william and the bulbs and what not she has been given for her own garden.

Until now it has been her scales at six o'clock in the morning which have wakened the household. Then she is late with the strip of cloth a neighbor ordered from her, for she weaves homespuns of a good quality on her loom. And in the meantime there is her room in the new playhouse, with its various small buildings, whole residences, apartments, garages, and farm-buildings, and her puppet theater, all in a state of neglect.

Yet from eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon each of these precious days will be frittered away in a school where she will go over tasks again and again, things that don't count, when there is so much needing to be done in the beautiful and busy world of her own making at home. There are books waiting to be read, walks waiting to be taken, music waiting to be played, and the brand-new bicycle languishing in the shed.

Years ago, when she was five, a lawyer, a graduate of Oxford and Harvard, said to me, "Don't send Anne to school until she is twelve years old. Give her a chance to develop her own personality. Give her a chance to be a real person." I was not able to follow his advice, because I have never had the money to hire tutors for her and keep her at home with the consent of school authorities.

Failing that, my school board would allow me to teach my daughter at home, but she would be required to take the school tests every few weeks and the State regents' examinations, which means that, whether at home or in school, I would be required to teach her only the subjects which are part of the school curriculum, even if these subjects are of no interest or use to her just now, so that again I would have no freedom of choice as to her education.

In other words, the present school system insists that I make a putterer out of my daughter. It insists that we dissipate the God-given instinct to be creative, and put in its place, regardless of the individual quality of the child, pabulum which makes for placid, true-to-type little manikins without character or personality, who respond like puppets to mass-notions, who rush about in herds and have herd reactions to life.

It prescribes a compulsory education which is an outworn mode of a more leisurely day, an education which in no way meets the needs of a modern civilization, an education in which children are encouraged by example and reward not to think, not to have initiative or be original. It is a system which turns out by the hundreds of thousands, and at tremendous expense, little dull citizens who rush to the movies, who rush to the tabloids, who rush to barbaric music, and who rush around in grown-up toy cars to get away from their own infantile, vapid, pallid selves.

But this indictment is not directed against school systems or teachers. Our school systems, after all, are what we let them be. Who is to blame for this but the parents? It is because we, the adult population, are too lazy-minded, too inert, and too poverty-stricken in our own demands on life to care whether the education our children receive is only so much straw stuffed into bodies too young to resist.

I take myself as an example. As long as my little girl was happy at school and went every day and didn't bother me I was satisfied with her school.

IT WAS not until I was forced to decide a course by this offer from another school that I gave the matter of my child's schooling any serious thought. Most of us are like that, and yet we are conscientious in other respects.

We send our children to the district public school without finding out what is being taught, or how or why. When it is a question of private schools, far too many of us select, unconsciously and consciously, schools that are best for our children's career socially, and let it go at that with a clear conscience.

We can never know our own children, what is in their heart of hearts, what their vital experiences really are. A child needs even more privacy in which to develop than an adult. But we can keep the mental and spiritual and esthetic landscape around children inspiring and beautiful. That is all and the best we can do for them. All their crises they will meet by themselves; how they will bud, how flower, determined by the inner generative force. But as far as we can see or know them, from the outside, it is up to us to see that they are educated for the special needs of the individuality of each child.

"SHE GRASPED THE WONDER OF THINGS GROWING"

It means a great deal of trouble and attention, but let us stop and be frank. How much actual time through the day do we give to the education of our children, and how much do we expend on playing cards, on shopping, on gossiping, on cleaning floors, all things that die with each day? Considering our careless complacence, our children get far better education than parents deserve.

I find myself preaching, but I know I am not the wisest person in the world. I raise this question because I would like every parent to find out what his child is being taught and to see whether it meets the needs of his particular child, and, if it doesn't, to get together with other parents in his neighborhood, with the teachers, too, and do something about it.

The school is *for* your child, for his day, not a monument that stands inflexible and permanent and sacred against change and against human need. It is to serve your child, not to command him. We have been too proud for a long time of the American school system without seeing it is decaying from dry-rot.

Having had the intelligence to insist on education for all the children of the nation, we have reached the stage where we must examine our school system and make it flexible to the demands of modern life. We must progress and give different kinds of education to different kinds of children.

There must be room in our educational system for special schools. Schools for intellectual study which are real, which give you languages when languages should be learned, and that is from the age of five upward, when the memory is retentive and fresh; schools for science, schools for the crafts, schools for the arts, schools for dancing, schools which will be delightful and alluring instead of dungeons of stupidity.

When I was a child I always thought of the public school I went to as a large, square building pitch-black inside. Outside in the play-yard the sun was shining, and there were happiness and shouting. When the bell rang we marched into the dark square rooms, with the teachers' faces standing out from the gloom like out of a Rembrandt background. It wasn't dark, of course; I only thought it was so because the régime so terrified me.

Why should we subject children to such terror and discipline? Why start a child out in a way that makes life confused and indirect and full of fear? We say children need discipline of the brain. Very well, but the mind can be disciplined by other things besides decimal fractions.

Why should education reflect Calvinistic notions of original sin? Do adults live in a world of discipline, of compulsion and duty, only, or for the most part? Is it because we are slaves of life and not masters of it that we cradle children in an educational world of duty and discipline? Duty, obedience, punctuality, these, while admirable and necessary, are negative virtues at best.

Such an educational system is founded on the theory that man is a wicked, perverse, idle, and lascivious being, when as a matter of fact he is a joyous, kind, energetic, honorable being, eager to know, eager to experiment, eager to love, and eager to cherish whatever properties he conquers for himself out of this rich life.

When you leave a man to his own devices what will he do? Sit like a lump of log? No. He will find something to do, some activity that he loves, an activity that will bring him joy, and which, curiously, always turns out to have a social and productive value for the rest of mankind.

If he likes to dig in the soil and to find out about plants and animals and to stalk wild things he is being the food-gatherer, the forager for his brood. If he draws pictures with a sharp stone on another stone, he is expressing the wonder and the yearning of the soul, and civilized societies will honor him and pay enormous prices for his pictures (generally after he is dead a long time).

Or he may like to sing, or dance, or make a boat out of a log (and be the future head of the shipping board), or he may be the leader of his gang (and later of his tribe, his State, or his country).

All grown-up activities are the activities of children in play brought into line with mature interests of adults; that is all. And all education to be real should prepare one for these vital activities. It is not necessary to regiment children with all sorts of disciplines and compulsions if what you are teaching them has real vitality of its own.

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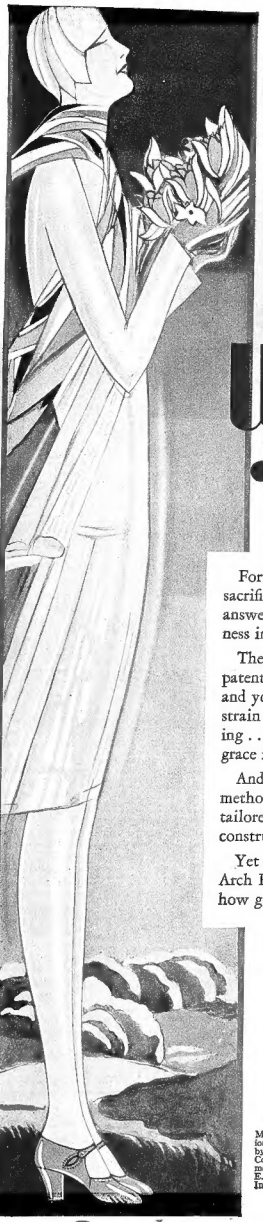

PAMELA-B — Embroidered linen with Airmoss "perlustre" kid.

PHYLLIS—Black satin, with twisted strap of black satin and silver kid.

VERONA — Gray genuine watersnake, with quarter of gray kidskin.

With such styles as these

is it any wonder that America's best-dressed women are eager to enjoy the matchless comfort of Arch Preserver Shoes?

For here is foot health and boundless activity without sacrificing a particle of style. Here is the comfort shoe that answers the fashionable woman's demand for tasteful smartness in the New York and Paris manner.

There is no outward trace of the famous Arch Preserver patented features that keep the foot exquisitely high-arched and youthfully vigorous . . . the arch-bridge that takes all strain off the arch . . . the flat inner sole that prevents pinching . . . the metatarsal support that puts verve and foot-free grace into every step.

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LAURIE—The indispensable Tawnee Kid slip-on in a new variation.

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142 Seventh St., Portsmouth, O.

Please send pictures of Spring styles, and new booklet, No. R-42, "Style and Comfort in Every Step."

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A timely reassurance for the girl who is afraid to admit that she has brains

"'YOU MUST SMILE,' GRANDMA COUNSELED, 'AND BE GAY. THAT'S THE KIND OF GIRLS MEN LIKE'"

HIGH HEELS AND BLUE STOCKINGS

By Elise Jerard

ONCE upon a time there was a king and there was a queen, and they had a baby who was destined, as every student of history knows, to be called the Sleeping Beauty. At her christening, reliable lexicographers relate, a group of representative fairies of the gift-bearing variety were bidden to the feast. One and all they accepted, thereby giving advance notice of the contributions with which they meant to dower the tiny princess through their "pull" with the Celestial Dowry Department.

One wished her grace, another winsomeness, a third skill with her fingers, a fourth the voice of the thrush, and so on, running the gamut of riches; but there was one fairy who, instead of wishing her something, wished something *on* her. A high brow! Symbol of intellectuality!

The king held up his hands and snorted! The queen held up her hands and sniffed, "What! My daughter to grow up with such a handicap! She might just as well have wished her a wart at the end of her nose!". "A learned woman is a drug on the market!" said the king. "The apple of my eye to grow up to be a crab-apple—an old maid!" shuddered the queen.

The fairy was not allowed to darken their door. And, as you know, for revenge she sent the princess a sleeping-sickness bacillus. And when she grew up the princess slept and looked pretty. But at that her parents thought this better than what might have happened to her.

So did my grandma. She felt just that way about it. She handed me down at one fell swoop this simple story and that menacing concept of womanhood, unwooed, unwanted, unsought, unsung, unloved, unnatural! A blue-stocking!

To my childish imagination this creature always wore thick blue-wool stockings and low heels, cloddish and flat. Her voice, too, would be flat as Kansas, or else sharp like my most hated teacher's. Her eyes, behind owlish circlets of glass, horn-rimmed, were either lack-luster or else contained a homicidal gleam.

She was the kind of person who was apt to wake you up in the middle of the night and demand the principal products of Mesopotamia. She invariably carried under her arm volume Wiz to Yap of the Encyclopædia Britannica—and in the course of her altercations was likely to clout you over the head with it.

You see I was in line for it. That much was plain. I devoured books like a silkworm its mulberry-leaves. That the books ranged from Shakespeare to "Betty Wales" and from "Vee Vee's Eyes" (forbidden) to Victor Hugo (recommended) made no difference. A book is a book; wo to the nose forever poked in one!

Moreover, at the age of eight, a very indiscreet age, I was a bright child (who isn't at the age of eight?) and I hatched a "poem." It was published. That was enough. That started the Greek chorus. "Look out," they warned; "don't let her get too deep-set—too studious!"

The general point of view seemed to imply that the girl with the smile won out every time over the girl with the science; that society in general and gentlemen in particular preferred blond curls to gray convolutions—evidently the gray matter did something to your curls; faded them, maybe. And on the whole you generally had to choose between the ring and the book! Solitary confinement in the study versus popularity—and maybe the matrimonial prize! That was the bright and happy horoscope that Grandma & Co. used to raise.

She led me to her long mirror and pursed her lips to the rosebud that was the fashionable mouth of the eighties.

"You must smile," she counseled, "and be gay"—she trod a light fantastic object-lesson—"and wear pretty clothes and high-heeled slippers. That's the kind of girls men like. You mustn't argue and teach and have set ideas. Men hate strong-minded girls dressed like frumps, and all their sternness and their algebra and their what-not."

THIS reassured me. Algebra was arithmetic; I could take it or leave it. I couldn't imagine ever itching uncontrollably to talk it over with one of my brown-eyed heroes against his will—they were all brown-eyed and six foot two.

On the other hand, I could well imagine myself slipping about on slim heels on a shiny floor in his virile arms pondering neither x nor y. And as for wearing pretty clothes, I, who cried at 1 A. M. after a wedding to have my hair put up in hellish curlers and went into rhapsodies over my golden ballet-slippers, polishing them with ecstatic sniffs of banana-oil—I needed to be told that!

Just why you couldn't learn to be a doctor, for instance, and telephone to people's hearts and paint their throats (my particular ambition at the moment) without getting to look like a frump, I didn't know. One also heard that these learned ladies were fools around the house. The brain that fed on books must burn the biscuits? Why? The hand that pushed a pen could never poach an egg? Why? Still, I heard so many people say how professional women got queer and how study "dried a woman up." A horrible fate to get dried up like a prune in a box on a shelf! You couldn't be too careful. It might get you.

Then the girl grew older.

Up to the age of about seventeen any gloomy and spectral fears that I might be a wall-flower and a "wet rag" lay pleasantly dormant. I was much too busy exploring my little leaf of the tree of life. Apparently there was nothing alarming about me—yet. My healthy juices had not yet dried. I was exceedingly interested in my work—I was a freshman in college by this time—and I was extremely excited about literature and languages, with physiology a close runner-up.

My relations with my peers, however, were quite satisfying. I did all the proper things—held offices, and made dates and had brief but blasting crushes and a distant and epical *grande passion* for Geraldine Farrar. Most of my relations were with girls; I just didn't know many boys or men as yet. Now the inevitable split came. Amebа-like, our one and only crowd, united by mental, emotional, and sentimental interests, divided into A, those who went with boys; B, those who didn't go with boys.

During that turbulent, adolescent moment I wondered. Would I ever "get over"? Whether I really had those mysterious, nameless, vital characteristics to which those unfathomed male creatures paid homage. I analyzed my comrades with new interest from this point of view. My adolescent qualms were pricked by my observation, and afterward proved to be much exaggerated in the light of pessimism—that the young women with the lowest marks had on the whole the highest average of frat pins.

Casting a glance into my mirror, I decided that there was a great deal of vital exterior decoration to be done on my façade. Casting a glance at the so-called *intelligentsia* among my contemporaries, I could pick out, as plainly as the nose on the face of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, several specimens of irritating, embryo bluestockings. I held them up between thumb and finger as horrible examples to me. Obviously they were cut out for a career of isolation, social rebuffs, and probably spinsterhood. One must never be like that.

They were quite clearly of the two perennial types—soporific and savage.

At a Phi Beta Kappa initiation where I ushered, the mother of one of my women profs who sported the shining symbol took me aside and whispered to me, "My dear, if you get it, don't you wear it. People set you apart as a grind—and the men hate it!"

That was the match to the inner arsenal! I at once determined that if ever a male was blown my way socially I should be most fluffily feminine, interested in nothing beyond fox-trots and football, spreading the flattery with a trowel, flashing the comebacks, giggling, girlish, roguish, and refreshing. Never anything

Continued on Page 98

"YOU GENERALLY HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE RING AND THE BOOK!"

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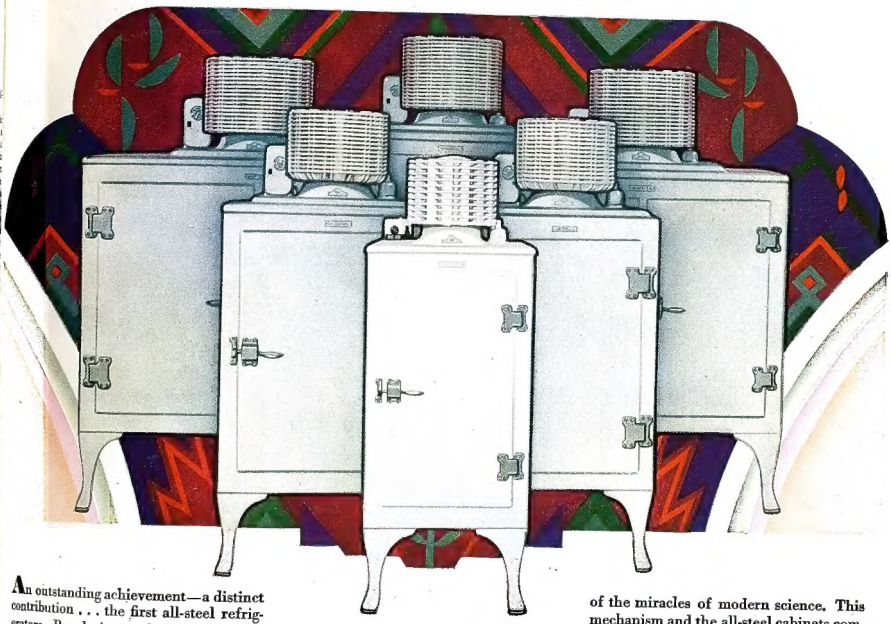

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ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

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You taste milk. You test eggs. Now, taste Crisco ... then any other shortening. Then you'll understand why Crisco's own sweet, fresh flavor so improves the flavor of your

RHUBARB COTTAGE PUDDING

Cottage Pudding is a homey-sounding name picturing a dessert that's simple and easy to make. This rhubarb cottage pudding fulfills that promise and has just the tart, invigorating tang one wants in a Springtime dessert. Crisco blends easily with the other ingredients in this quick dessert and its own sweet fresh flavor makes the cake fresh flavored.

½ cup Crisco — 2 cups flour — ½ teaspoon salt
1 ½ cups sugar — 2 teaspoons baking powder
1 egg beaten — ½ teaspoon ginger
1 cup unsweetened cooked rhubarb

Blend Crisco and sugar. Add beaten egg and rhubarb. Sift dry ingredients and add to mixture. Beat thoroughly. Bake in Criscoed loaf tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Serve hot with favorite pudding sauce.

Flaky Pastry (plus a short-cut)

Sift 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt. Cut ½ cup Crisco in well with two knives. Add only enough water to hold mixture together (3 to 5 tablespoons). This recipe makes 6 tart shells, or one single crust. You can double or quadruple the recipe and keep Crisco pastry, already mixed, in the ice-box—ready whenever you want a pie. It stays sweet, because Crisco itself stays sweet.

Strawberry and rhubarb desserts

[with 3 time-saving hints]

RHUBARB MERINGUE PIE

6,000 years ago a Chinese emperor grew rhubarb for its beautiful foliage. Later scientists found its roots had medicinal value . . . But when housewives tasted rhubarb, they exclaimed, "It's a plant for pie!"

Now housewives taste Crisco's pure, sweet flavor and exclaim, "It's *the* shortening for pie crust." Not only is Crisco pastry as sweet flavored as Crisco itself, but it is tender and flaky, too.

2 ½ cups rhubarb — ½ teaspoon salt — 2 cups sugar
2 egg yolks, beaten — 7 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon cinnamon — 2 tablespoons Crisco, melted

Wash and cut rhubarb in thin slices without peeling. Add egg yolks well beaten, melted Crisco and sifted dry ingredients. Mix well together. Roll Crisco pastry ½ in. thick on floured board. Line Criscoed pie plate with pastry, put in the rhubarb filling and bake in hot oven (450° F.) about 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake until rhubarb is soft. Cool. Cover with meringue (2 egg whites beaten stiff with 4 tablespoons sugar) and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 minutes until meringue is browned and cooked through.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

STRAWBERRY TARTS

If there's anything better than strawberry shortcake, it's a strawberry tart like this—red, ripe strawberries nestling in whipped cream and surrounded by a crinkly Crisco crust. Crisco crusts are sweet tasting, too, for Crisco itself tastes sweet and fresh just as it comes from the can.

½ cup sugar — 1 cup water — 3 cups fresh strawberries
¼ teaspoon salt — ½ cup powdered sugar
1 tablespoon cornstarch — ¾ cup sweet cream whipped

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt. Add water and cook till thick, stirring constantly. Spread a little of this filling in the tart shells and add fresh strawberries mixed with the powdered sugar alternately with filling until crust is full. When cold, cover with sweetened whipped cream.

For tart shells, roll Crisco pastry ⅛ in. thick on floured board. Cut in small rounds, then cover inverted Criscoed muffin tins with the rounds. Prick well with fork to insure perfect-shaped shells. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.).

QUICK STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Two little children are responsible for this extra-quick Crisco shortcake. With their puppy they wandered out one afternoon to hunt wild berries and returned, tired and bedraggled, after supper had been put on the table. "They wanted their berries in a shortcake," writes their mother, "but I couldn't stop to make it the usual way. So I melted the Crisco, changed the recipe a bit and before we'd finished eating, the cake was out of the oven, brown and crunchy as any made the old slow way."

Crisco always imparts a fresh crispness to shortbread made this new quick way or by your old favorite recipe. For Crisco is both as rich and as sweet and fresh-tasting a shortening as you can imagine.

1 ½ cups flour — 3 teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt — ½ cup melted Crisco — ⅔ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar — 1 egg, well beaten

Sift dry ingredients together and stir in milk and melted Crisco which has been added to beaten egg. (Mix lightly, do not beat.) Spoon into Criscoed cake tin, and bake for 15 minutes in hot oven (450° F.). Let cool slightly, split cake and fill with crushed sweetened strawberries. Serve with plain or whipped cream. Any fresh fruit can be used with this shortcake.

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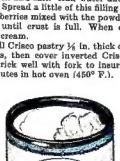

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The brilliant and, alas, final work of a remarkable genius

"THEY LIKED THE MAGNIFICENCE OF NELSON. THE SULTAN OF TURKEY HAD GIVEN HIM A DIAMOND AIGRET FROM ONE OF THE ROYAL TURBANS"

FIELD OF HONOR

A fascinating story of love, romance, and intrigue, having all Europe as a background, in which the greatest figures in history relive their glamourous days

PART ONE

BY DONN BYRNE

Illustrations by Douglas Duer

FOR Jocelyn, on this June evening, the road she loved so much, the road around the great friendly lake toward their own friendly house, Derrymore Manor, was a tragedy more than a delight. For the quiet waters of Lough Neagh, for little Ram's Island of the ivied trees, for the honeysuckle in the hedges, for the blue cornflowers, for the queen of wild roses, for the last frantic song of the wood-thrush—for these she had no eyes, no ears.

She was straining every nerve to near what Lord Castlereagh was saying to her husband as they walked behind. A sudden gust of emotion shook her. To-morrow she would be married a year. A week ago she had been so happy. And now her heart was broken—broken like a china plate.

Castlereagh's cadaverous chaplain was saying something to her. She answered mechanically.

She felt the chaplain's eyes devouring her dark young beauty furtively, and turned on him with angry contempt. But the cleric seemed only studious and respectful. "Castlereagh's kept priest!" she sneered to herself. "You were saying——"

"I asked whether you thought his lordship enjoyed the sermon."

"I am certain his lordship did."

"And the country folk?"

"But surely you weren't preaching to the country folk!"

The chaplain had chosen for text the fourth verse of the tenth chapter of I. Corinthians, "And did all drink the same spiritual drink for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." And he had entered into a long and intricate argument from Hebrew lore. He might as well have spoken in Greek, so little did anybody, including Jocelyn, understand of it all, except the foppish visitor sitting in the Dillon pew beside herself

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and her husband, savoring the argument as a more decent man would savor a glass of wine.

Their dear old church, with its oak fittings and oak pulpit from the woods of Ballinderry, to be made a playhouse for Lord Castlereagh! She had been furious. And when the chaplain had prayed, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," with an unction she had thought impossible, and Castlereagh had buried his face in his hands, she felt impelled to emit peal after peal of laughter. Thank Heaven she hadn't! But, oh, the comedy of it! But the chaplain was speaking again.

"His lordship seems to have conceived a great friendship for your husband, Mistress Dillon."

"In Ireland, good sir," she answered coldly, "the friendship of Lord Castlereagh for an Irishman is supposed to be the worst misfortune that can befall him."

"Oh, Madam!" said the shocked chaplain.

She had noticed that her husband and Castlereagh had stopped for an instant, and, turning, saw they had found a blind Irish fiddler sitting on a milestone. She had been so bothered with her own affairs that she had not noticed him. He was an old man with beautiful white hair, dressed in knee-breeches and a frieze coat. The green baize bag of his fiddle was across his knees, and at the sound of footsteps he raised the instrument to his chin and began playing.

"I have never heard that air before," came Castlereagh's frozen tones.

"It's a country air, sir," Jocelyn could hear her husband say. "It's called '*So Vass a tee!*'"

"You know the Irish tongue, Garry," Castlereagh said. "What does the song mean?"

"It means, sir, 'Well, woman of the house, I repeat it to you twice and three times, we'll have the land without rent from this year forward. So, woman of the house, why should that gloom be upon you?'"

Castlereagh smiled. "Yes," he nodded his head, "that is what all revolution amounts to. Lord Edward Fitzgerald is dead and Napper Tandy in exile for their ideals, but had they succeeded the only result would have been that itinerant fiddlers should possess their land."

He reached out and put a half-guinea into the player's palm. The blind musician stared at the younger man with his empty eyes.

"And who," he asked courteously, "might I have had the honor of playing to?"

"I am Garrett McCarthy Dillon of Derrymore, and this is Lord Castlereagh," Garry explained.

The fiddler weighed the gold coin in his palm for an instant, and then, turning his hand over, let it drop in the dust of the road.

"Lord Castlereagh's money can buy the nobility of Ireland," he said slowly, "but it can't buy one poor fiddler."

He stood up, letting the green-baize bag slip to his feet. He lifted his fiddle to his face.

"Well, Fiddle," he addressed it quietly, "we've been together many a long year. You were my father's before you were mine. When I hadn't the price of a bed you made it for me, and when I had money in my pocket no strings were too good for you. You played at wake and at wedding, and you've played to high and to low. But now that you've played to Bloody Castlereagh you'll never want to play any more." And he smashed the fiddle across his knee and went off hobbling down the road.

"What an insult to my lord!" the chaplain cried.

Jocelyn felt a wild impulse to run after the fiddler and tell him he should have the best violin that could be found in Dublin and a handful of guineas. She watched her husband's face torn piteously between sorrow for the fiddler and distress at the slight to the Secretary at War and for the Colonies. No emotion, no distress showed on Castlereagh's white mask. The sight chilled her. Could anything move that man? Wherever he went, the country people said, the sickly smell of spilled blood was in the air, and abroad he was thought of as some ravening wolf, passionate, snarling. But here he was, with his white mask of a face, his precise frozen speech, his clothes of a London fop.

And now with the ill health of the younger Pitt, Castlereagh was the great opponent of General Bonaparte. Jocelyn's faith in the French commander had been shaken when he assumed the title of Emperor and had himself crowned last December. But at any rate the Emperor, as he called himself now, was a man, a warm, vital being Castlereagh and the fops of London might laugh at his table manners, his dirty finger-nails, his ill-fitting uniforms, his wretched seat on a horse, but there was a man. Laugh! Yes, but he had beaten them, hadn't he?

Well, she said, the fiddler should have his fiddle and his pocketful of guineas to boot. She would hunt all over the country for him, for she would have time from now on. Garry could go to London alone. Not one step of the way would she accompany him.

Had he followed his first idea of going with Lord Bathurst as a junior officer, she would have followed him through to the wars. Or if he had sailed with Admiral Lord Nelson she would have gone from port to port to meet him, and to snatch a few hours from the sea and the guns when possible. But to allow himself to be persuaded by Castlereagh to accept a post on his staff of diplomats! She would not move one inch after him were she never to see him again. And a year ago to-day she was looking forward to her eighteenth birthday, and her wedding-day on the morrow.

"This wretched fiddler—" the chaplain was still chinking over the insult to Lord Castlereagh. "After all, his instrument was his only means of subsistence, and yet for his wild idea he will break it up." He shook his head. "I fear I could not understand that."

"But of course you could not!" Jocelyn cried angrily.

JOCELYN had left the dining-room, and now Castlereagh and his young host were alone. The Secretary at War sat at the great table, on whose dark surface the lights of the candles made great pools of gold. He hardly touched his glass of wine. Occasionally he would pick a raisin from the basket of fruit before him and eat it carelessly.

His eyes wandered over the big room with its vast oak fireplace, with its portraits of former Dillons—the Dillon who had fallen at Blenheim when fighting with Marlborough, the Dillon who had been Bishop of Down and Connor, and that oldest portrait of all, the Dillon who had fought with Schomberg at the Boyne. They all looked like Garrett, the same firm jaw and black head, and blue, ice-blue eyes.

Castlereagh turned and gazed out of the window. The blood-red quality of the lake as the sun went down showed like fire, and over it a crane flew slowly southward on its heavy wings.

"Don't you think, Garrett," the Secretary at War said slowly, "that you had better remain here?"

"I do not, my lord," Garrett answered. "My lord, may I urge again that you will permit me to fight with an Irish regiment? So many of my people have been soldiers. As to diplomacy, I am so unfitted for it."

"Yes, your people have been fine soldiers, Garrett. They fought because they considered a cause just, and never asked for honors or rewards. A text comes into my mind, 'And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.' But you, Garrett, you are too old."

"But, my lord, I am only twenty-two. And yourself, sir——"

"Am only thirty-eight. But I am not a soldier, Garrett. The old days of heroes are gone. I want well-fed, well-disciplined troops, led by officers trained in the art of war. General Wellesley is with me in this, he writes; the successes of Bonaparte are due to the fact that he has fought until now ragged soldiers led by well-meaning but inefficient men. A crash of his artillery, his vast band playing the song of the 'Marseillaise,' and the Italians and Austrians melt in panic.

"My ideal—it will take years yet—is to have an English army that will stand his artillery, listen with pleasure to his brass instruments, and when he has finished the salvos and the songs rise up quietly and break him. Had you become a soldier at seventeen I should have been glad to do anything I could for your father's son."

"But with the fleet, sir!"

"That is even more difficult. You would want to go with Lord Nelson, and he, while being a gallant, careless figure, is a shrewd admiral. He would only send you back, Garrett. With great courtesy, with much show of feeling, but he would send you back. Don't you think you had better come with me?"

"But should I be of use, sir?"

A shadow of pain passed over the Secretary at War's white face.

"To me you would be of immense use. The Prime Minister's health is never of the best. The strain upon him is terrible. Few of our colleagues realize what a terrible fight is before us. Some of them are very honest but intolerably stupid. Others play the game of state for an office or a title. The King is ill. The Prince of Wales is in difficulties. How many enemies I have I can not count. I am not sure I care, but I should like to have some one in whom I could entirely trust. I am much alone."

Garrett looked embarrassedly out of the window.

"My lord, I shall come with you."

"I am not going to offer you position or titles. I have found that position can be the hollowest thing in the world, and as to titles, Garrett, I am sure they stink in your nostrils as they do in mine. But you will get into a fight to save England, and to save Europe from the very fires of hell. In Italy they distributed the picture of Bonaparte with the inscription, 'This Is the True Likeness of the Holy Savior of the World!'"

Castlereagh's face hardened. "What of the three thousand Turkish soldiers who surrendered at Jaffa! Were marched down to the sea and massacred! What of the kidnaping and murder of the Duke of Enghien? And every Pat and Molly look on this man as the one who will give them freedom!"

He rose, and suddenly it was another man who spoke—courteous, suave, a dandy of London with not a care in the world.

"I fear I am neglecting my hostess."

The drawing-room with the great windows was not lit except for two candles on Jocelyn's pianoforte. The green silk curtains were undrawn. The uncanny Irish light of June was still everywhere, showing up the satinwood tables, the great candlesticks of Irish silverwork, the tall vases of Waterford glass gay with flowers, the vast fireplace filled with ferns, the portrait of Jocelyn's self above the mantel. And Jocelyn, with her sleek black head, her child's head in her pearl-colored gown of sarsenet, with its white-silk cord about the waist, her white stockings, and shoes of white leather, was just rising from the pianoforte as they entered. A scarf of Irish lace was about her shoulders.

"Were you playing, Jocelyn?" her husband asked.

She dropped them both the shadow of a curtsy. Garrett was glad to see how calm her brow was, how calm her eyes. All afternoon, he sensed, she had been furious, although she

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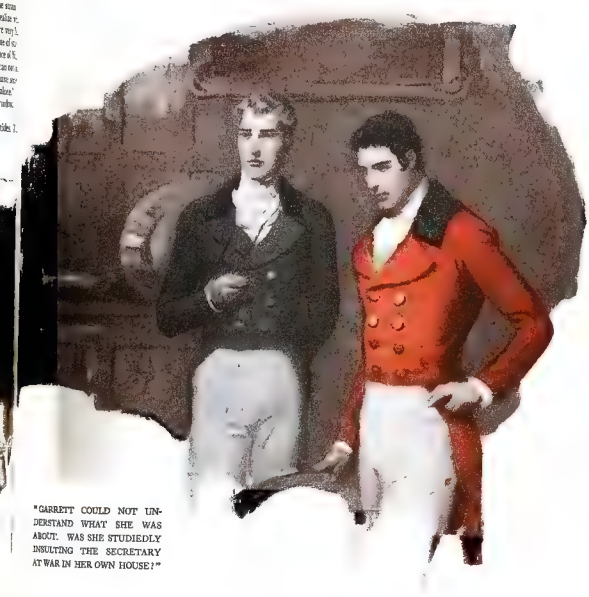
had self nothing. She hated Castlereagh, he knew. But now she was resigned. Or if she was not, she was not going to show it. A lady of quality was Jocelyn!

"I was running through some of our country songs," she smiled.

"Won't you please keep on playing?" the Secretary at War said suavely.

"If you wish, my lord. Is there anything you would wish to hear?"

"It would surprise many people to hear that I am partial to Irish airs. I never forget I am an Irishman. What



"GARRETT COULD NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT SHE WAS ABOUT. WAS SHE STUDIEDLY INSULTING THE SECRETARY AT WAR IN HER OWN HOUSE?"

of your local song, 'Tis Pretty to Be in Ballinderry'? or that old favorite of my youth when I was a boy at school in Armagh, 'The Lowlands of Holland'?"

"Oh, but, my dear lord!" Jocelyn protested, "there are so many new country songs."

"I am sorry. I shall leave the choice to you."

She sat down at the keyboard. Garrett thought he had never seen her look so lovely in his life. The two wax candles cast a glow on her black hair and serious young girl's face. She seemed to be making an effort to remember words.

"I wonder if you've heard this, my lord. It's somewhat recent."

Her hands came down into a lament which seemed to Garrett rather familiar, and her clear voice rang through the room.

I met with Bonaparty, and he took me by the hand.
And he said, How is old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,
For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.

"I never heard it," Castlereagh said quietly. "Is there more?"

"Jocelyn!" Garrett called quietly.

"No, Garry, you are wrong." She did not turn her head as she spoke. "My lord wishes to hear the rest."

Then if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed.
So pull the shamrock from your hat and throw it on the sod;
But never fear, 'twill take root there, tho underfoot it's trod.

Garrett could not understand what she was about. Was it that teasing spirit in her that took possession of her occasionally? Or was she studiedly insulting the Secretary at War in her own house? Whatever it was, what could he do? He could only take a lesson from Castlereagh's calm face.

When the law forbids the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in Summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen;
But until then, please God, I'll stick to——

A great sob broke out of her, and suddenly she sprang to her feet and fled through the room, fumbling an instant at the handle of the door. Garrett stood up in distress.

"It will pass," Castlereagh said calmly. "Pray believe me, it will pass."

"She is a niece of Henry Munro, my lord, the General of Down."

"I know," Castlereagh nodded gravely. "Mr. Munro was one of the few whose fingers were clean of foreign money and intrigue. He was like a hero of Froissart when he would not attack General Nugent by night, saying it was unfair. He had Nugent beaten when his men deserted him. Remember, Garrett, that Mr. Munro's last words on the scaffold were, 'Tell my country I deserved better of it.' He was a great man in a bad cause And Nugent was a poor man in a great one. And now Mr. Munro is dead, his house razed. And General Nugent is Governor of Jamaica."

Outside in the courtyard were the crunching of wheels and the cracking of postilions' whips. At the door Garrett could see Castlereagh's man servant standing with his lordship's great traveling-coat over his arm. But Castlereagh did not move.

"Mr. Munro we could have used in the fight against Bonaparte, but General Nugent shall never see that field." Castlereagh rose. "When shall I see you in London, Garrett?"

"At once, sir."

"Then as soon as you appear I shall have you sworn as a pursuivant of the Great Seal, or, as they call it, one of the King's chief messengers. That is the best thing for you. And now, thank you for coming. To-night I drive to Charlemont House."

"But are you not fatigued, my lord? Had you not better rest here and sleep?"

"My sleepings are difficult and rare. I shall probably sleep on the way."

He paused for an instant going through the hall.

"The green-and-white plume which Mr. Munro wore at the battle of Ballynahinch is in the possession of Bishop Percy of Dromore. I shall call on him before I leave County Down. Perhaps your wife would like it."

"My lord, you are too kind to us."

"It is you who are so kind to me," Castlereagh said with his courtly grace. "I am afraid Bishop Percy is a sad rebel at heart. But at seventy-five a man can be as much of a rebel as he likes. He is going blind, I believe. Have you ever read his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry'?"

"My lord, I am not a reading man."

"They are very good." Castlereagh got into the coach and settled himself back. "A great work, but I prefer his 'Key to the New Testament.'"

TO GARRETT his last interview with his wife was a matter of dread. He hated to see her in such pain of mind as she was, and the more so because he knew from her standpoint she was right. Nevertheless from his standpoint he was right, and he had never concealed his views from her. She had known when she married him his views as to the Union, his views as to the terrible revolution in France. He guessed that she could not come to London. But, after all, it would only be for a year.

What with Nelson on the seas, and the new understanding with Prussia, and the troops of Hanover, and the twenty thousand Russians, and twenty-six thousand Danes, and a force of twelve thousand picked Swedish auxiliaries, and five thousand British troops, and the German Legion, surely Bonaparte could never stand against that. Also General Sir Arthur Wellesley was returning home from India to help Lord Cathcart. And if General Wellesley could subdue the terrible Mahratta tribes, what chance could the French brigands have against him?

So within a year Garrett felt sure he would be back. If there were no anniversary of their wedding to celebrate to-morrow, the second anniversary would be the sweeter. He had better depart at dawn on horseback with one servant and have his baggage sent by coach to Dublin for the packet. Yes, he must avoid to-morrow; it would be too painful a day.

He thought for a minute he would go down to the shore of the lake and watch the fishermen's boats out for the last time for a year. A little pain went through him. Old Jack Gilligan, his boatman, would miss him. He would have to see his head bailiff, Armstrong, and leave instructions for him to take care of everything. In Aghadoe the young pheasants were doing badly. The sheep also were not doing well—the new South Downs and Oxford Downs he had brought over from England. Still Armstrong was a good man, a conscientious Scot who had been with his father.

He wondered if it were better not to see Jocelyn again, but to write her a letter, and leave as soon as he had packed some necessities. He could ride to Banbridge, and pick up new horses there. To-morrow he would be in Newry.

She opened the drawing-room door very quietly and came in. Tho it was now ten o'clock, there was enough light to see her face, and he thought he could perceive great shadows of weeping under the eyes. She had flung a patterned Spanish shawl about her shoulders, and her head was high.

"Garrett, I am sorry for to-night. It was unpardonable for your wife in your house to insult your guest so. I am sorry for that reason."

"Lord Castlereagh understood, Jocelyn."

"He understood? Or he said he understood?" She paused.

She crossed the room quickly and snuffed out the candles on the pianoforte. "Listen, Garry," she said. "When I married you I knew you were loyal to the King, and you knew too that I was Henry Munro's brother's daughter. And because we loved each other we never said a word of disrespect for each other's beliefs, nor tried to influence each other. We had a sort of mute pact between us. Now, Garry, my husband, I am going to break that pact. I ask you, before God, not to go with this dreadful man!"

"I am sorry, Jocelyn, my dear. I see my duty. I have got to do it."

"I know. I must not forget that you are very honest, very sincere. But you see—I must make an appeal. This blood-stained, treacherous man has ruined our country. And tho you say nothing about it, Garry, yet you love your country, I know."

"Jocelyn, since that Act of Union our country has grown decent. The abduction clubs have disappeared; the reckless dueling in Phœnix Park has died; the terrible fights between the butchers with their knives and the weavers with their staves that made Dublin a shambles have gone too. The dreadful secret societies are being put down. Once more Ireland can look Europe in the face. Dear Jocelyn, your people are only Irish since such a little time, and I am Irish since before that old Irish king raided the Alps. And your own Scots stock have allied themselves with England, and done none too badly by it."

"If losing one's soul be doing none too badly—" she said.

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"But there, I am arguing. And when I argue I always lose. I can not reason. I can only feel. I feel this too—that reason is a poor thing. It is something you bring to your aid when you want to do something against which your soul revolts. Garry, please tell me, are you sure, from within yourself, that you are right?"

"If I weren't I shouldn't go, Jocelyn."

"I WISH you to think of this, Garrett," she said quietly, "that others, older men, as sincere as you, every whit as high-minded, thought differently and risked their lives for their belief, and paid forfeit with their blood. I shall not do more than mention my uncle, Henry Munro. But I shall remind you of William Orr. Who was more honest? Who died more bravely on the scaffold?

"Or Robert Emmet, Garrett. Do you remember his last words to the brutal Norbury? 'I have but a few words more to say,' he said. 'I am going to my silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished, my race is run, the grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence.

"'Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.'

"Garrett, could God have put words like that in a man's mouth on the night before he ascended the scaffold and they not true?"

"Each man sees truth in his own way, Jocelyn."

"Garrett," she cried, "you know that Lord Castlereagh was a United Irishman himself in his own young days. How can you trust a man who will hang his old comrades?"

"I feel that, whatever he did as a young man, whatever he did in Ireland, he is right now."

"I have failed," she said simply.

She moved across to one of the windows and looked out to where the dim lake was. She moved so slowly across the floor, in such a stricken way, that a pang of pity went through her husband. She seemed so beaten.

"Garrett, I can not go to London with you."

"I think I knew you couldn't."

"Garrett, also this. I am afraid that from now on we can only be people who like and respect each other. Love-making is more than kiss. If we are out of accord it would be only a mockery of what we once knew. Our lives are sundered. It is not that I don't wish you to make love. God knows I do. But it would be wrong now, Garrett."

"I think I understand."

"There is one thing I wish you would let me do. I am wrong to ask it. But, Garrett, I have no place to go. May I stay at Derrymore Manor until you come back?"

"Jocelyn! Where else would you stay? It's your home."

"It is no longer my home, Garrett. I have refused to ally myself with my husband's interests. I have drawn myself away from my husband's arms. Another than you might have kicked me out on the street. I wish you to understand. I take nothing for nothing, and in staying at Derrymore I shall take care of it. For a house is a living thing, Garry.

"Old Derrymore was built when James the First was king, and what love your ancestors put into it we do not know. And it received your father and mother when they came from church on their marriage day. I know and love every nook and cranny of it, Garrett. The dead Dillons will not mind me. We are friends. Let me stay and take care of it until you come back. And then I promise you I shall have my plans made, and shall go away."

"Of course you must stay, Jocelyn. And you shall never go away."

He felt she was smiling a little in the gloom—smiling that he did not understand her. She brought the green-and-gold-and-white shawl closer about her.

"For all the warm evening, I feel cold. I shall go now to my room. Your place will be well taken care of, Garrett, and your people, and your dogs. You have been very good to me—always very good to me." She moved toward the door and opened it. "Good-by, my dear," she said.

Garrett was silent. He waited for a while alone. Then he went and pulled the bell-rope, telling the servant to send him his man and bring lights. He would be off in an hour or two. The chief thing now was to beat Bonaparte.

TO YOUNG Garrett Dillon London was a delight and a shock. The parks with their gardens, the Thames flowing gently toward the sea, the clean streets, the grayish-white churches flinging their lance-like spires into the sky—all England seemed to him to be a cultivated garden compared to Ireland. There was no wildness to it. He had thought to see a country wrought into a tension by the thought of Bonaparte hovering like a hawk at Boulogne, with his picked army opposite Dover waiting for the appointed minute. And yet, as far as London was concerned, Bonaparte might be in China.

England, Garrett felt certain, trusted that the winds which had wrecked the great Armada would wreck Napoleon. Or if that did not happen, somebody would arrive and save her. To Garrett everything seemed so critical: the King, an all but blind man, hovering on the edge of madness; the Prince of Wales, who spurned his wife and daughter for his former mistress, Maria Fitzherbert, who, many contended, was his real wife.

But if the Crown was contemptible about the situation, Garrett saw that there were men in England who were keenly alive to it. Lord Castlereagh, beneath his courtly demeanor, was working night and day on Pitt's scheme to bring Russia in with Austria and Sweden, and handling the Czar delicately, who was objecting to the retention of Malta by the British, and the British claim to search neutral ships for deserters. Garrett helped draft the notes Castlereagh was making for Pitt, and was amazed at the vastness of the offer—one million and a quarter pounds sterling per year for every hundred thousand men the Czar could put in the field. Six million pounds offered for half a million men. It was enormous.

Of others he met two men Garrett liked enormously. One was George Canning, the treasurer of the navy, between whom and Lord Castlereagh there seemed to be the edge of bitter feeling.

The popular and cheery Canning greeted the young King's messenger with all his noted charm.

"Is that all you can do for your friend, Castlereagh, make him a King's messenger?"

"It is all he wishes."

"But this is monstrous," Canning said. "You'll be ruining the market for us other Irishmen."

"Mr. Canning was born in London, Garrett," Lord Castlereagh said sourly.

"My father was born in Garvagh, Londonderry. My mother's name was Costello. Thank God! Castlereagh, I never forget I'm Irish. And don't I sit for Tralee?"

At Brooks Club, whither Garrett went with young Sir Ulick O'Hanlon from Banbridge, he met Fox. The great bulk and saturnine face of the statesman were familiar to him from portraits, but he was unprepared for the dazzling, kind smile that lit up the worn face.

"Begad! I've heard of you. The only honest Irishman Castlereagh could find to help him."

Garrett's face flushed and his eyes glared at the big man. But Fox only laughed.

"Don't take me so seriously as all that. I don't think as little of your country as I seem to. Begad! The most honest man in English politics is an Irishman, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Also, your chief is a great man, a great man. We have to admit that. But this is no place for politics. Drink?"

The greatest of them all Garrett met with awe, the man whom the King considered his master. Coming into Lord Castlereagh's study one afternoon, he saw a slight, bent man, with harassed face and white hair, sitting in an arm-chair, facing the Secretary at War. He was about to retire when Castlereagh called him.

"Come here, Garrett. My lord, may I present my aid and young friend, Garrett McCarthy Dillon of Derrymore? Garry, this is Lord Chatham."

The younger Pitt turned, and out of his haggard face came a smile like sunshine.

"Are you any relative, Mr. Dillon, of that Count Dillon who brought across the Irish brigade from France and placed it in His Majesty's service?"

"I am not, sir, thank God!"

"Why 'thank God'?"

"Because, my lord, it seems a sort of double treachery to me to start an Irish brigade against England in France, and then to put it in the English service against France."

"What branch of the family do you come from, Mr. Dillon?"

"The founder of the Antrim branch, my lord, was a younger son of the first president of Connaught, who went to Scotland at the Reformation and took military service there, and whose grandson obtained a grant of land at Derrymore from King James the First, where the family has since been."

But the Prime Minister did not seem to be listening.

"It is queer," he said, "how this Ireland of yours, Castlereagh, and these Irish rebels are deserted by her and their children and closest kin. The red uniform and black facings of Dillon's regiment, which were like a rock at Fontenoy, now have been seen under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt. And the son of William Orr has received a commission from His Majesty. Pamela Fitzgerald, the evil genius of Lord Edward, has married a Mr. Pitcairn in Hamburg. Lord Edward's children, I suppose, will serve in the British army."

Castlereagh reached for a paper in his dispatch-box. Garrett could see it marked "Most Secret and Confidential."

"And Curran's daughter, Robert Emmet's affianced, I am assured, is about to marry a capable young officer of the Royal Staff Corps," Castlereagh said.

"Good Heaven!" the Prime Minister cried. "And Emmet offered to plead guilty if her letters were destroyed. Mr. Dillon, if those French and Irish enemies who consider me an ogre knew how these tidings affect me!"

"Thank Heaven your lordship's sensible heart does not interfere with your iron policy," Castlereagh said quietly. But Garrett caught the edge of a knife in his voice.

"Castlereagh, I believe that even the demons of the air bring you information. Have they told you anything about Nelson and Villeneuve?"

"Nothing, my lord, but Nelson has chased the allied fleets from the West Indies and saved the sugar fleet."

"And missed an action, I suppose. Ah, poor Nelson!"

"If he misses an action much longer, he will be burned in effigy," Castlereagh said bitterly.

"You are too hard on the people, Castlereagh. They are not so fickle as that." The Prime Minister placed his hands on the arms of the chair. "I must go to the King," he said.

He seemed to have difficulty in rising, and Garrett was about to step forward to help him, when a cold glance from the Secretary at War warned him not to move. Lord Chatham swayed on his feet, staggered a little, while Garrett looked at him aghast. But the Prime Minister was not ill. He was only drunk.

THE one-eyed, one-armed, narrow-shouldered, fragile-looking, wistful man had driven through London to Portsmouth, and wherever there was an inn, or a cross-roads, there burghers and yokels collected with loud huzzas for "Nelson!" They had lost a little confidence in him recently, for they had expected miracles from him, and for two and a half years there had been no miracles. But it had been explained to them now that his watch over the Mediterranean had been unparalleled in the deeds of admiralship. For two years, ten days short of two years, he had not set foot on shore. And his name was such a terror to the French that the French naval commander had run from the West Indies when he had those priceless possessions in his grasp.

The men at the crossroads liked, too, the magnificence of Nelson. The Sultan of Turkey had given him a diamond aigret from one of the royal turbans. The Czar Paul had presented him with a portrait set in diamonds. The King of Sardinia had given him a gold box, also set with diamonds. The King of Sicily had made him Duke of Bronte, bestowing on him the diamond-hilted sword he had received from his father, Charles III. of Spain.

But what they thought most magnificent of all was the devotion to him of Lady Hamilton, a woman whose beauty had occupied the brushes of Romney and Reynolds and Hoppner; a woman who was the best friend of the Queen of Naples, Marie Antoinette's sister; a fine, bouncing woman, so all the world said. True there was a Lady Nelson somewhere, but there must have been something wrong about her for a hero like their admiral to leave her. The King and the court disapproved. Well, did Nelson give a sixpence what the King and the court thought of him! Huzza! Nelson! And he had left this lovely woman to fight old England's battles on the sea. A shadow passed over their faces. Folk said he believed he would not come back. Had he not stopped at an upholsterer's in London and ordered his coffin to be made ready?

At Portsmouth the crowds kept hemming him in, some kneeling as he passed, many crying. The sentinels were wedged among the crowd. From his barge he waved his hat frantically to the ant-like hordes upon the beach. He turned to Captain Hardy.

"I had their huzzas before," he said quietly. "Now I have their hearts."

THE admiral in command of the English fleet and the officers, irritated not a little by the spontaneous admiration and joy of the sailors at Nelson's coming, could not but cry out in admiration when his plan of battle against the French forces was announced. For good as old de Villeneuve was, he had not a chance of escape now. All the stinking little Danish boats which had been feeding the allied fleet had been seized. So that the French commander must come out or starve. His own fleet Lord Nelson moved to fifty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's, dispatching a squadron of fast-sailing seventy-fours to keep in touch with the squadron of Blackwood's frigates at the harbor's mouth. He later sent the *Defence* and the *Agamemnon* to a station seven to ten leagues west of Cadiz, and the *Mars* and the *Colossus* to a distance fifteen to twenty leagues west of the port, so that at all times he was in touch with Captain Blackwood's frigates.

Nelson's plan was simple. He decided to make a smashing attack in two lines on the combined enemies' fleet, relying on the confusion caused for a quick victory. Instead of attacking van and center, he would attack center and rear, for he argued if van and center are attacked the rear can come quickly to the rescue, whereas if center and rear are attacked the van must come about, and naturally will stand away, before it can engage. And not only that, but the hostile commander-in-chief, old de Villeneuve, would be in the center. It was simple, yes, but it was thrilling. It was sound. The heavy captain shook hands behind the commander-in-chief's back. Great Nelson was here!

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On the morning of the nineteenth of October, the weather being fair, wind light, with partial breezes from the south-southwest, the *Mars* repeated the signal sent by Blackwood's inshore frigates: "The enemy are coming out of port."

The English ships set off quietly toward the southeast so as to allow the French and Spanish fleets to come out in comfort—thirty-three heavy vessels leaving port is no easy operation. Light southerly winds prevailed. In the morning it blew fresh and thick weather came, so that on board the flagship it was feared that the allies would return to port. Rain was dashing in squalls. The *Phœbe* signaled that the allies were going north. The British swore and steered northwest.

In the afternoon the commander of the frigates reported that M. de Villeneuve seemed determined to push west. Weather cleared. The wind shifted to the west-northwest. The French and Spanish fleets came about and set off for the Straits of Gibraltar. The *Victory* and her attendant vessels kept their course on the port tack. At nightfall Nelson gave the order to come about and sail parallel with the enemies' fleets. By midnight the wind fell and a great swell rolled in from the westward. At four of the morning the order came to stand northeast.

Hardy, the burly acting captain of the English fleet, had been walking the poop through the night. To-morrow he knew would bring battle, and with a little luck a baronetcy would be his. If he were killed, well, thank God! he was unmarried. But he was not thinking much of himself. He was worried over Admiral Nelson, his old commander, below. What was wrong with him? In Heaven's name, what was wrong? Yesterday afternoon at dinner he had said, "To-morrow I will do that which will give you younger gentlemen something to talk about and think about for the rest of your lives," and the midshipmen had looked at him with admiration. "But I shall not live to know about it myself," and a gloom thick as night settled on the company. He could not help taking it to heart, Captain Hardy couldn't. He had been Lord Nelson's flag-captain so long.

Daylight showed. Between the bulk of Cape Trafalgar, slumbering heavily in the east, the five-mile line of the enemy showed, with the flags of its two admirals, its four junior admirals, the broad pennants of the commanders.

Nelson had come on deck in frock coat and with the four stars of his orders blazing on his breast. He had signals made in quick succession, "Form the order of sailing!" "Prepare for battle!" "Beat up!" Over the glassy sea, under the slightest of winds, the two lines of British ships moved toward the enemy, who were now weaving in succession northward, in the hope of regaining Cadiz and putting under Nelson's lee.

The commander-in-chief's line was followed by thirteen ships. Admiral Collingwood, who was in the *Royal Sovereign*, had fifteen vessels behind him. At eight o'clock Captain Blackwood came on board. He suggested to Lord Nelson that he should shift his flagship to the *Euryalus*. But Lord Nelson affected not to hear. He gave orders for more sail on the *Victory*. Captains Hardy and Blackwood looked at each other. Then abruptly Lord Nelson asked them to witness a codicil to his will.

When six miles from the enemy Captain Blackwood suggested that two other line-of-battleships should go ahead of the *Victory*, as the loss of the flagship in the first shock would be serious. Lord Nelson said, "Let them go, if they can." The *Leviathan* and *Témbraire* were ordered to pass, but Lord Nelson would not shorten sail. Blackwood suggested to Captain Hardy that sail should be taken in on the *Victory*. But the *Victory's* captain shook his head. It was no use. The admiral would not agree.

Within three miles of the enemy Lord Nelson called to the signal-lieutenant, "Mr. Pasco, signal Admiral Collingwood that I intend to pass through the enemy's van to prevent him from getting into Cadiz." Captain Hardy turned to give orders to alter the course northward. When he turned around again Lord Nelson had gone below. When he came on deck again he seemed calm. Hardy knew he had been praying.

"Blackwood," he said, "I will now unmuse the fleet with a signal." But Captain Blackwood observed that no signal was necessary, as every one seemed clearly to understand his instructions.

"Suppose we signal: Nelson expects that every man will do his duty."

"England, I suggest, my lord," said the Irishman bruskly.

"Mr. Pasco," Lord Nelson called to the signal-lieutenant, "I wish to say to the fleet, England expects every man will do his duty." As the cheers rolled along the lines the admiral's sunken cheeks flushed.

Southward the *Royal Sovereign* moved slowly under all sail toward the *Santa Ana*. In a few moments now they would engage.

Lord Nelson ordered the signal for "close action." The *Fougueux*, second astern of the *Santa Ana*, fired the first gun of the battle. All ships broke out their colors in chivalrous salute. Then the guns of the enemy fleet turned on the *Royal Sovereign* with unremitting thunder.

At a mile and a quarter, a few minutes after the *Royal Sovereign* vanished into the smoke of battle, the *Bucentaure* loosed a shot at the *Victory*, trying the range. A second fell alongside. Two more passed overhead. Lord Nelson turned to Captain Blackwood and ordered him back to his frigate. The commander of the frigate squadron took his old friend's hand. He spoke in the clipped accent of the County of Down. "I trust, my lord, that on my return to the *Victory*, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your lordship well and in possession of twenty prizes."

But the admiral did not respond to the heartiness in his friend's voice.

"God bless you, Blackwood," he said quietly. "I shall never speak to you again."

"HIS FACE WAS GRIMY AS A NEGRO'S. EVERYWHERE WERE WRECKS, WHICH HE COULD SEE DIMLY THROUGH THE SMOKE. TWENTY SHIPS STRUCK. THERE WOULD NEVER BE SEA FIGHTS ANY MORE"

HIS face was grimy as a negro's, his uniform covered with dust, and now that all was over Captain Hardy felt a trifle hurt where a splinter from a hit had struck the buckle of his belt, and his bruised foot was aching. Everywhere about him were wrecks, which he could see dimly through the smoke.

Twenty ships struck. There would never be sea-fights any more. All over.

Been a hard day, not that he complained of work, but there had been strain of sailing under

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ABSALOM

BY STEVE J. HUYSMAN

Illustrations by Marguerite Benjamin

TWICE already this afternoon old Pieter van Teel had reprimanded his son Wouter to be more hasty with the harrowing. Irritation and mounting anger showed in the heightened color on the bold, weather-beaten cheek-bones, in every dip of the gnarled old hand into the seed-sack suspended from his neck, in the sweeping motion of the scarlet undergarment, exposed to the elbow, as his arm passed through great arcs scattering the barley ahead.

The boy was following behind, turning under the seed, and he was continually halting the team and whistling toward the willow-hedge bordering the field, trying to evoke a response from the thrushes that were mating in the great elder-tree.

Pieter felt that the time had arrived when he must put down a firm boot on this foolishness of his son. He thought resentfully of the evil days that had befallen the old stone threshing-floor in the *groote schuur* where the first Van Teel in the United States had once labored so prodigiously. This old threshing-floor, that had known sober work, the boy had transformed into a bedlam of idle squirrel chatter and the trivial bickering of jays and crows swinging in perches slung from the great, hand-hewn rafters overhead.

In the Fall Wouter would go before the elders of the *kerk* to be questioned over his faith and whether he had pondered deeply the essential sinfulness of man. To contemplate the boy informing that august tribunal that his chief concern in life had been to tame wild beasts and birds left Pieter cold with apprehension.

As Pieter reached the end of the field he looked back. There were old Pister and Simeon, the farm-horses, standing idle beside the willow-hedge. Bending over the ground, on his knees, was his son, digging at something. Unmindful of the row he might have seeded on the way, Pieter traversed the field in great, angry strides. He would end all this foolishness here and now.

The lad, absorbed over a squirrel-hole, failed to hear his father's heavy cowhide boots crunching through the cloddy loam in grim, ominous strides.

"What foolishness! This again?" demanded Pieter in a great, wrathful voice

"But, *Fadder*, I will have them in a minute. They are such fine ones. Into the hole I see them run. Seven pretty little ones and the *moeder*."

"*Dunder und blitzen!* Drop the stick and start the team. No more I speak to you to-day." The words were grim and final. "This night all the wild beasts and birds you turn loose. This is the end." And he thrust the reins violently into the boy's hands.

With a final, frustrated glance at the hole, Wouter started off across the field, the frightened animals dragging him by their bits.

The somber, purple dusk of a late Spring day had already settled over New Zealand when Wouter, weary in every muscle, having bedded Simeon and Pister for the night, dragged himself into the low, whitewashed dwelling for supper. Through the stiffly starched white curtains that hung before the open western window of the low-ceilinged eating-room, the outline of the *groote schuur* banked up black and imposing. Mina entered mincingly from the scullery, her voluminous gray skirt rustling noisily, and lit the brass oil-lamp that hung from a beam overhead.

From the gusto with which Pieter supped his porridge Mina gathered that some weighty matter was disturbing the meal-time placidity of his mind. He tapped his great boot impatiently on the rag-woven rug of blue and white and black and gray that covered almost the entire floor of the eating-room.

"What ails you, Pieter?" she inquired testily. "For why you needlessly wear out the rug? Many weeks it takes to make a *niew* one." There was keen displeasure in the gray eyes and on the round, apple-like face with its sharp mouth.

Her words opened the flood-gates of Pieter's speech, and he halted his spoon *en route* to his bearded lips.

"This afternoon, what does Wouter do after the all-day prayer *fest* in the *kerk* for good sowing weather?" He paused for a moment, glaring at the boy, who sat with eyes averted from his porridge-bowl. "Dig squirrels when the seeding is already two months late. This first good day he must be like a child. But with this foolishness I am finished." He reattacked his porridge with grim gusto.

Mina turned to her son indignantly. "Fie, fie, Wouter! Have you no shame? Will you never grow up and be a man like your *fadder*? It is discipline you need," she added sharply, mounting disapproval in her voice. "A boy of your age with such a shameless foolishness must be bent." And to Pieter: "For my part everything you should kill. We must show Wouter that we are determined."

The forbidding lines on the old man's face deepened. His features took on the grim, granite-like mold of the old men in the little, brown-framed portraits hanging in almost forbidding precision on the whitewashed walls.

"This is the end," he said ponderously, choosing his words with a certain, grim care. "The wild things go tonight. Ya, this is the end." Sinkingly the boy heard his father's unyielding pronouncement, for his pets were the one release from the harsh, stolid rigor of the farm.

"But come, let us *bid*," said Pieter, raising a hand to his shaggy brows to ask a blessing.

A magpie lit on the open window-sill, chattering loudly. Wouter's agitated face brightened and grew warm with pleasure. "*Ach, oude* Tomas!" he exclaimed affectionately, tossing a crum of rye bread in the bird's direction. The magpie hopped to the floor and gobbled it greedily.

"You flaunt me to my very face!" cried old Pieter. "Where is a stick?" And he lurched angrily to the fire-box that stood behind the low, squat heater against the wall.

"Begone, Tomas!" exclaimed the boy.

"Strike him, strike him, Pieter!" encouraged Mina in mild excitement.

The bird jumped to the window-sill, laughing loudly, for Wouter had slit its tongue, making speech possible.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the bird. "*Dunder und blitzen!*"

The coarse laughter angered the old man. "I fix you," he snarled. "There, you black-and-white thing of evil! You would mock me, eh?" And he raised the heavy stick and brought it down swiftly.

Wouter sat gripping his chair hard. "*Fadder*," he said in a low, arresting voice, and at the pain and anguish of it Pieter looked at him swiftly.

The boy dropped to his knees. "*Oude* Tomas, *oude* Tomas," he whispered huskily as he picked up the bird and fondled it in his hands. In an awed fascination he watched the film of death dim the luster of the bright-black eyes.

The boy caressed the bird. His lower lip trembled and he seemed to be in a daze. Then he laughed foolishly, and suddenly old Pieter and Mina were afraid. For old Tante Boeringa had laughed that way the day her son was carried along the burial-road to the *begraafplaats*. "Wouter! Wouter!" rebuked Mina in a fearful whisper.

But the lad only laughed again, and once more his face became an empty mask. Then, like a tempest out of a clear sky, a wild fury crossed the sturdy features. "Murderer!" he shrieked, and flung the carcass of the dead bird directly into his father's face. The old man staggered and nearly fell at the unexpectedness and impact of the blow. Without a word, Wouter flung himself out of the room, and they heard him tramping up the stairway to his low chamber beneath the roof.

A silence followed that was more terrible than wrath.

Never before in New Zealand, where filial respect and unquestioned obedience were virtues ingrained from infancy, had such an indignity been heaped upon a father by his son.

Mina was the first to speak. "So that is the son you have, Pieter van Teel! So much for all the easy ways of yours. How many times have I not told you to be more strict with Wouter? Fie on you! At once you should have dealt with the boy, not stand there like a post."

Her enumeration of his apparent failings was too much for the choleric Pieter. He turned on her, resentment smoldering in his eyes. "*Vrouw*, be still," he rasped. "Who are you to speak so to me? I am still the head of this house, not only of Wouter, but of you, too. In the morning I deal with Wouter. You hold your tongue."

Pieter slept fitfully, and his uneasy tossings brought many a complaint from Mina. The tense tone of anguish in which the boy had called "*Fadder!*" kept ringing in his ears all through the night. In that word, and in the foolish laughter and fury that followed, he had a presentiment of ill omen to himself.

AT FOUR in the morning, according to lifelong custom, he arose and ascended the narrow stairway that led to the only room that hung under the low roof of the farmhouse. He knocked timidly on the pine-board door. There was no response and, regretfully, he thought the long day's toil of yesterday had wearied the boy to the stage of exhaustion.

Stooping, for the low ceiling followed the sloping contour of the roof, he made his way across the rag rug to where the heavy, knitted bedspread lay like a lighter shadow against the darker grays. He reached out an arm to shake the shoulders roughly, but his hand met with no resistance. The two great feather ticks yielded easily to the pressure. The old poster was empty.

Fear tugged at his heart. He stepped to the little table with the embroidered coverlet standing in one corner, where the ceiling almost met the floor, and lit the candle. The light only confirmed what his hands had already told him.

He knew of a certainty now that the boy had gone. He leaned against the door, and his hand trembled so that the candle dropped to the floor.

In a maze he stumbled down the stairway. Mina, stooping over the stove, did not turn as she spoke. "Well, what of Wouter?" she asked sharply. "What have you decided to punish him?"

"*Vrouw*, Wouter is gone," came the dull reply.

"Nay, Pieter?" she said, straightening incredulously from a stick of wood she was inserting under a stove-lid. "Nay, Pieter?" she repeated, an odd catch in her voice as she saw the gray pallor of his face.

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"Ya, the bed is as you left it, and the Sabbath clothes are gone."

He heard her ascending the stairway with an agility hardly to be expected from one of her years. He waited anxiously. When she descended her footsteps were heavy and lifeless, for all the world, he thought, like a sack of meal dropped from one step to another. From beneath her *kapje* peered two very wide and fearful eyes.

"The *schuur*, the *schuur*," she suddenly exclaimed excitedly. "Surely he would not leave the wild beasts he loves." Lantern in hand, they stumbled through the darkness to the threshing-floor. Wouter had been there before them. The cages, now empty, were piled neatly in a corner.

"All is gone," murmured Pieter with an open, hopeless gesture of his great hands.

They stood there a while, staring at the desolation and the vacancy. Then Mina roused herself suddenly. "We must stop him, Pieter. You must, this very morning, this very minute, start for Harrison." Her voice quickened. "A train goes through this morning early. Wouter walks. It is a long walk. You must hurry; bring him back."

THEY rushed to the stalls and threw the harness on the grunting, sleepy Pfister. It was still a sooty darkness when Pieter whipped the horse from the barn-yard.

He stood half erect in the buggy and beat Pfister mercilessly. On and on, past the darkened shadow of farmhouse and *schuur*, they passed at breakneck speed. In his haste Pieter had forgotten his cap, and now the graying hair swept from the square forehead in a tangled mass. His fine, iron-gray beard trailed over his shoulders like a dark and shadowy banner, and the heavy, homespun coat flapped about his body, unbuttoned as the chill air licked at his frame.

Down the great east and west road, past the *kerk*, the buggy careened drunkenly until he began the ascent up the ridge that dropped on the other side into Harrison. On the crest, still driving like mad, he saw the train paralleling the ridge. The headlight was sweeping all before it like a grim reaper. Far ahead it plunged into the darkened shadow with the twinkling lights that represented Harrison. Lashing Pfister, he rose frantically in the seat, and, tho his voice would carry but a fraction of the distance, he called, "Wouter! Wouter! *My zoon! My zoon!*"

Then a whistle shrieked over the ridge and the coaches moved slowly. He could see the windows, bright golden squares of light. At one of them was seated his son.

Again Pieter's magnificent voice rang over the ridge. "Stop Wouter! Stop!" But the echoes only came rumbling back to mock him. The track made a sharp turn, throwing the train in line with his vision, and all he saw was a leaden trail of smoke punctuated by a trail of starlike sparks.

So with the passing of the train went the passing of his son. Bitterly, he turned the horse about and headed back over the ridge to New Zealand. He knew little or nothing of the police system that covered the country like a net or he might have ventured down and enlisted sid. To him the boy was gone beyond recall.

The darkness gave way to a sodden gray, and then the sun came up over the land like an angel with a vengeful, flaming sword. Far over across the valley, beyond the *kerk* steeple rising high above the surrounding elms, lay his own farm. He could dimly see the low, whitewashed farmhouse, and the *groote schuur*, built by the first Van Teelin North America.

The farm beckoned to him like an empty sepulcher. Year after year he had prospered soberly and steadily, building up the fertility of the land, acre by acre, in the hope that when his son reached man's estate he would turn over the land, and he himself would retire to the consolation and friendship of his pipe and Bible.

Long before he reached the great elm that marked the corner of the farm, he beheld Mina standing with her hand shading her eyes, eager for a glimpse of him. There were both expectancy and despair in her bearing, and he dreaded the meeting.

"So you have seen no Wouter?" Her voice was faintly expectant, trying to register a hope that was hopeless.

"Ya," he lied suddenly—why he knew not—and he was afraid to meet her eyes. "On the train he jumped as I come to Harrison."

Her voice was bitterly reproachful. "Then you spoke with him no words?"

"Nay. He was too far away."

"Oh, Pieter, Pieter!" she rebuked. "For why did you not drive faster and tell him to come back to his *moeder*, that she wants him to forgive her?"

He sensed bitterly an appropriation in her words that excluded himself. "You speak like I do not drive. Pfister I almost kill. No—me, I have done nothing. Me, who drive like no man in New Zealand ever drive before. And you say I am slow!" His voice rose to a shriek. "You who always tell me to be strict—you—you always pushing me on—to be hard."

Mina dabbed at her eyes with an apron corner. "Ya, it *is* you who drive away Wouter. It *is* you who quarrel with him in the fields. You who speak harshly the whole Winter long. You—you who kill the bird." She gulped. "And now you say it is me."

And so the two old figures passed into the house apart. Mina dropped into a leather-thonged chair, and her eyes became blank and vacant with memories. Pieter sat in the low armchair before the table, his great beard straggling over the edge. Almost unconsciously he turned for comfort to the old family Bible, long and thick as a man's torso, as his sire and grandsires had sought solace in the coarse, yellow pages before him. His fingers groped for the family record. There was the long, wavering line of entries for seven generations back, some in the painful, labored script of a goose-quill guided by a stumbling, awkward hand. He followed the record to the end.

Wouter van Teel:
born April 29, 19——

Almost fourteen years ago to a day. His eyes grew misty

"A BEDLAM OF IDLE SQUIRREL CHATTER"

"The evil one has been in us. But *mischien*, he will write! He will get lonesome for his *moeder*," she said with quiet conviction.

Again Pieter sensed an ownership in her words that ignored himself. "Like he won't get lonesome for his *fadder*," he retorted with a trace of bitterness.

"Let us quarrel no more, Pieter," she pleaded softly. "We both have erred. All the years we have spoken harshly."

He forced the words from his lips. "Ya, it is of a truth. We have driven him away."

With bolstered hopes they waited for a letter—a letter that the boy had relented. But none came. Those of the neighbors who had sons, Pieter sent away in a strange indignation when they came to comfort him. He saw the men sometimes jesting with their sons, and he grudged them this happiness. What right had they to this exaltation? His eyes followed the youth of the settlement with a fierce and appraising hunger, seeing in every move and gesture the form of his own son.

Pieter lost interest in his fertile acres. His eyes came to carry the queer, empty look of a man who broods overmuch. The fine iron-gray beard seemed to wither to a turf. The lines in his face aged and deepened so that they loomed distressingly, like the scarring washouts cut by Summer floods across the barley-fields. No more on Sabbath afternoons did his lusty barytone rise triumphantly in the little *kerk* at the crossroads. Always he sang in the subdued, chastened tone of a requiem.

Mina no longer wore at her throat and wrists the filmy, spidery laces that were the envy and despair of all the women in the settlement. Wondrous symphonies of needlework they were, but she wore them no more in the *kerk*. Always her dress was black, like the funeral garb that women wear only when some one is to be carried along the road to the *begraafplaats*.

The long Sabbath afternoons in the little *kerk* where their forebears had sat before them in the same hard pews, turned the fierceness of their hunger to a deep and abiding faith that their eyes would behold the lad again.

Then, without warning, came the afternoon in the *kerk* that will be spoken of in hushed whispers long after the woodborers have crumbled the slender steeple to dust, and the surrounding elms, barren and lifeless, reach up their gaunt limbs like naked gibbets to the sky.

Old Domine Hollebrander had been sitting through the devotions, grim and tight of mouth. Pieter, aching for a sermon to cheer his heart, saw him step to the lectern and, for a moment, the patriarchal beard trailed over the great pulpit Bible like a white shroud. In a deep, sonorous voice, unbroken by the years, he read aloud the centuries-old commandment of filial obedience.

Do honor to thy parents that thy days may be many in the land which the Lord thy God giveth to thee.

A cold, black fear gripped at Pieter's heart.

"My people," the domine began in a voice that throbbed like the deep roll of an organ, "the hour is come when the servant of the Almighty can no longer hold his peace. He would speak this day of the youth who hath forsaken his parents and the land of his fathers."

Mute, blanched reproach in their gray eyes, Pieter and Mina looked up into the stern, unyielding countenance on the dais before them.

"He hath gone like a thief in the night," the domine continued. "Wo unto him! Hath he honored his parents?" He paused, and the silence became agonizing. "Nay!" he finally thundered. "He hath forsaken and degraded and broken them, and covered them with shame and sorrow. But a day of retribution cometh as surely as the day followeth the night. For the Lord will bring evil upon him even as he hath brought down evil upon those who loved him."

"THE BOY CARESSED THE BIRD. HIS LOWER LIP TREMBLED AND HE SEEMED TO BE IN A DAZE"

behind his glasses, and his hand fingered the pages blindly backward; something welled up within him, and he read in a low, chastened voice the wail of a king that has come down through the long roadway of the years:

O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

The words choked in his beard and he slammed down the cover of the great book savagely. "Let us be on our knees, we who have sinned."

"You speak of a truth, Pieter," Mina said simply.

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Every word of the castigation burned into Pieter's heart as white-hot coals of fire. His son scorned, defiled, defamed before all the people! He could forbear no longer. He raised himself suddenly, and his voice shook with emotion and protest.

"Domine—Domine—you know not—what you say!"

Never in all the years had any man dared speak out in the *kerk*, and the silence became painful, throbbing, as Pieter halted, unable to go on.

The figure of the man in the pulpit became vested with vast authority, and his eyes blazed with the dishonor and indignity of the rebuke. "Pieter van Teel," and the voice was unearthly, like a clap of thunder from a prophet of the Lord, "dare you speak out in this holy place?"

Old Pieter fumbled piteously for words that would not come, while Mina, stricken, tugged at his sleeve to pull him down.

But he stood his ground, drooping and scourged under the rebuke, and his hands worked convulsively on the pew-back before him.

Speech came out of the maze, and in a cracked, passionate voice Pieter poured out his heart. "Domine—forgive me this day, but the boy has done nothing. It is I who have sinned. It was I who drove him from home. I who day by day ruled him with an iron hand. O Domine, Domine, it is not the boy. It is I—I!" The voice trailed to a piteous whisper, as if his energy were gone. Then he dropped to his seat, and men saw that his black kerchief trembled violently as he pressed it to his face.

"A VOICE BROKE THE STILLNESS. IT CAME FROM THE CAGE. THEY WERE WOUTER'S WORDS"

There was a silence without beginning and without end. Domine Hollebrander stood there speechless, and his people were afraid to look him in the face. Pieter knew the sermon was far from finished. The notes of the carefully constructed polemic still lay on the open Bible. But Pieter saw him reach out a hand and crumple them fiercely, as one might a hated thing.

"Let us pray," said the domine in a low, hushed voice.

He came down from the dais and approached the two sitting alone after the others had gone. Somehow they got the impression now of an aged, rain-washed mountain, kindly, comforting.

"My friends," said the domine, "forgive me this day. Perchance I was wrong, and I pray that he may be restored to you, that he may open his heart to you again." They clung to his hands like little children. "Have faith that each day the post may bring you word of him."

"Ya, Domine," said Mina in a brave whisper, "every day do we hope."

"Every day we watch for word," echoed Pieter.

The weeks moved over them. Daily, fair weather or storm, Pieter stood beside the highway, his eyes following the leisurely approach of the aged, white horse and the ancient buggy that denoted the post.

"No letter to-day," the young man would call, and go whistling cheerily on his way.

One morning the carrier waved genially, and in his hand was an envelop. "Well, I guess here's what you're waiting for," he laughed, and thrust the missive into the trembling, outstretched hand. Pieter's heart gave a great leap. Letters could bring nothing but news of his son. The envelop dropped from his hand to the road, and the carrier smiled at the old man's eagerness.

Pieter tore open the envelop and peered at the sheet within. The message blurred before his eyes. Then he recalled that he was unable to read without his glasses, and he started on a shuffling run for the house. He broke into the scullery and swept into the eating-room, forgetting to wipe his feet at the door. Mina looked up in faint disapproval at the oversight.

"Mina, Mina, a letter, a *brief van* Wouter!" he said excitedly. His gnarled hand shook violently and the glasses fell to the floor. There was a shattering of crystal, and when he finally adjusted the frame to his nose he failed to note that one of the lenses was missing.

"Make haste, Pieter," urged Mina in a triumphant whisper over his shoulder.

Word for word Pieter's long finger traced out the message, for English was difficult. Born across the sea, Mina could read no *uitlander taal*, and her veined, old hands gripped Pieter by the shoulder as she waited, expectancy and jubilation on her face.

"What says Wouter? Has he forgiven us? Is he coming home?" she asked eagerly.

Pieter failed to grasp the import at the first labored reading and he went over it painfully again. Then his face went ashen, and he would have fallen had not Mina sustained him by a hand.

"Pieter, what is it? What does he say? Is he still angry with us?" she asked in a tremulous, fearful whisper.

He spoke huskily, hardly audibly. "Wouter is dead"

Mina was suddenly strangely and unspeakably calm. "What says it, Pieter?"

"Wouter is dead. Wouter is dead." He murmured, and the life had gone out of his voice. He rallied slightly and translated for her.

I regret to inform you that your son, Wouter van Teel, has died in the service of his country while stationed with the U. S. Marines at the American Legation, Managua, Nicaragua. He has been buried in the Central American Republic.

Ass't Sec'y of the Navy.

"It is too late, Pieter," said Mina, sitting down very quietly, and her eyes were soft with anguish and resignation. "Always I hope that Wouter comes home or writes his *moeder* that he has forgiven her. But it is too late, too late" And her voice choked off to a soundless sob.

Pieter went about the tasks of the farm aimlessly, and Mina made only a pretense of her household duties. Hours she sat with the old Bible, reading hither and yon of the host of boy heroes who marched and tramped and sang so triumphantly across the faded, yellow pages.

In the fields Pieter sat motionless for hours. Sometimes he caught a vision. There would pass a stalwart, valiant youth, striding across the black, fallow fields, scattering the seed in wide, splendid sweeps of his arm. Then the vision would pass, and all Pieter's old life would come thundering back to mock him. If he only knew the boy had forgiven him the evil night he had left the farm forever.

Then arrived word from the express office in Harrison that a package awaited them there. It could only be a few of Wouter's personal belongings, poignant reminders of the evil that had befallen them. Reluctantly Pieter went and returned.

He entered the house slowly and laid the box reluctantly on the scullery table. There would be Wouter's knife, perhaps, the little black Testament they had given him, a few odds and ends. With a shaking hand Pieter applied the hammer. Blinking wonderingly, two green-and-gold Nicaraguan parrots stepped out. One of them screeched raucously.

Pieter uttered a curse. "What is this?" he shrieked. "Does he still mock us even when he is dead?" And he raised the hammer to strike the offending bird.

Mina reached out and stayed his arm.

"Pieter, Pieter!" she reproved. "Mischien Wouter planned to return. He loved the wild birds so much. These would be here when he gets back. He has forgiven us, is it not?"

The hammer clattered to the floor, and the stricken Pieter dropped his head.

"Think you, Mina, that he would not mock us?" Pieter replied, suspicion and joy struggling for supremacy.

"Let us believe that he would come also," she answered simply.

Never was more tender care lavished on two birds. Yet times came over Pieter when the green, blinking eyes and the yellow beaks and the shameless preening of green-and-gold plumage made his doubts dark within him, and times came over him when he would have put them to death.

"Pieter," Mina would admonish gently, "let us believe that he was returning too—that he has forgiven us. Let us believe, Pieter."

"Oh, *Vrouw*, all the acres would I give to know," he would reply in bitter yearning. "But methinks the birds would mock us."

THE Autumn was ended, the harvest garnered, and Mina with her knitting, and Pieter with his weekly *Volksvriend*, were sitting out the long, empty evening in the eating-room together. The soft glow from the brass hanging lamp was reflected resplendently from the green-and-gold plumage of the birds in the cage on the great oaken chest in one corner.

Suddenly, incredibly, a voice broke the stillness of the room. "*Dach Fadder. Dach Moeder.*" It came from the cage, and those were Wouter's words.

"Pieter," said Mina in a hushed whisper, and the knitting dropped to her lap. The *Volksvriend* custled to the floor, and the old man sat suddenly strained and tense, fearful and expectant.

"*Dach Fadder. Dach Moeder*," again came from the cage. "We are from Wouter. Forgive!"

"Mina!" exclaimed the old man in a cracked, triumphant voice.

"Pieter! Pieter!" was all that she could say, but there was a shining gladness in her eyes.

A blessed quietude fell over the room.

"THE BOY WAS CONTINUALLY HALTING THE TEAM AND WHISTLING, TRYING TO EVOKE A RESPONSE FROM THE THRUSHES"

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"HE BROKE OUT CHIDING. 'IT'S BECAUSE YOU'LL NOT *LOOK*. WHAT'S THE MODEL THERE FOR MARY? A HEAD IS NOT AN EGG'"

SURVIVOR

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrations by J. Clinton Shepherd

IN THE hollow of the block west of the State House, Dobson was putting his studio shutters on, for it was class evening, and tho the model posed only in the "semi," this was Denver, not Paris. The shutters were heavy and high from the ground. The elderly sculptor was glad when the job was done and he could sit down on the box he had been carrying around, breathe for a moment, mop his temples and sparsely whiskered cheeks, and look at the mountains, behind which the April sun was already a half-hour down.

When he built the studio, in his early days out here after he had begun to get the better of his lung-trouble, he could see a great spread of the snow-range that way across vacant lots, but the city had grown in the quarter-century, and all that was left him now was a glimpse of the twin peaks, Grays and Torreys, framed in an alley notch.

How many thousands of nights had the alien sat and watched the darkening of that bifurcated giant upland, cut out in the dilute air so cleanly that even at half a hundred miles the ear strained for the note of the incessant wind whining between the pinnacles, and the whisper of ice-dust polishing the rocks of the inhuman solitude! And how many times had the exile started with a wince of nostalgia, wondering what he was doing on this strange side of the world, dreaming his years away, and where were his eyes of waking!

Where were the lanes and hedgerows, the meadows and folded moorlands of his native Oxfordshire? Where his friendly, dingy London? And where his working, fighting, rollicking runways of Montmartre, smelly of turpentine and bus-horses, in a lilac haze?

Now that Dobson had cooled off he was cold. It was almost dark, and around on the cement of the court he heard the feet of his pupils arriving. He went indoors. He spoke to Lincoln Hussack, as always the first at his stand. The young man had been given a page in color to do at the *Post* for the Sunday after the following, and the news to-night brought a glow to the heart of his instructor. "Bravo, my lad! Good! Push on!"

Dobson spoke to Miss Lukes, the serious school-teacher; to Roy Dickens, the Governor's nephew; to the two sisters from the convent, and to the ranchman, Kraus. But Mary Shannon had not yet come. He took his time posing the model, the Indian, Frank Shoe, stripped to the waist for the anatomy of the torso. He tried him first with one hand shading the eyes in the immemorial gesture, then with both hands on his hips and his face slightly lifted. But still Mary Shannon had not come. It was like her, Dobson reflected; it was the atmosphere of the studio she liked, not the hard fashioning of a beautiful thing. And since her mother was a widow without a fortune, Mary would have to be more than an amateur at something or other before very long.

Now Dobson knew of a sudden what he must do to-night, and he tasted wormwood in his heart. He went into his own shop to get away from it, turned on all the lights, removed the damp covering from the great unfinished figure of his "Arapahoe," and gathered his tools with an impatience that was rare in him. As he stood before the clay, the shape of the aboriginal plainsman, noble in its nakedness, erect, implacable, stoic, shading its gaze toward the doomful east (the commission was for the eastern entrance to the Capitol grounds), Dobson tried to turn his misery into a temper against the philistines against whom he had fought so long.

They would be coming again to-morrow. Again, with their dull eyes and their stupid impatience, they would argue, protest, and threaten, the politicians, the storekeepers. Three years ago this Art Committee of the Legislature had begun its grumbling. "Looks like a finished statue to us; why don't you go ahead with it?"

Two years ago there had been a note of exasperation. "Don't see how you can expect to improve it any more, fussing with it. And if we're satisfied you should be. Frankly, Dobson, what's holding it up now?"

To look at them was enough to know there was no use in trying to explain. How could they comprehend that, so long as a last knuckle wanted a least wrinkle to make it right, tho it might seem good enough in their eyes, in the artist's the whole creation remained but an attempt, and a foiled one, so much dead clay? They seemed not to realize that it was to last a great deal longer than they. But they were like that, forever building things in a hurry so as to be able the sooner to tear them down, in a greater hurry to build newer ones. And Mary Shannon was like that.

The circle had brought him back, and immediately, as he fell to tooling a vein on the "Arapahoe's" ankle, he set off on another circle. Reminiscence this time: dismayed by here and now, he made haste to escape it; day-dreaming, he ran back into there and then.

Paris, and youth, and the haze of lilac. The court called the Impasse Carré. The mountainous woman with three moles and three whiskers, concierge at Number Eleven. At Nine, Sven Lie's studio panes shining with the sky. Old Mique and his barrow of snails in front of the *librarie*. Alan Dumergue's diggings. Then the café tables under the soiled glass awning of the Masque d'Or, carrying the corner around into the loud Rue Lac.

Alan and his girl there, Sven and his. Loaves, cheese, smoked fish, half liters of blond beer. Ivan Morvitch and Alan's brother, the young playwright, and Freddy Webster from Des Moines, hatless, arm in arm, in from the clattering dusk. "*À bas l'Académie!*" they chant. "*Mort aux vieux!*" they roar. The battle-cry of the comrades of the Impasse Carré. Yes, down with the old ones and their

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old order, those established, rich, stupid ones who think that there will never be another light in art but their light! Away with the solemn fogies; tumble them off from the shoulders of the genius that now at last will cure the sickness of the world! Down romanticism! It had its rope and hanged itself. Up impressionism! youth's new last word.

Beer and sausages for thirty centimes. "'Allo, Tom Dobson! 'Allo, Johnnie Bull!"

"What do you think that old donkey of a dealer said to my canvas, 'Loire Midi'? 'I can see only that it is a hodgepodge,' says he. 'My little boy with chalks does better; at least I can see what his drawing is meant to tell.'"

"Money-bag, Pot-belly, let him wait ten years, and weep."

Dancing. Warm, eager, and wild. Céleste, Marie, Sven's Lilla with her large bosom and her straw braids, Orma, Puvis's new model, and Madeleine! And Madeleine!

"Tom Dobson, how is it say *en Anglois*—*'As lawn you'?*"

Beastly sulks, angelic gaieties; Madeleine. An immeasurable, inexhaustible vitality. That is her beauty, her vitality. The long slope of her shoulders, the ivory pillar of her strong neck, the full red overturn of the lip, the brown hair, so massive in growth— The devil! That's not Madeleine. Madeleine was as blond as a Swede girl. Who is this dark one, then? It's Mary. Mary Shannon.

Dobson was cornered. He went to the window. There was a full moonlight. Fifty miles away on the scallop between the twin peaks the ice-rim glittered. The wind would have died in that high, white night; there would no longer be even the whistling of the thin wind to distract the solitude. Dobson turned his back on it.

HE WENT out to the class, for it was time. To young Hussack there was not much to say, hardly more than "Good! Push on!" There was not much to be said to Roy Dickens either, but for the opposite reason. This nephew of the Governor was not serious. Educated in the East, now that he had come home he was at a loss what to do with himself. He was here in the modeling class simply because Mary Shannon was here. Dobson made no mistake about that. As for the two sisters, they listened and tried, listened and tried again. That was something. But Mary Shannon neither listened nor tried.

What to say to Mary? For an instant, now that it no longer mattered, Dobson had the impulse to mutter, "Good! Push on!" without even looking at the clay she had clapped hastily upon an armature ill bent. But, then, it was like a fever; he broke out chiding.

"It's because you'll not *look*. What's the model there for, Mary? You used to study at least the fundamental proportions before committing them, but nowadays— But even if there were no model, you should know from simple anatomy that the shoulder-line being *so*, the axis of the head can not possibly be *so*. A head is not an egg. You'll fix it up later, you tell yourself. But I'll tell you—look, my child—by the very block-in of those arms I can predict you this, the weight of the hands resting on the hips will never *rest* on them, never. For all your 'fixing' later on——"

"'I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO REALLY KNOWS HOW BRAVE YOU'VE BEEN'"

What was the use? Mary's ear might be for him, but her eye was for Roy Dickens.

"Oh, dear," it seemed to sigh, "the same old line. When he's through jawing——"

Dobson had to swallow, and it was a bitter swallow. "Well, push on!"

But at the third and final criticism of the evening he broke out with it:

"Now you see, Mary, once wrong, always wrong. That head, it *is* an egg. And do you see what's happened to the arms? Where is the weight? *Not* down. They don't push, they pull. See, there's Frank Shoe, the redskin, poised, at ease, gazing up at the mountain-tops, let's say. And what have you given me here? You've given me a poor egg-head doing nothing but trying rather desperately to hold his own trousers up. 'The Broken Braces,' you must call it. You can *see* this one of yours thinking: 'Well, you've given me this plaguy garment, and now what in the name of the happy hunting-grounds am I supposed to do with it?' Tell me, Mary, looking at Frank Shoe as he stands there— But I see, he's got down. Next time, then—" Dobson put his teeth into the flesh of his lip. "Mary, will you be so good as to come into the shop for a moment? I've something to say."

In the privacy of the shop he went straight at it, his eyes fixed on the "Arapahoe's" great toe and a wrinkle of misery between his brows. "Mary, I've been talking with your mother. I'm fond of you, Mary. It's because I'm fonder of you than of any one that I'm willing to be brutal. Child, you're wasting your time; you'll never get anywhere with the modeling; you haven't got it. But you've so many other gifts, you ought to be busy finding them out while you're still a girl, Mary. So—you're not to come here, Mary, any more."

It was no good, his staring so desperately at the toe of clay; his ears were worse than his eyes, to follow the havoc. "Oh! Oh!" he heard her stifling the gasps wrung from her affronted pride. "Oh! Oh!" Incredulity, bewilderment, comprehension, fury. But then when he did turn his wretched eyes he saw that her resentment had passed with those breaths. From the doorway she was looking back at his hunched figure with a smile altogether enigmatical and a light curiously mingled of mockery and ruth in her gaze.

She did a thing that confounded him. Returning at a dart, she bent over his head and brushed the bald spot with her lips, a featherweight caress, then ran.

It would have helped if he could have groaned, but he hadn't even that defense against the silence. Presently, around the corner outside, he heard the fall of four feet on the cement, and he knew by that that Roy Dickens had waited for Mary. He could almost see the girl with the finger of warning to her lips till they were out to the open of Broadway. It was from the distance of the street then that he heard the release of their rebellious mirth.

It was Springtime. Dobson felt it of a sudden a trap in which he was imprisoned, a cell walled by the dry suns and sapless winds of the table-land of the raw young West.

He tried to re-escape. He sat and tried to remember. The lilac haze. Blond beer, hard bread, gray sausages. Young mutiny when youth was clear-eyed and mutiny fateful. "*Mori aux vieux!*" Death to the old ones! Wild daylights, and clay on the hands; wild gaslights, and dancing. And Madeleine! Mary!

Dobson got up and ran out into the other studio to look at the travesty of childish clay that Mary had thrown together. It was gone. Turntable, armature, everything. He understood now why one pair of the retreating footfalls had sounded heavier than the other. At last he could groan, for the pity of those youngsters.

Once in the following Winter Mrs. Shannon, Mary's mother, came to the studio. Tho she did not utter it in words, her attitude said it: "It was you that started all this; you've got to help me end it."

Dobson had asked: "What's Mary doing with herself, now she's given up the modeling?"

"Given it up?" The sluice-gates of the widow's trouble were opened then. It had been bad enough when her daughter had been studying with Dobson, and so in a measure justified. But now it was simply mulishness, the child's hurt vanity.

"My one best room, Mr. Dobson, always cluttered up with her 'masterpieces.' Not that she really cares about them; if she did she'd try and do them better, and make them look like something under the sun. No, it's just that Mary's got the idea she must be in on this artist life—'Bohemia,' I suppose you'd call it. And I wish you'd see the kind of friends she's got now. Where she ever found them——"

"I'll come and see her," Dobson said.

He should have set an hour. When he went, next day, Mary was out. He spent the waiting time in examining the "studio" and its prodigies. They would have been pathetic if they had not been laughable, and laughable, he told himself, if they had not been tragic. Steeled as she had believed it, the mother's pride mutinied once. One piece, shrouded in the working-cloth, she would have passed over, getting Dobson on to another. When he persisted and uncovered the figure, she could, as she said, have died.

"Yes, die. It isn't even as if it was of a model; I've got hardened to that. But it's actually one of Mary's friends, May Paige, and wouldn't you think she'd be ashamed, and, on top of ashamed, furious? May's really quite a passably pretty girl, in life."

Dobson's humiliation was deeper than the mother's in a way, for it was he that had had the faith. Blinded (he could see now) by the appeal of her youthful vitality, he had been persuaded for nearly a year that Mary was capable of more than ordinary things. She *had* progressed up to a certain point. And now! The way the stick of that rocket had come down. It was not merely that she had forgotten what she had learned; she had forgotten more than she had learned. Given even a half pretty girl for model, that the best Mary could do now was this naive distortion of the human form, lopsided, faceless, save for prehensile-looking lips bent in a V-shaped smirk, with the neck of a vulture and the dugs of a cat—for a moment as Dobson dropped the cloth back over it he felt sick.

After that one, the purloined figure of Frank Shoe had nothing to offer but ridiculousness. Pig-headed, Mary had not taken his word for it; she had thought to right its wrongness by dint of superficial polish, till she had polished even the little that was human of it away, leaving nothing but glazed cylinders. Empty egg-head to an empty sky, there this "Indian" stood, shoulder-blades flared out like porcelain shelves, long, thin, tired-grasshopper arms and bewildered clod-fists holding up the weight of pants as hard and round as lengths of stovepipe, patiently.

Mrs. Shannon was pouring out her troubles. "And of course this riffraff, seeing they could never get into any other decent house in town—except of course the Dickens boy, with his uncle the Governor—of course it's their *game* to pretend to encourage Mary. And she'll swallow it. *Now* do you know what? Mary owns a bond her uncle left her, and now she's all for selling it, so she can get these lobs cast into brass or bronze or whatever it is. Oh, Mr. Dobson, isn't there *something*?"

"I don't know," he groaned, suddenly worn out. "I give you my word I don't know."

He couldn't wait forever. After two hours, when Mary had not returned, he had to go. Outside he saw a figure making off hurriedly, as if to avoid meeting him, and it looked like Roy Dickens.

DOBSON finished the "Arapahoe" with a rush that Winter; by Spring it was in the marble, Colorado stone. It was up in its place in its swathings nearly a month before Decoration Day, when it was to be unveiled in connection with the annual art exhibition held in the State House basement.

The Exhibition Committee, bewildered lawmakers from the mountains, followed a precedent of twenty years' standing and came to Dobson. "Here are the folks," they said in effect, "that want to get their pictures and things in. You know them. You tell us."

Half-way down the list stood the item: "Mary Shannon, sculpture, 17 pieces."

For the first time in years Dobson saw red. It was a good thing, he had to confess to himself; there had been times when he had run a dotard's danger of mixing this child up too confusedly with his sentimental reminiscences. Now he was simply exasperated beyond bounds. If he had had her here he would have turned her over his knees and given her a spanking. Stubborn, wayward, blind—to persist in her vain innocence in wanting to make a laughing-stock of herself.

He controlled his voice before the committeemen. "This item you will do well not to accept," he said, drawing his pencil through the line.

The following day one of them was back at the studio. "The Governor, he wants to know if what is out about this item is that there's too many pieces. Would it be better to cut it down from seventeen to maybe eight or ten, Mr. Dobson? Or do you mean it 'out,' the whole shootin'-matchn?"

"I mean it 'out,' decisively. Let there be no mistake in that."

Oh, miserable Mary, bad Mary! Happily, by and by, Dobson saw the comic side of the thing. He sat down alone in his emptied shop and chuckled.

"*Enfant terrible!* Incredible child!"

THE awful thing happened. Dobson had dealt with politicians before, so he should have misdoubted. As it was, the first he knew of it was when, surrounded by the notables on the afternoon of the unveiling, in glancing through the leaflet cataloging the annual exhibition inside, he saw: "Bureau of Claims Room: Shannon, Mary A., sculpture, 17."

"The Governor!" He remembered. "The Governor's nephew, Roy!" Dobson saw the ugly light.

His day of days was spoiled. Throughout the length of Senator Woodson's speech he could think of nothing but

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THE GENTLEMAN KING

The fortunes of Peter Clos who started life as a vagabond

BY
RUSSELL DAVENPORT

Illustrations by Fortunino Matania

"'THERE IS NO REASON WHY I SHOULD DISCUSS POLITICS WITH THIS SCOUNDREL ANYWAY.'
'SCOUNDREL!' SAID PETER. 'THEN THE MURDERER OF COUNT DUPRÉ IS KNOWN——!'"

SYNOPSIS

Peter took his donkey and ran away from his French foster-parents, Father and Mother Clos, when he was fifteen, as he had no love of beatings. In his pocket he carried a precious letter which he could not read, but he knew that from it he could discover his identity. A kind cure in Ardente took him into his household and taught Peter to read and write, but the secret letter was written in English, so Peter was still at sea about himself.

When he was eighteen the seigneur from the near-by castle impressed him into service. His duty was to practise sword-play with Philippe, the seigneur's braggart son. And as he learned fencing Peter also grew to love Renée, the beautiful daughter of the house.

One day he accidentally wounded Philippe, so Peter was forced to run away again, since in France in the sixteenth century a peasant had no cause against a noble. In a distant inn Peter found service as a horse-boy, where he worked until he knocked the abusive landlord on the ground one day, nearly killing him. Just as the other servants were about to seize Peter a strange horseman galloped up and carried him off to safety. But it was now a band of brigands that Peter had to serve, under a baron outlaw, the Count de Rancourt. They inhabited a mountain fastness which was reached by secret trails.

For some time Peter was a clown for the band. Then one day, to his horror, the seigneur and Philippe and Renée were dragged into camp. The robber chief shot the seigneur and sent Philippe off dressed as a peasant. Renée he thought to marry himself, but the girl spurned him so violently that the baron passed her over to Peter as an outrage. Now Peter had two precious documents in his possession, his letter and his marriage contract.

Taking Renée off with him to his stable on the mountainside, Peter made his way with her along the cliff and so to safety in a distant village. Then he left her at an inn and galloped off to the next town to engage the governor in Renée's rescue. But when he returned with proper aid Peter found that Renée had flown. Philippe had been riding along by chance, had seized his sister, and carried her away.

Desolate in his need of Renée, Peter went on to Picardy and then to Calais to seek his fortune further. And on his way he chanced upon a man to whom he entrusted the translation of the treasured letter.

To his great amusement Peter learned that he was Peter Lord Pole, the son of the deceased Duke of Suffolk, a political exile from England under King Henry VIII. He, Peter the peasant, was a son of the pretender to the English throne and of political importance! No sooner had the man translated the letter than he rushed to the governor of Calais and informed him of Peter's presence. At once Peter was seized and put into prison.

At the end of the previous instalment Peter has been tried before Cardinal Wolsey, who came to Calais for that purpose, and sentenced to be executed. We left him seated in his dungeon with his wits at work, seeking escape from his predicament. But a great destiny awaits Peter the vagabond, and in this issue we find that fate continues to favor him.

PART THREE

PETER had been in his cell several hours. There were four damp stone walls, one of them dripping with water that ran along a little gutter and passed under the iron-barred door. There was a small square window with thick bars about a foot above the muddy water in the moat outside. The farther wall of the moat was too high for Peter to see anything beyond it but a few trees—Winter trees, like skeletons in a gray rain. Then it was dusk and he could see nothing. A candle was brought him and set on a box near a bed of straw. The bed had wooden legs about a foot high—a special honor. Peter was a lord now.

There was no hope. The most that Sir George could obtain for him would be a commutation of his sentence from death to life imprisonment. At twenty-one they are the same. Peter had risen to power; power had been his ruin. He reflected that Cardinal Wolsey was attacking him with considerable justice, for he took his position quite seriously. He considered himself the heir to his father in every capacity. Since they would not allow him to renounce his title he would assume it entirely; he would be, for a few hours, the White Rose. As for his claim to the throne of England, he would throw that into the bargain, with a grin.

Some hours after his arrival, however, there was a disturbance outside. Presently an old man appeared at the iron grating, seized it with his two hands, and looked through. It was Sandy.

"Master!" he cried. "Master Peter!"

"So it is you," said Peter in broken English.

"Aye, 'tis Sandy, comin' to see thy lordship, to make thee comfutable. 'Tis no rest for the likes of thee with a bed of straw."

The captain of the guards had arrived with papers that Sandy had obtained from Sir George. There could be no harm in letting the old man stay with Peter. "I'm his lordship's man," Sandy kept saying.

So Peter found himself seated on his straw bed, with the old man squatting at his feet. They had some difficulty in understanding each other, for Sandy's English was colloquial and Peter's was only three months old. Sandy could understand French quite easily, having lived nearly thirty years on the Continent, but he had trouble in transferring his picturesque thought to that language.

But Peter urged him and urged him. Peter wanted to find out about his father. Sandy told him that the French King had made use of his father to threaten the English throne; that Peter's claim to the throne was the only true one. Peter took this with some qualification, and wanted to know how King Francis would regard his imprisonment.

"He would raise hell to heaven to get thee if he knowed thou wast here!" cried Sandy enthusiastically, using his native idiom. "Thou'd have a thousand men, m'lord, an'

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mighty gold! An' thou'd be known throughout Christendom for the great Suffolk that thou art! An' 'tis a pity that thou'st fallen into the claws of the wolf, an' for me too, livin' on an' on after the death of Lord Richard, to find his son, to find his son, and lose him, an' lose him——"

The old man put his hands to his head and shook it from side to side. His eyes were watering. But Peter made him continue, hurried him along the paths of memory. At the end of an hour Peter had a rough idea of himself and his new position.

"An' to think they're keepin' thee a secret! No one'll ever know, no one'll ever believe Sandy when he says he founded agen the White Rose."

"You mean they have kept my identity secret? No one knows who is in prison here?"

"Xanctly, Master. An' Gawd'll rebuke 'em for it when Sandy gives Him the word." He crossed himself.

"Why do they keep it secret?" asked Peter.

"Lord, Master, the English cardinal—blast his soul"—Sandy looked about him in terror—"he's 'fraid of the French King, he is. If anybody ever knowed who thou wast, an' that he was killin' thee here, 'twould be breakin' the treaty, 'twould be."

"What treaty?"

"Why, what the Englishmen has with the French, that thy family ain't to be pussecuted. After every treaty atween 'em Lord Richard 'ud come to me an' say, 'Well, Sandy,' says he, 'Henry tried to get Francis to surrender me up,' says he, 'but King Francis is honorable,' says my Lord Richard, 'an' he makes a condition in every treaty that I ain't to be surrendered up to nobody,' he says.

"An' then he says, 'Sandy,' he says, 'I ain't to live in France no more, but you and me goes to live at Metz, an' we can join the Frenchmen when the next war is began.' Which is what he done, my Lord Peter; I'm givin' thee his very words. An' I tell thee, 'tis understood in France that the Englishman'll let the house of Pole go free, only there ain't been no house of Pole for a year since Richard went down by the side of King Francis in that turrible battle."

The above was given half in English, half in French. Peter puzzled over it, allowing for inaccuracies. As he discovered later, such a treaty had in fact existed, altho its terms were applicable to Richard Pole only, not to Peter.

"You think if King Francis heard that I was being executed he would interfere?" he said at last.

"Xanctly, sir. Oh, lord, sir, I knows it."

"But there's no time."

"Xanctly, sir. There ain't no time."

It was comforting to hear this voice from the past. It gave some substance to the title that Peter had had thrust upon him. Sandy was assurance that the title had come from somewhere; for instance, that Peter's ancestor John was brother-in-law to Edward IV.; that if Richard III. had won the battle of Bosworth, Peter would now be seated upon the English throne. He kept thinking. He possessed more power than ever in his life, and he was making no use of it. At last he ordered Sandy to go immediately to the French ambassador, to bring the ambassador to the prison. Peter said that his life depended upon the arrival of the ambassador before dawn, that Sandy must spare no means. The old man, overjoyed that he could perform a service, hurried through the grated door, his staff tapping the stone floor.

For Peter had an idea. Presently, however, he shook his head. He reached into his pocket and drew out his marriage certificate. By this he could be rescued; by this the execution could at least be delayed. This contract of marriage with a distinguished French family would make it impossible for the English to execute him without a French trial. But he had promised not to show it to any one—a forced, a dishonorable marriage.

Peter ran his hand around his neck nervously, and swallowed. To-morrow at dawn the blade would cut him there. It would go through so easily—it would cut through his consciousness. And now that he was the Duke of Suffolk, a royal personage with a claim to England, would Renée object to his marriage with her? Would she care? The question was like fire. He had but to give this to the French ambassador: the name of Duprès, so well known in political circles, would protect him. He had but to——

"Guard!" he cried.

A coarse-faced soldier poked his nose through the bars.

"Bring me some fire."

The guard went off to submit Peter's request to the captain. Peter sat on the edge of the bed, struggling with himself. To be free! And yet Renée might not want him; she might not, she probably did not, love him. Unless she loved him, as he loved her, it would be despicable to make use of her contract. The publicity of it! How could he be sure she loved him?

At length the guard arrived carrying an iron bucket with a few coals in it. He set it down outside the door. Peter crossed to the door and looked into the red, treacherous coals. Would it not be cowardly to burn this thing? And would it not be cowardly not to burn it?

Then he stretched out his hand. He pushed the paper through the bars and let if fall into the coals. The treacherous coals. It grew brown. A brown stain crept over the surface of it, like a disease, so that the paper and the contract written on it were perishing. And Peter felt as if it were alive, as if he were burning Renée. But he did not move. He and the guard watched the flames spring up, the paper crumble away.

"Illusion," muttered Peter as he turned and walked to the far end of his cell.

"FOR SEVERAL MINUTES RENÉE COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HER OWN HEART. WAS IT

MEANWHILE Sir George Pentley was seated opposite Cardinal Wolsey. The room was rich with tapestry and decoration. The cardinal was saying:

"No, sir, I can not do it; I can not, I dare not, grant your request. It is a laudable request. I believe you when you say the fellow means no damage, means to make no claims on his former title, but his life can not be granted. I know human nature too well, sir. A year would go by, perhaps two; by the end of three your Peter will become *soi-disant* something-or-other; in nine he'll be a duke; in twelve he'll be after the English crown. We've had enough of Pole His Majesty's satisfaction upon hearing of the death of Richard was profound. When my lord the governor informed us that Richard's heir was discovered his Majesty was overwrought and troubled. He had dreams. Since I was on my way to Calais he conjured me to give this my personal attention, and to spare no means, sir—*to spare no means*—of ridding politics of this Pole pest. I have done so, sir, tho I like the lad's looks. If he had an honest ancestry he should go free.

"And another point," continued the cardinal, driving this home with his thin fist in his palm. "The relations, as you know, between His Majesty and the King of France are exceedingly precarious. It is my business to draw up a treaty, a very dangerous treaty. If this Peter Pole were discovered by the French I would simply have to yield him up. There would be no question; I would have no choice. The treaty is of such a nature that a little salt would act upon it like gunpowder. Is that all, sir?"

The cardinal waved his hand, signifying that Sir George was dismissed.

Sir George reached the street. "Bitter, bitter," he thought, "to have that cool fellow go like this." He found himself hating the cardinal, who had informed him of a large tract of land which King Henry was giving Sir George as a reward for his services. Of course, King Henry had done nothing of the sort; but Wolsey had seen the necessity of impressing upon Sir George the wisdom of obedience. The King would follow Wolsey's advice.

And indeed, tho the gift of land could have no effect upon Sir George's honor, it nevertheless served to remind him forcefully that he owed allegiance to King Henry of England—a fact which always caused him surprise when he thought about it, since his father had rebelled with the Suffolk, and his mother had been French. And he himself was closer to the French than to the English King, both by geography and by taste. Yet there was his allegiance. But Sir George's honor would not allow him to disobey his Government. He held Peter's life in his hands—he knew a means to effect Peter's escape—but his hands were bound.

And yet, if only he could suggest to Peter this way of escape; suggest to Peter's clever mind the political situation which Wolsey had outlined. But no. "If dishonor is to be done, it shall be openly done," muttered the good knight. Sir George Pentley went back to his lodging to study his own heart.

He had not been home half an hour before there was a voice in the street below his window, a rapping on his door which broke into the stillness of the night alarmingly. He hurried down-stairs, throwing a rich cloak over his shoulder, snatching his hat and sword.

In the hall he met the excited French ambassador, gesticulating under his blue cloak and talking violently to an old man who kept repeating, "Yes, that's it, sir. That's what I was sayin'."

"Ah, Monsieur Pentlee!" exclaimed the ambassador,

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REALLY PETER? BUT PETER LORD POLE! SURELY ANOTHER POLE, NOT *THE* POLE!"

rushing up to Sir George. "What is this, Monsieur Pentie? What have I just heard?" He pointed to Sandy. "It is the White Rose's servant that arrived at my house in the middle of the night—raising a cry, Monsieur, a cry telling me——"

"Yes, yes, I know, Beaumont," interrupted Sir George.

"You know! Do you mean that you would have allowed the execution of the Lord Pole without informing me!"

"Sir," said Sir George, "I have acted under orders. I could do nothing else. The finding of a new White Rose was to be kept inviolably secret."

"Ah, you miserable English!" exclaimed the Sieur de Beaumont.

"Aye," said Sir George, "we are wise fools, I grant you."

"But the story is true? That is what I want to know!"

"Yes, sir, it is true that Peter Pole has been declared by His Majesty of England the legitimate son and heir to Richard Pole, and that his lordship is now in the dungeon of the citadel, and will be beheaded at dawn."

The Sieur de Beaumont paced back and forth before the stairs, knocking his hands against his head. "And what will happen to me? What will His Majesty think of the ambassador at Calais?" He stopped suddenly and stood before Sir George. "I'm off for the prison!" he shouted. "I'm off!" And still he did not go. He wanted to see Sir George's reaction to this threat.

"Monsieur," Sir George said slowly, "I can do nothing officially. You understand that my honor allows me to do nothing. But as for my affections, Monsieur, they would have you do everything in your power."

"Ah! I am off!" The Frenchman started toward the door.

"One moment, sir!" cried Sir George. "As representative of His Majesty of England I forbid you to attempt the rescue of Peter Lord Pole. However, this man has been a French subject by the name of Peter Clos. Whatever business you have with Peter Clos is no affair of mine. If you have papers from the King of France demanding Peter Clos, that is no affair of mine. If you wish to visit Peter Clos, that again is no affair of mine, provided that you show yourself to be ignorant of his true identity. Go. If you are clever, you will find that Peter Clos is clever than yourself. If you are dull, you will not understand him. Good night, sir."

The Sieur de Beaumont reached the door. "Good night, good night!" he cried. "You, fellow—Sandee—follow me as fast as you can. Wait at the east gate of the citadel. Speak to no one." He banged the door behind him.

The clock in the steeple beside the citadel struck two.

But it took the Sieur de Beaumont an hour to obtain the necessary papers for admission into the citadel. First, acting on Sir George's hint, he hurried to his embassy and forged several papers. Peter Clos was wanted in France on a charge whose specific nature the Sieur de Beaumont artfully avoided. It was not necessary to be very specific. To visit the prison was a usual privilege granted to the ambassador in time of peace. But in this case, the Sieur de Beaumont felt, they would try every device to keep him away from the heir to the English throne.

ARRIVING at the governor's palace, he awoke one of the clerks and asked to be permitted to see Peter Clos, the French peasant condemned by the English to have his head chopped off. This peasant was wanted in France. He could give the authorities valuable information. The French King had just sent out notices to all his ambassadors to keep their eyes open for this man. He, the Sieur de Beaumont, had the right to question Clos, and he desired to do so.

"I don't see why there is so much folderol about this peasant Clos, anyway," finished the ambassador.

That remark put the clerk in a corner. He knew Peter's true identity and the reason why it was being held secret, and he was afraid that further resistance would arouse the ambassador's suspicions. So he gave the ambassador papers of admission into the citadel, together with a guard named John Gates.

The ambassador's ardor had cooled during this process. He was protecting himself, so that the king would not be able to accuse him of having had the wool pulled over his eyes. He did not really expect to get Peter out of this ordeal, might not even try very hard.

And the governor's clerk was nobody's fool. After making out the papers for the Sieur de Beaumont, he detained the ambassador for half an hour and sent Master Gates around to the citadel. Gates had a brief interview with Peter. He informed Peter that the ambassador to Calais was about to visit him; that the ambassador thought his name was Peter Clos; that, upon pain of torture, Peter was not to disclose his true name. Then Master Gates returned to the Sieur de Beaumont and escorted him to the citadel.

They found Peter sitting on the edge of his straw bed with his chin in his hands. A little pile of ashes remained in the iron pot before his door. The Sieur de Beaumont and Master Gates were given chairs opposite Peter. The ambassador was quite calm now, studying the strange face before him.

"Peter Clos," he said, warning Peter by his voice, "I am the ambassador of His Majesty of France, and this is the representative from my lord the governor who remains with us to see that we hatch no plots."

Gates executed a lugubrious smile.

"I regret that I have no suitable accommodation to entertain France and England simultaneously," said Peter with a bow.

Beaumont was favorably impressed by this remark, and only with some difficulty did he manage to strike an arrogant pose. "I come merely to question you, fellow."

"Very well, sir, proceed."

"I have expended much energy to obtain permission to question you," said the ambassador. "I therefore expect you to answer my questions clearly and fully."

"You have had difficulty visiting me?" asked Peter.

"I have indeed. These English seem jealous of you for some reason or other. Now as a matter of fact if it hadn't been for the treaty which I am arranging with the cardinal they wouldn't have let me see you at all."

"My instructions are not to let you talk politics," Gates interrupted.

But Peter's mind was getting to work as rapidly as possible. Gates had been sent ahead to warn him not to tell the Sieur de Beaumont that he was the heir to Richard Pole. But the ambassador knew this already—Sandy must have told him. Therefore the ambassador was merely acting a part. Therefore, again, the ambassador would get him out of prison if the means were given him.

What means? Well, supposing the sieur could show that Peter Clos was wanted in France for—for what? For the murder of the Count Duprès! If Peter Clos were wanted for the murder of the Count Duprès surely the ambassador could insist on his being delivered to the French authorities.

That was very clear to Peter. How could he make it equally clear to the excited gentleman opposite him without disclosing his plot to the dismal Gates?

"Of course," said the ambassador to Gates's admonition, "there is no earthly reason why I should discuss politics with this scoundrel anyway."

"Scoundrel?" said Peter, and managed to look scared. "Then the murderer of Count Duprès is known——"

"The murderer of the Count Duprès!" exclaimed the ambassador. France had been looking for that murderer for several months. The man they wanted was really the Baron de Riancourt, into whose shoes Peter now stepped with agility.

The Sieur de Beaumont recovered himself. "But of course you are known!" he almost screamed. "Why else do you think I am here?"

"I thought that that crime at least would remain hidden," Peter said, hanging his head.

"You dog of a peasant!" cried the ambassador, to gain time. He was trying to remember the circumstances of Duprès's death. Brigands—something about brigands. Now did this fellow Clos really know anything about that death? Was he, perhaps, really the murderer?

"You don't know what you're calling me!" Peter cried, as if on the point of confessing his true name. Gates made a quick move to stop his mouth. Peter pretended to remember himself. The ambassador's eyes widened. What an actor! What a villain! If he is really guilty of murder we can execute him ourselves. If he isn't he ought to be put to work at court. And what a feather in the sieur's cap to have rescued the White Rose from the clutches of these treacherous English.

Peter was apparently cowed. He slumped in his chair. "Oh, well," he said, "what difference does it make? I did it. I killed him."

"Are the stories true that he met his death at the hands of brigands, fellow?" asked the sieur, giving Peter a lead.

"Yes," Peter said, "they are. I was a member of the Thousand Devils and we captured Duprès."

"Of course I know that," said the sieur. "That is why I am here to question you. The King is going to exterminate

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that band if he has to lay waste the realm. You had better tell your story voluntarily, or I shall have you tortured here and now."

"His Majesty is hunting for me, eh?"

"*Diable!*" cried the ambassador. "You are a presumptuous villain. If His Majesty troubles himself about you at all, it is to desire to put you on the rack. But the English, having already deprived him of that pleasure, I think I am safe in saying that His Majesty gives not a rap!"

Peter tried not to laugh. "Yet His Majesty would like my confession?"

"Yes. And if you do not give it——"

"What can you do?" cried Peter, leaning forward.

"What can I—? I can have you tortured here and now, before your execution to-morrow morning."

"This morning," Peter corrected him. "My dear sir, torture is nothing in my life. You could get nothing out of me that I did not wish to tell you. And you can get nothing out of me without rewarding me for my information."

"But, in six hours you will have no head! How can I reward you?"

"IT IS not my place, Monsieur, to instruct one in so high a position as you what his rewards to wretches like myself shall be. But I never do something for nothing. I took the vow years ago and I have never broken it."

"But what can I do, Monsieur?" asked the ambassador.

"I shall tell you in a minute, Monsieur. Have I your promise?"

"Within reason—yes."

"Very well, Monsieur. The headquarters of the Thousand Devils is a plateau in the mountains of Auvergne, between the Mont Doré and the Plomb du Cantal. It is in a wilderness, but I could guide you to it easily were I free. The nearest town is Crécy-le-Bec. The leader of the Thousand Devils is René Auguste, Baron de Riancourt, who was exiled by the Count Duprès. The feud developed over a lady, who became the Countess of Duprès, had two children, and then died. Riancourt has at least a thousand followers scattered through France, but there are only a few hundred who make the plateau their headquarters. Up there on the plateau are a castle and buildings for the brigands and their women. The place is impregnable, except from the trail that leads up to it, and this is guarded day and night. Monsieur, I was one of that band. After having followed the profession of horse-boy for several years——"

Peter then launched into a straightforward account of the capture of the Duprès family. He claimed to be the baron's lieutenant—and he took upon himself the murder of Duprès. He did this so that the Sieur de Beaumont could make Peter Clos seem a personage. Gates sat with his mouth open; the ambassador leaning forward rigidly.

"There is my story, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur," said Peter, sitting back at last, limp with his exèrtions. "I want you to pass it on to the King. Perhaps the extermination of that violent band would atone for my misdeeds."

"Oh, the King—" said the Sieur de Beaumont, shrugging.

"Monsieur," said Peter, "you promised me a reward. Let this be it—that you send this account to the King word for word."

"Oh, very well."

"On your word as a gentleman and a knight?"

"Of course. On my word as a gentleman and a knight."

Peter leaned over. His face seemed drawn with pain. "And, further, write to the good King these, my dying words: I desire to be forgiven, because I love the King. On the grounds of my confession, I ask his forgiveness. I would lead the King in person to that outlawed plateau, to exterminate the devils who ruined my life! On your honor you must write that to His Majesty."

"Very well. Very well." The ambassador was somewhat at a loss. What was all this folderol, then, about rewards and forgiveness? "I will write that in my report if it will give you any satisfaction," the Sieur de Beaumont repeated.

"It will not only give me satisfaction, I will be unable to die in peace without it. My ghost will haunt you, Monsieur, if you lose a word of that plea of mine."

"You are a strange fellow," said the ambassador, studying Peter's face. "And that is perhaps all that I have to say to you, Monsieur. I bid you—farewell."

Peter bowed. "And I, Monsieur, I bid you—*au revoir*."

The ambassador started. So the man expected to be freed! What the devil?

The door clanged behind the Sieur de Beaumont and his guard. Peter listened to their steps fading in echoes down the stone corridor, falling away into nothingness and silence. His last, his only chance for life! How clever was that ambassador? How stupid was Gates? He did not know.

The holy father came to hear Peter's last confession. Peter felt that death was close, inevitable. So he confessed freely—and yet without a very satisfying conviction that he was being forgiven. But he liked the comfort of this living face close to his, of something alive. When the father left him he returned to the straw bed and sat down, his chin in his hands.

When the Sieur de Beaumont reached the embassy it was after four, and he thought he could smell the morning in the wintry air. Poor Clos would be gone soon. He pondered over him—the effect of Peter's personality was incredible.

The ambassador of France poured himself a glass of brandy and sat down in his great chair to think. He began piecing Peter's story together—slowly at first, then with the rapidity of excitement. Wanted under the name of Peter Clos! If he really desired to get Peter out now, why, he could do so, could he not? Or wasn't there time? He glanced up at his clock—four-thirty! The streets would soon be gray. No time, no time. And meanwhile Sir George Pentley was pacing his room.

And meanwhile Peter, sitting on the edge of his bed, had not moved. He was thinking. The ambassador did not see the full significance of this business. He would understand to-morrow, perhaps, but it was necessary to understand to-night. To-night!

"That fellow's mind doesn't work quickly enough," said Peter. "A good man otherwise."

The Sieur de Beaumont had about given it up. There was no time. Besides he was lazy and needed something to stir him into action. Who would stir? At four-thirty o'clock, no one. It would be a very complicated business getting this man out of prison. Wolsey would be furious. The whole treaty was in question. Better leave it alone. It could be hushed up.

There were orders to search for the murderer of Duprès, but no one knew his name. And besides that, Peter was perhaps not the murderer after all, only a clever vagabond who had heard about the murder, about the Thousand Devils. And as for the King of France punishing Monsieur de Beaumont for allowing the White Rose to slip through his fingers, why, the King of France would never know. The English weren't going to tell him; that was certain.

The Sieur de Beaumont yawned deeply and started to bed. To-morrow he would trump up some report to the King—a French peasant had been executed by the English on some grounds or other. But he had promised to send a full account of Peter's murder of Duprès to the King. Promised to tell the King that he had allowed all this valuable information about the Thousand Devils to have its head chopped off by the English at dawn. Now, what kind of a report was that?

This reward that Peter had made him promise to give in return for the information. Why, the fellow was as clever as a fox, a snake, a lion, a panther, a whole jungleful of wits! The White Rose had laid a trap for the Sieur de Beaumont, who had fallen into it like a lamb. He could not tell the King that he had allowed such a valuable prisoner to escape!

The Sieur de Beaumont began running around his salon. He believed in his knighthood. He had never broken his word—not seriously broken his word. Seizing a cloak, calling a servant, he rushed out into the gray streets. He ran pell-mell for the governor's palace. Peter, the fox, had exacted his reward.

Peter sat on. He thought only of Renée now. That marriage contract! He had been a bit of a fool to burn it, perhaps. Renée would be devastated if she knew that it might have saved his life. But Peter shrugged. Honor is honor. He had just staked everything on the French ambassador's honor. He himself must be honorable if he expected others to be. But Renée—if he could tell her—if he could only hold her for a moment in his arms——

As for that French ambassador, he would probably find some way out. He looked honest. He was a pleasant fellow. But ambassadors are shifty, Peter thought. The man would probably find some blind for his conscience.

If he ever got out, Peter decided, he would like to reward the Sieur de Beaumont, nevertheless. And he would like to have a chance to outwit Wolsey some day.

He was still sitting with his chin in his hands when the guard turned the key, opened the door, and led him out into the corridor. They shuffled down the corridor. Peter wondered if the other prisoners could hear his steps echoing away. Then he was led into the bare, stony execution-room, and through a large door and out into a gray, enclosed courtyard. At one end he could see the platform at which he would lose his head as soon as the sun rose. The executioner stood there, wrapped in a black robe. Peter could see the pinkness of the sky just above the black executioner and the house roofs and the dark wing of the citadel. He could hear a few early horses trotting over cobbles and the harsh twitter of sparrows on the wall.

IT WAS an afternoon in March. In the clearing of a woods near the French town of Ardres, ten miles from Calais, two mounted knights faced each other with leveled spears. They stood a hundred yards apart, fully armed, with vizors drawn over their faces. They regarded each other with no expression but the weird movements of their hands and arms. Presently one of them called out, "Ready—charge!" Whereat they set spurs to their horses and rode at each other. There was a crash; a grunting of men and horses. One of the knights was lifted cleanly from his saddle, was poised in the air grotesquely, fell clattering to the ground. The other rode by, drawing rein. The knight on the ground rolled over and sat up. You could hear laughter behind the helmet. Presently his hand went to his vizor, which he lifted. He peered out and grinned. It was Peter.

"By Heaven, George," he cried, "this game is more to read then to play!"

Sir George had turned around. He too lifted his vizor. "It was a good fall," he said. "Like a frog from his rock into the water."

"Rather I felt like a tadpole," said Peter, endeavoring to rise. Just then a young squire with reddish-golden hair ran from the woods to assist his lordship. He was cousin to Sir George and squire to Peter. Sandy stood at the edge of the clearing, leaning over his staff, chuckling to himself.

About two months had passed since that dawn when Peter was led out to his execution. It had not taken the French ambassador long to act, once he had decided that he must keep his word to Peter and send the French King a report of their interview. Peter's confession had been a bit of clever drama carried on before the eyes of the guard! The Sieur de Beaumont rushed to the governor's palace. He had his lordship aroused from sleep. The Sieur de Beaumont then told the governor that one of his servants had got wind of the trial of a man named Peter Clos. What the man was being tried for made no difference to the Sieur de Beaumont.

Suffice it that Peter Clos was wanted in France for complicity with brigands, to answer for the murder of the Count Duprès; that he, the ambassador, had visited the cell and verified this in the presence of Master John Gates; that Peter Clos, whoever he was, would be put on the rack in France and made to confess the whereabouts of the Thousand Devils, to which he had belonged; that His Majesty of France was impatient for his capture; that the Sieur de Beaumont understood that Peter Clos was being executed this morning for some other crime; that this simply could not be—could not be allowed!

The governor must turn him over to the French, at least temporarily, for examination. The Sieur de Beaumont regretted having to awake his lordship at this hour of the morning, but the very impropriety proved the importance of his request. The ambassador then shoved papers under the governor's astonished nose—forgeries—which, he said, had arrived yesterday morning, demanding that he seek out this Peter Clos and send him to Paris for torture.

All the governor could do, if he was to preserve his good relations with the ambassador, was to dispatch a courier at full speed to the citadel to delay Peter's execution. And all that the Cardinal Wolsey could do, in order to obtain satisfactory terms for his treaty with France, was to turn Peter over to the French ambassador, making the ambassador sign a statement that Peter Clos would be sent back in two months.

BUT the ambassador had never admitted that he knew Peter to be recognized as Peter Pole; and the Cardinal Wolsey had to inform him of this, knowing that Peter would disclose it to the French King as soon as he reached France. And the Sieur de Beaumont pretended to be shocked, alarmed, injured, by the cardinal's reticence on this subject. To think that his lordship had dared to execute a Pole without at least informing the Government of France!

All of which, tho it made no difference in the cardinal's decision to execute Peter some time, put that proud churchman at a strategic disadvantage. He had to yield up Peter, extracting only a promise from the Sieur de Beaumont that Peter would be returned to the English if he were acquitted by the French—a promise which my lord cardinal hardly expected to see fulfilled! He raged, and demanded favorable terms for his treaty.

Behold, therefore, the Sieur de Beaumont rubbing his hands, dictating a letter to His Majesty of France, announcing that he, the Sieur Henri Jacques Louis Duchaine de Beaumont, had found and rescued from the clutches of the English, at a little political sacrifice, Peter Lord Pole, the successor to the White Rose, Duke of Suffolk, and pretender to the throne of England! The rescue, he added, had produced certain minor charges and implications concerning the past life of the White Rose, which the White Rose would settle with the King in person.

"*Ah, voilà!*" cried the Sieur de Beaumont. "I am already in London or Rome! What ambassador this side of Turkey is my equal? Holy Virgin, I am a genius!" Sir George, who was helping him to frame the letter, laughed at his triumph.

But the new White Rose did not wish to be seen at the court of France just yet. He wanted to prepare himself, to learn all those qualities of knighthood which his peers had been taught as children. Accordingly he wrote His Majesty of France a tactful letter, thanking him for his ambassador's assistance, bestowing infinite praise upon the Sieur de Beaumont; offering his own services, in the name of his gallant father, for the future, and requesting that King Francis allow him six months of seclusion "with my friends, to prepare myself to serve Your Majesty, and to gather the facts of my life in a concise form to be presented to Your Majesty."

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What happened to a young man who wanted to ride all the animals in society's carousel

PARTY IN A PENTHOUSE

BY FRANCES McFADDEN

Illustration by Oscar Howard

"THE THING THIS PARTY LACKS IS A *BOMBE SURPRISE*, TO START IT OFF WITH A BANG"

HE WAS so competent socially. He made a party. He skimmed into a room, a shade more sophisticated than any one else in that Mid-Western city, and everything picked up and swam. Usually he made straight for some married woman, hung devotedly over her and talked into her eyes. They weren't used to it there. He was like a cocktail. Every woman in town thought she was going to have an affair with him. But no one ever did. He was simply playing a game.

The men rather resented him at first. But they came round. You couldn't hate Alden. And then there was Flora. In a week she had every man in town lashed to the mast.

Flora was a beauty, red hair and white skin, a willowy, feminine creature with long, white hands that fumbled helplessly with taxi doors, and almond eyes that filled with mist and overflowed with customs officers and any one who threatened to discommode her.

She was well managed. Alden was her backer, her publicity agent, her personal Western manager. He advertised her shamelessly. He boasted openly about her conquests. He even threw tricks her way and sat back and watched her take them.

Behind scenes he dressed her cleverly in Botticelli gauzes, embroidered with flowers and imported at goodness knows what cost from Paris. Flora wouldn't have been anything without him. Left to herself she would have tied a baby-blue ribbon about her head and gone in for bow-top Early American beds and college boys.

They moved out West in October. Alden had been sent to open a branch office. Architecture. He was doing frightfully amusing little modern houses with steel floors and glass ceilings. They took a sort of bungalow on the top of the highest apartment-building in town and remodeled it into a penthouse.

It was made on a mechanical base like a merry-go-round, and revolved, by means of complicated German machinery, so as to catch the sun all through the day. The most amusing little place in the world. Like a carousel in a fair on the faubourgs. The dining-room had giraffes painted on its walls. Over the stove in the kitchen was a niche for the bust of any cook who would stay over a month. And there was a beguiling little bar, done up in red lacquer and eggshells, which, for lack of space, served as Gilly's nursery in the daytime.

Gilly was the child. She had no real name, for names go out of style so quickly that it seemed silly to give her one that would only be hopelessly *démodé* by the time she came out. Gilly was an incident, a funny little incident, with long, yellow curls to her waist and big, worldly, blue eyes. She had no friends. She played with her night-club dolls. They represented all the leading cocottes and vedettes in the world.

Sometimes she appeared at dinner with one of these long, stringy creatures in her arms. She had her own little cocktail-glass filled with orange-juice, and made solemn, droll remarks that Alden would turn upside down and inside out until the party rocked with mirth. And the next time, with childish wisdom, Gilly would repeat the remarks. So even Gilly became an asset.

Yes, life was very well with them. Alden was so adroit. He knew how to put their best foot foremost. When they were giving a party, he used to beat up the salad dressing in private, but there was always a caterer's man at the door when the guests arrived. That and other little extravagances like Flora's gauze he charged up in a vague budget in his mind under "publicity."

He taught a lot to that town. He introduced a fascinating cosmopolitan mode of life hitherto unsuspected there. Flora used to lunch down-town openly with her beaus. Alden took out other married women. He did his entertaining with a manner. Even the head waiters played up. He made those women feel wild. To have seen them you would have thought they were caught in a scandalous intrigue.

Often, walking home from work, he would drop in on some girl for tea. Then, magenta muffler knotted *à la apache*, he would go catapulting home in the dusk to Flora with a week-end invitation for both of them in his pocket. Ten to one he would find Flora's latest conquest having tea at his fire. Twenty to nothing he would mix the beau a drink and coax him to stay to dinner.

You see he prided himself on being modern. When Sherman White, the banker, married his mistress and brought her back, past and all, into the holy of holies of pioneer aristocracy, Alden staged an intimate little dinner with her for the leading attraction.

When Eva Corning, at the ripe age of sixty, took unto herself a South-American gigolo and refused to go anywhere without him, Alden said it was "frightfully gay of her," and that the gigolo "was a sweet little man really, good as gold, just like a little black louse." Until gradually, for fear of being provincial and Middle-Western, every one accepted him too.

Hazel Morton—tiresome woman, with her hair in a coronet of braids and a Greek tea-gown—held forth one Sunday night on the little coterie assembled, "So different from modern New York, all the wives loving their husbands and all the husbands loving their wives."

Alden threw up his hands in horror. "Don't include us," he pleaded quickly. "We only love each other spasmodically."

That Fall, the mayor absconded with half the city funds and thereby emerged from mediocrity and became suddenly "amusing." Alden met him at some builders' gathering down-town and asked him and his dame to dinner with a select and intellectual crew, who made hay while the sun shone, and laughed themselves sick till two in the morning, after the honored guests had departed, over Alden's imitations, in Flora's shawl and earrings, of the slightly exhilarated Lady Mayoress.

Success was like wine to Alden. He loved it. In those early days of October he was magnificent. He gossiped recklessly, delightfully, not maliciously. He never went anywhere without an astounding bit of news.

"Have you heard?" he would save a bad break at dinner. "Guess. Eva Corning has got religion. Not Yogism or Hinduism or anything normal. She has joined a church. She dresses Pepito up and takes him every Sunday. As I said, 'Eva, if you must be Episcopalian, why don't you go High Church? The service is so much more amusing.'"

Or again, turned at right angles to some modest little Hunca Munca lady, his voice would be heard saying matter-of-factly, "Of course nowadays every woman is entitled to at least two major passions."

HE SLAVED. At a ball he danced with every one. He never sat down, save in the lee of some tiaraed dowager, whose evening he made with a little, intimate chat about nothing at all.

He did double work. He swung two evenings. He campaigned for Flora on the side. "Flora's been looking for you. Go find her. She has some party in mind."

He made up chic little tables for supper. If there happened to be a new lion in town, he arranged it somehow so that he turned out to be Flora's supper-partner. It was a lesson in technique to see him capture the Russian colonel before the poor man had time to turn round.

Their whole career in the city was a gradual, continuous crescendo. Before long they had so many invitations that they went all around Flora's crystal dressing-table mirror, so that she could hardly see to do her hair. Every one wanted to revolve in the merry-go-round and see the mirror mantelpiece and the bar and the empty shrine, still waiting for a faithful cook. That penthouse was a good publicity stunt.

In November, Flora got ill and went to the hospital. Alden did overtime as an extra man. He confessed to the women that it was frightfully amusing to be a bachelor once more, and regaled the men with shady hospital gossip picked up in the long, haggard hours spent sitting on a bench outside Flora's door, waiting for a few moments' peek at her.

Through sheer will-power, Alden's, Flora pulled through. He bought her a ravishing white-marabou spread for her hospital room, and she received visitors there so successfully that she prolonged her convalescence. When she came out it was just in time to plunge into the holidays.

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LITTLE THEY KNEW

Another striking proof that a girl who knows nothing about men may still be well informed

BY
DOROTHY BLACK

Illustrations by C. J. McCarthy

CAPTAIN TIM THISTLE was a living example of the saying, "Enough is as good as a feast." He was too good-looking and he had too much money.

If the two thousand a year he inherited from his father had been the end of the matter all might have been well. But the following Spring his aunt Lucy must needs follow suit with another two thousand. His maternal grandmother added her mite, five hundred a year for life, and the capital to go after that to a society for providing chemises for abandoned Papuans.

And, on top of all this, some perfectly worthy old lady he hardly knew, but had once met at a tea-party given by his aunt Lucy, must needs weigh in with another two thousand a year because he reminded her of the sort of man who might have been her lover, if any man ever had been her lover.

Those whom the gods love they kill with kindness.

Worth nearly seven thousand a year, and much too good-looking, Captain Thistle proposed to the girl of his heart, and the girl of his heart said, "You are much too rich and much too good-looking for me." And she laughed, and went away and left him feeling incredibly miserable and lost, considering his income. And since his money could not get him Babs, he cared very little about it, for he was a man of simple tastes, such as only the very rich can afford to own to.

So he rejoined his regiment, and was promptly ordered to Burma, which was the last place on earth he wanted to go to; but soldiers can not be choosers. He was sent straight up to Maymyo. He bought four very expensive and excellent polo-ponies, and devoted his life to them, living on his pay as only the really rich ever can, and letting his private income accumulate at home. Since it could not get him Babs he loathed the stuff.

There were more charming girls out in Burma that year than ever before in the knowledge of man, and there were any number of romances just at that interesting stage when it is best not to notice them; but every mother understands. Into this glamourous atmosphere came Captain Thistle with a bleak look and four excellent polo-ponies, asking nothing but to be left in peace. He had a diffident manner, attractive in one so rich, and he took a small wooden bungalow in the club compound, convenient for the polo-ground.

And what with his wealth and his good looks and his curly hair, it was not any time before his brother officers had christened him "Temptation Tim."

Captain Thistle was furious. Nothing was further from his mind. All he wanted was peace. Peace and polo. Naturally his advent caused some excitement amongst the mothers and the aunts who congregated over the cocktails in the club of an evening after the games were over. To wait for their nieces and daughters and take them home.

It was here the budding romances were talked over. There were Kenneth MacBane and May South. There were Bunty MacGreggor and Alistair Brown of the Forests. There were Dollie Carey and the general. How funny if the general, such a confirmed bachelor, had met his fate at last! There was nothing definite, of course, as yet. But general opinion was they were waiting for the commissioner's ball. What a glamourous night that was! Such wonderful sitting-out places arranged by the wives of the commission, who had all been girls themselves once, and most of them in Maymyo.

You never saw Kenneth MacBane without May South. You never saw Bunty MacGreggor without finding Alistair Brown in hailing distance. Dollie Carey and the general were seen riding together again and again. Rather vigorously, for the general was a man who rode for exercise. Blue jays courted in the trees, and mothers and aunts coughed tactfully before they inserted their persons through the hanging curtains over their own drawing-room doors. It was the season of glamour and promise.

Now, over the cocktails in the club, the aunts and the mothers fell to deciding whom Captain Thistle would do very nicely for.

"Dollie Carey," said Mrs. South, who hardly liked to propose her own daughter. "Such a handsome girl, and I have always considered the general rather old for her."

"She can't hold a candle to your May," said Mrs. MacGreggor. "Why not May? Tho I suppose Kenneth MacBane——"

"Of course there is nothing definite yet," said Mrs. South quickly. "I never believe in young people getting fixed up before they have had a really good look round."

The mothers and the aunts assented hotly, whatever their private thoughts may have been. At this point they were interrupted by the clatter of hoofs without. A girl rode up to the door and reined her horse there. That was a round-faced, nondescript sort of girl, with a mass of short black hair that curled. She wore breeches and a long coat. The neck of her shirt was open and she wore no hat. Her eyes were black like her hair.

She slid off her horse and kissed its velvet nose. Then she strolled through the lounge, and when she saw them all sitting there she waved her hand most genially, and said:

"I've lately fallen off."

Then she turned to reveal a portion of her person to them and it was muddy. And she laughed, opening her mouth very wide, showing all her good white teeth, and there was not any of them stopped.

"I suppose I had better bathe," she said.

They assured her she had, and she went over to the ball-room, where a notice already hung to the effect "Dancing at 6:30 P. M."

"A nice girl," said Mrs. MacGregor, "but such a pity, isn't it, that she isn't more——"

She broke off. It was hard to find a word. There were so many things Ruth Cane might have been more of with advantage, they thought.

"Lucy Cane is such a *feckless* woman. Otherwise she would spruce her niece up a bit. The child always looks as if she had slept in her clothes."

"She and my Brenda are friends," murmured Mrs. Pulchree. "All the girls seem to like her."

"She isn't a man's girl at all. That's what I said to Lucy Cane. And Lucy said she did not like men. It seems she prefers horses or dogs. Lucy is fond of her, but I am afraid the girl has a dull time up here. There is so little a girl can do unless the men like her."

Captain Thistle came in just then, and they gathered him into the fold. He struggled feebly, but it was not any good. Before he knew where he was Mrs. Pulchree had ordered him a cocktail with an olive in it, and Mrs. MacGreggor one with a cherry in it. Altho he hated cocktails he had to drink them for politeness' sake. The girls joined them. May, flushed from golf. Bunty, all fluffy after tennis. There were also Alistair and Kenneth somewhere in the neighborhood. The little circle of chairs that had started with the four women now spread to a vast semi-circle taking up one-half the lounge.

DOLLIE CAREY joined them in riding-clothes. How pretty she was! they thought. The hard bowler hat suited her type so well. She would make a splendid wife for a general, growing as time went on, vaguely pompous after the manner of the wives of generals.

Captain Thistle seated himself beside Dollie, and leaned forward, talking to her in his pleasant, eager manner. Perhaps after all the general would find himself cut out. It was easy to see that the captain liked Dollie.

In those days Mrs. South hardly got a wink of sleep, wondering who would marry who. And in her waking moments she made up her mind to counsel May not to do anything hasty about Kenneth. After all, he had nothing besides his pay.

The dancing began. Mrs. South counted eagerly, and noted that Captain Thistle danced with May twice. That alone showed he liked her quite a lot. Mrs. MacGreggor also counted. He danced with Bunty twice. Dear Bunty,

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"IT WAS NOT ANY TIME BEFORE HIS BROTHER OFFICERS HAD CHRISTENED HIM 'TEMPTATION TIM'"

looking so fluffy after tennis, and so girlish in her little white frock. Dollie danced with him twice, but she was not surprized. She had known from the first that he admired her type. Curious the way a woman can always tell in her heart.

He did not dance with Ruth Cane. Not that any one expected him to. Only Mrs. MacGreggor, who had the kindest heart, had gone out of her way to introduce him to her. A look she could only describe as one of stricken terror came over his features, and he had disappeared as soon as decently possible afterward, leaving Ruth as without partners as ever. She was a bad dancer, and knew it. Many there were who passed her by. But she never seemed to mind being seen as a wallflower, a state most girls disguised by a hasty departure to powder their noses. She would stand, leaning up against one of the pillars, and look on.

"Poor Ruth," said Mrs. MacGreggor, "but I feel I have done what I could. That child does not have a very good time."

To-night she came down the steps, limping, to the semi-circle of chairs that spread half over the lounge.

She laughed, opening her mouth very wide, and showing all her good white teeth, without any stopping in any of them. She said, wasn't it amusing, she had packed odd shoes. And there she was, with one black slipper and one tennis-shoe, when Alistair came and asked her to dance.

She displayed her feet, laughing some more. He begged her to try.

"Such a nice boy," said Mrs. South. "So courteous. Such good manners. I always rather gather that he and your Bunty——"

"Nothing definite. Nothing definite at all," said Mrs. MacGreggor quickly. "He has not made her an offer yet. Of course, they are good friends."

"I feel sure Captain Thistle is going to make a match of it with Dollie. Look at them," said Mrs. Pulchree. "This is the second time they've danced."

"He'd do so nicely for Brenda, dear."

"You really say that? Why, Brenda is a dear little thing, but she is just a child. So awfully young. I don't believe the thought of marriage has ever entered her head."

They all smiled kindly and said they supposed that might be the case, whatever their private thoughts may have been.

Mrs. South went home, and could not sleep a wink.

Ruth Cane left the club alone and walked up the moonlit road. She walked rather lame on account of having one black slipper and a tennis-shoe. She had not gone very far when a car stopped beside her, and the lean face of the general looked out.

"Can I give you a lift?" he asked.

She got in beside him.

"This is real charity," she said, "for, as you see, I have got on odd shoes through forgetting to pack both black ones."

She laughed, opening her mouth very wide. Even in the moonlight he could see her good white teeth and that there were not any of them stopped.

"Are you going to the commissioner's ball?" asked the general.

"Am I not," said Ruth, "but I should advise you not to try to dance with me because that is asking too much of any man."

"All the same, I should like to try. Will you save me one?"

"Two if you like," replied Ruth genially, "because I am like a gambolling hippopotamus on the dancing floor, and there is never any competition."

The general seemed glad to take both. He dropped her at the foot of the steps that led up to her aunt's veranda, hoping they would meet again soon. She liked the general. He was so sensible and cheery. No nonsense about him. Ruth had never cared a great deal for young men. From her earliest childhood she seemed to remember caring more for horses.

"Who brought you home, dear?" asked her aunt. She was a lean, wobegone woman who seemed to hold together by luck only. Her hair was soft and gray and would not keep up properly. She was always surrounded by fallen hairpins, lying like wounded warriors on the floor all around her, or hung on her person like mountaineers attempting the Alps.

"The general," said Ruth. "I like that man. No nonsense about him."

"They say," put forward Mrs. Cane without conviction, "that he is going to marry Dollie."

Then she urged Ruth to hurry up and dress or they would be late for the commissioner's party. Mr. Cane was merely a barrister, and not entitled to wear a uniform of any kind at any time, so his dressing never took him long.

RUTH found herself seated at the dinner-table next to Alistair. She knew him quite well, but had never considered herself on terms of intimacy with him. He was a good-looking young man in a dark fashion. From the first it was obvious to the table that they made heavy weather of small talk.

"Your Ruth does not seem to care for young men," said Mrs. Commissioner.

"Nor do they care for her," said Mrs. Cane, who always called a spade a spade when she recognized it. "But she is quite happy in her own way, I am sure, and never complains. I believe she did have a young man once, too. Her mother told me. But I can not remember. Any way, Ruth did not want him."

"Well, as long as she is happy," said Mrs. Commissioner, who was a kind soul. Having had a perfectly wonderful youth herself, she was always anxious that all others should enjoy themselves as much as possible.

"I have turned out the drawing-room, and I thought they could dance afterward. Tim Thistle is a delightful dancer. It beats me how any young man of his looks and worldly possessions can have remained so shy."

They looked at Captain Thistle. He was seated between Dollie Carey and May. Both looking quite delightful. He was talking to them in turn in that pleasant, eager manner of his, and when Dollie told him how she hated riding alone, he at once suggested riding with her every Friday morning. Shyness always took him like that. He fell in with anything any one said.

"What about riding with me on Wednesdays, then?" asked May, not to be outdone. There were times when she thought Dollie was being just a little bit too eager.

Nothing would delight him more than to ride with her on Wednesdays.

"I like widing, too, awfully," Brenda told him later, with her delightful difficulty over the "r's." "But I am far too fwightened to go alone."

What was there for it but to offer her Mondays? He could not take one and not the other. They were all nice little girls whom he hated to disappoint. There was nothing he hated more than hacking, but a man has certain duties to society.

"It's so lovely in the early morning, with the dew on the gwass!" said Brenda.

The gramophone was playing. He asked her to dance.

MEANWHILE, in the moonlight of the garden, where Mrs. Commissioner had arranged chairs so cleverly in twos and twos, Alistair was sitting out with Ruth. They were making rather heavy weather of small talk, when Alistair said suddenly and with a sort of subdued violence:

"Ruth, for pity's sake will you marry me, dear? I love you so much that I am nearly crazy. I have tried to pull myself together because I don't think I am half good enough for you. But the idea of the rest of life without you——"

He choked. Ruth leaned forward, a little nearer to him, unable to believe her ears. Unable to think of anything to say except, "I beg your pardon."

Then she got it all over again. He made a desperate attempt to take her quite unmanicured hand. He was desperately in earnest, white and shaken.

"Ruth, dear, dear Ruth——"

"This comes as an awful surprize to me, Alistair, for it had never entered my head that you— In fact I always understood that Bunty——"

"Of course, I quite realize that every one does. A chap can't be decently polite to a girl up here without every one expecting him to be in love with her. In any case they are all wrong. From the first minute I saw you I knew you were the only girl in the world for me. You aren't just exactly like the rest. The charm turned on as if by tap. They are jolly, decent, kind little things, ripping to Charleston with. But life isn't all Charleston."

"I hate to hurt you, Alistair. I really do. But, honest Injin, it's quite impossible No, I won't ever change my mind about it. I don't particularly want to get married. I've not even thought about it."

"Couldn't you think about it?"

She shook her head. "Don't look like that, dear. You'll soon feel better; you really will. No, honestly it would only be a waste of time to hope."

He said, "It's my one real chance of happiness. I know it, and the pathetic part of it is I can not get it. I suppose this sort of thing happens to a man once in a lifetime. If I'd married you, I'd have got the best out of life. As it is, I shall settle down, like every one else, with some ordinary little thing—sooner or later."

She began to hate the evening.

"Please do try to look a little less miserable. Please do try. You don't really mind half as much as you think you do."

Wanly he promised to try. They went back to the dancing. Bunty was looking round for Alistair. She pounced.

"Poor old dear, you are looking moldy. Got a touch of fever to-night?"

Wanly he supposed he had.

Mrs. Cane, driving home, asked:

"What sort of an evening did you have, dearie? Fun?"

"More fun than I expected," said Ruth, a trifle grimly.

"Why, of course you could have as good a time as any girl if only you'd take a little more trouble. Lay yourself out more to please. Men like a girl who lays herself out to please. But if you go about giving it out on every side that you prefer horses or dogs—well, naturally you don't have as much fun as the others."

Ruth did not say anything at all. She may have been deep. She may have been merely sleepy.

Every morning Captain Thistle rode by in the glory of the sunshine, sometimes on a milk-white palfrey, sometimes on one with a coat the color of the best *café au lait*. Altho he had been introduced to her more than once, he avoided her eye when he met her. Perhaps he was afraid that Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays would be nipped away from him if he gave her any encouragement.

It was about this time that the other girls began to confide in her.

"I, personally, think Captain Thistle is the nicest man I have met for ages," said Dollie. "And I don't mind telling you in strict confidence—well, you needn't be surprized to hear some startling news in the next few weeks."

"He's far too good-looking," said Ruth, "to my mind."

"We ride a great deal together, and he has already told me it is the one thing in the week he really looks forward to.

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What Annie Seymour discovered after years of self-deception

CHOSEN OF THE LORD

BY

ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

Illustrations by Leslie Turner

"ROB NEVER WAS A TALKER. HE HAD NO PLANS FOR THE FUTURE, NO MEMORIES OF THE PAST, AND ONLY A LOCAL INTEREST IN THE PRESENT"

THE Seymours lived on an old farm on a back road, about six miles from the village. Characteristically enough, Rob Seymour, who was the town painter, never had either the time nor the inclination to paint his own house, and gradually it became an eyesore, with rust from worn-out gutters staining its blistered clapboards, its white paint turned a dirty gray, its green shutters, which flapped and banged in a high wind, paled to a watery blue.

The grounds were unkempt, too, all signs of a lawn having long since given way to a tangle of tall grass, brambles, and weeds. The fence around the place was falling to pieces, pickets missing, paint scaling off, and the posts at the entrance leaned toward each other like tipsy flunkies.

Inside, the house was equally shabby. The furniture was scratched by children's feet, the walls scribbled on, the paper peeling, the ceiling cracked, and yet once, sixteen years before, it had been a tidy enough cottage when Annie Seymour, *née* Annie Weyland, first came there with her husband to live.

Before her marriage she had taught at the Flat Rock schoolhouse and been known as a nice girl and one who went to church. She was far from beautiful, being too scrawny to suit the taste of young farmers thereabout; also too strait-laced, but no one could say a word against her ability as a teacher or her devotion to the Baptist faith.

She had, however, begun to tire of teaching. The schoolhouse was small and inadequate, the children noisy and inattentive. Moreover, it was the custom in the village for the teacher to board with a different family each Fall, and no sooner had she become settled in one home and accustomed to its ways than it was time for her to move to another. She was familiar with most of the spare rooms in town. The farmers and their wives were always pleased to have such a nice, quiet girl, with no nonsense about her, in their homes. Besides, she ate so little.

It began to look as if she would spend all her life moving her small, square trunk from one dwelling-place to another; setting out on a new bureau her mother's and father's picture, along with her brush and comb, her button-hook, her Bible, her sewing-box; hanging up on a new wall enlarged photographs of both father and mother and a framed lithograph of John the Baptist, as a child, clad in goatskin, clutching in his plump little fist a tall shepherd's crook; spreading out on a new table her textbooks and the mound of scrawled papers awaiting her blue pencil.

At meal-times she was obliged to answer the questions put to her by the man of the house concerning his Johnny's or Mary's progress in school. The women were, as a rule, too busy cooking and serving to take an active part in the conversation, but after school they waylaid her. And it was this vista of colorless years that finally drove her into the arms of Rob Seymour, who, every one agreed, was beneath her.

Rob's father had been town painter before him and had started him at work young, with practically no education. Rob was a slight, sallow man about twenty years older than she, with a limp, the aftermath of a fall from scaffolding. This limp grew more pronounced and less amenable to treatment as the years went by, but at the time of his marriage he was still able to do his work at a fair rate of speed. Besides, he owned the house to which he brought Annie, and, in view of her prospective occupancy, gave it the only thorough painting it had ever had.

That Fall she could sit with folded hands, while at the schoolhouse somebody else wrestled with the multiplication table or thumped for order on the scratched oak desk. It was good to be no longer a slave to the clock, to own your own home, to have a man provide for you.

The following Fall David was there, and with his birth Rob began to slip backward and the trim cottage to go to seed. Rob had been wont to tend the garden, but now it was her lot, along with the care of the baby and the housework, and as she knew little about gardening she let it go. The housework, alone, was more than she could manage, what with so much washing to do, so many broken nights, such an accumulation of small tasks and no end to them. When evening came she was so tired she could scarcely drag herself to bed.

By the time the other children, both girls, were born the house and grounds received the minimum of care. She kept a little truck-garden going out back and there were a few chickens to be looked after. Rob was no help. His leg served as an excuse to slack up on work and he spent all his spare time, which came to be virtually all his time, at Cardy's pool-room and bowling-alleys.

And Annie knew Jim Cardy. She had spent a Winter, while she taught school, at his home, a rambling old house on the outskirts of town, which was, before he acquired the Main Street property, a nightly gathering-place for the men of the town.

Jim was a great, handsome giant, dark as a Gipsy, and he had a fine, straight nose and full red lips that curled back over his teeth when he laughed, and he was always laughing. His very levity seemed sinful to her; but if sin it was it rested lightly on his broad shoulders. Apparently he feared nothing, God, man, or devil, and it seemed to her that everything she had been taught to regard as holy he scoffed at and held up to ridicule.

HIS manner of living, she knew, doomed him to eternal damnation, from which, at that time, it became her one concern to save him. All through the long days in which she stood before the blackboard in the Flat Rock schoolhouse and pointed out intricacies of spelling and arithmetic, she had been planning a way to bring him to his knees, to make him repent before it was too late.

Her room had been above the one which he and his wife occupied, and at night she could never fall asleep until she heard him moving about below, heard the rumble of his voice and his booming laugh. She could hear the creak of the springs as he got into bed. She prayed earnestly to God to show her a way to deliver him from sin, kneeling on a spot almost directly above where he lay. Creeping into her cold, narrow bed, she would lie staring into the darkness, which was peopled with dark, insolent, laughing faces, all of them his.

The idea that she was to lead him into the path of righteousness had become an obsession to her. Over and over again she had pictured the scene. The preacher begging lost souls to purge themselves in the blood of the Lamb, imploring, importuning, and Jim, kneeling beside her, his head bowed. When the moment arrived she would take his hand and walk with him up the aisle to the steps of the altar, and always at the thought of taking his hand, of touching him, a flame of color had swept up into her pale cheeks, and her heart had begun a thunderous pounding in her breast.

On her way to and from school she had rehearsed what she would say to him, but when she was before him she was mute, tongue-tied. It seemed to her that the powers of evil within him were so great that they crushed and rendered inarticulate the powers of good within her. Never throughout the long Winter which she had spent beneath his roof had she been able so much as to open her lips.

AFTER her marriage she severed all connection with village life. She rarely came to town, and what marketing and shopping there was to do Rob did for her as best he could. Townfolk remembered her as a pleasant, if quiet, young woman, and at first drove out of a Sunday with their families to call. It had got round that things were not going so well with the Seymours, and small gifts, cakes, pies, young shoots, jellies, were brought and left.

But Annie met their advances head on. She never invited them in, but stood with her back to the door as the guarding something. And she accepted their gifts with stilted thanks. She asked them no questions, made no overtures, and simply stood waiting until they departed, which, after a few awkward moments, they invariably did.

Her aversion to them had grown out of her aversion to Rob, fostered by long, silent evenings together, for Rob never was a talker. He had no plans for the future, no memories of the past, and only a local interest in the present. He listened to Annie as long as he could keep his eyes open, heeding little of what she said. Her talks were of books, of church, of the children.

She was at first a great talker. The sound of her voice had a soporific effect upon him, and under its influence he dozed, not unpleasantly. It was a long, chilly walk home from the village. The farmhouse kitchen was cozy and warm, and, tilted back against the wall in a low chair, he could rest his stocking-feet on the ledge of the stove, move his toes, and feel the welcome heat creep up his cold limbs.

After a time Annie ceased talking and took to watching him, his head dropped to one side, his mouth open, his weak, chalky face stamped with failure. He was an ignorant clod, a fool. She felt herself miles above him and she looked down with contempt upon him and the community of which he was a part. They were all clods, fools.

There were times when a terrible fear gripped her lest she and her children become as they: dull, mute, blind mouths. She lay awake nights listening to the deafening crescendo of the wind as it screamed across the frozen fields till it seemed to her she could no longer endure the presence

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"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

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of the man who slept so peacefully by her side. Prayer, always easy for her, became a constant habit. More and more often she turned to the God of her fathers for comfort and understanding. Sometimes it seemed to her that He strode beside her. He became far closer to her than the man whose children she bore. She endured all her hardships for His sake; He had imposed them upon her. He was proving her; making her one of His chosen.

IN a deserted shack, near the house, she rigged up a rude place of worship. There she brought a table, chairs, her books, and her Bible, and while the children were still too small to understand, she made them kneel on the rough boards beside her while she prayed aloud for their father's salvation. He was ungodly. He went to a gaming-house. He had a devil in him which she, passionately and repentedly, besought God to cast out. The children joined quaveringly in the singing of the hymns. It exalted her to hear them; she was leading them in His footsteps.

Altho she never cleaned house properly, nor cooked well, nor finished the pile of mending, she insisted on lessons every day, and schoolroom decorum was as closely observed in the shack as it had ever been in the Flat Rock schoolhouse. She taught them from a trunkful of books she had brought along with her to the farm, and they were fairly quick to learn, but only one, David, really shared her own thirst for knowledge.

At fifteen David was a thin, anemic boy with preternaturally large dark eyes and long, shaggy hair. He had outgrown his clothes, and his arms and legs, thin as broomsticks, dangled from sleeves and trousers too short for him. He was small for his age and shy as a wild thing. But he was a brilliant scholar. Already he had learned all she had to teach him and more. When his nose was not buried in a book he helped her about the place.

Angela, thirteen, and Christina, eleven, were Seymours. They had Rob's high cheek-bones and flat, stolid features. When their father was at home the little girls watched him intently, half fearing and half hoping the devil inside him would pop out. They spoke of it in whispers. He took on an added glamour in their eyes. There was a father! But the devil appeared satisfied with his domicil. Indeed, whenever their father addressed them, which was seldom enough, he was kind and gentle.

Sometimes, when he cleaned his brushes or mixed paints before starting on a new job, they lingered close; but, when he offered to let them help they scampered off and dropped down at a distance, watching him with bright, startled eyes; as tho at a move from him they would take wings and fly away.

He soon found that the best way to get along with them was to ignore them. They were an ugly, tongue-tied, hymn-chanting brood and they never seemed to belong to him. His wife, too, had become a stranger. But it did not trouble him much as long as his meals were on time when he got home and he had a place to sleep.

On an evening early in March, while Annie was busy getting supper, the sound of a motor coming up the driveway sent her flying to the front windows. She heard some one stamp up the steps and knock at the door. Before slipping back the bolt she called, "Who's there?"

A man's voice set her to trembling. She recognized it instantly. "Open up quick, Annie. I got Rob here. He's sick."

She swung back the door and saw Jim Cardy before her. He wore a coonskin coat and cap pulled well down over his eyes. Rob was clinging to his arm, his face as white as the snow-bank behind him.

"What's wrong with him?"

"I dunno. Keeled over in my place and it took quite a spell to bring him round. We'd better get him up to bed." He lifted Rob in his arms as if he were a baby. "Which way?"

She preceded him. As they mounted the stairs the children, peeping over the banisters, ducked out of sight and scuttled away in the darkness. The bedroom was cold as a tomb. She pointed to the bed. Rob lay with his eyes closed. Jim shook his head. "Looks like he's took bad. I'll hustle right back and send the doctor out to you."

"I don't want any doctor."

"But you've got a mighty sick man on your hands."

"I can take care of him."

She wished Jim would go. The agitation she felt, the rapid beating of her heart, were due, she was certain, to the evil forces which he set loose. Without a glance at him she went to work unlacing Rob's muddy boots.

Cardy hesitated, "I'd be glad to give you a hand."

Her lips tightened. "I don't want to be beholden to you, Jim Cardy."

"All right. You're the boss," and he backed out of the room. He was obliged to stoop a trifle to get through the doorway. On the way down the stairs he called over his shoulder, "I'll look in to-morrow and see how he is and if you need anything——"

She cut him short with, "I don't need anything from you, Jim Cardy."

Her hands shook so she could scarcely pull off Rob's boots.

He was gone. She heard the slam of the front door, the whir of the motor, the grinding of gears. Silence. The children tiptoed in, their small, thin faces pinched with fear.

"What's the matter with pop?"

"Who's the man brought him home?"

"Why don't you want a doctor?"

SHE shooed them out of the room. They went slowly, with backward glances. She closed the door and returned to her husband's side. Bending over him, she could detect liquor on his breath. She drew back in disgust. Drinking, gambling. No wonder he was struck down.

She heard Angela's shrill whisper just outside the door, "He's awful big, ain't he? And did you see his coat? All made of fur!"

She cried out sharply, "You go along down-stairs, Angela Seymour, and don't you talk about that man again. He's got an evil spirit in him. He's a sinner in the sight of the Lord."

She was shivering and, largely because of weakness, she sank to her knees and began to pray. Instantly a feeling of peace. It was as if she were bathed in warm sunlight. She was jerked back to a material existence by Rob's hoarse whisper, "Git me a drink, will you, Annie?" Slowly she got up from her knees.

He was worse next day, and when the mailman jogged by in his cutter to the gay tune of sleigh-bells, she asked him to stop at the doctor's and send him out. It was afternoon before the doctor arrived and pronounced it pneumonia.

Annie followed him out of the sick-room and down to the front door. He said briskly, "He's in a bad way. I'd like to get him to the hospital, but I'm afraid they're full up just now. I could send a visiting nurse out here to look after him if you want me to——"

"I'd rather take care of him myself. He's used to my doing for him."

"Well, it's quite a job. He needs a lot of nursing. A big job." He glanced through the window at the lowering, gray sky. "Looks like more snow. I'll drop around to-morrow. Don't get snowed in." She helped him on with his overcoat. "Got plenty of supplies?"

She nodded brightly, "Oh, yes."

"Good. That's fine."

When she opened the door for him the wind lashed her skirt around her ankles. She heard Christina calling, "Hey, Mom, pop wants you. He wants to know what did the doctor say?"

She answered impatiently, "You tell him I can't come yet. I got to heat some water."

IT SEEMED to her, as she stirred the coals and prodded the low fire with sticks of wood, that the burden was almost more than she could bear. All that stood between them and actual want was the handful of lean chickens she had struggled to raise. She decided, after a moment's deliberation, to kill one of them. She wrapped a shawl around her head and shoulders and started up to the hen-house. When she reached it she heard the soft stirrings and cluckings of the imprisoned brood. She unlatched the door and went in.

It smelled close and foul. She could hardly breathe. The light which filtered through the cobweb-hung window revealed the thin, drooping birds huddled miserably together in a corner on the straw. There was something so akin to her own wretchedness in their disconsolate attitude that, for an instant, she felt it would be impossible for her to injure any one of them. But only for an instant. There was work to do and she must do it. She lunged at them, and they scurried out of her way with shrill squawks. She thought resentfully, "I wasn't made for this sort of thing. I was meant to live in a nice house in town and go to church and dress right." Tears of self-pity stung her eyes.

It had begun to snow fine flakes that flicked against the window of the hen-house. The whole dark sky seemed suddenly to breathe forth moist, white flakes.

At last she cornered a chicken that tried vainly to dodge first right and then left. She seized it by a fluttering, beating wing.

The first thing she saw, on stepping out, was Jim Cardy's car standing before the front steps. She stared at it for a minute, then she ran down the path and into the house. As she came through the door, she heard the sound of his voice like the rolling of a big bass drum, and at something he said Christina's high, fluty laugh cut the air.

He was sitting on Rob's bed, which sagged with his weight. He looked like a great, shaggy bear in the fur coat he had not troubled to remove. Beside him, on the floor, was a basket of food arranged pyramidically, its apex a chicken roasted to a golden brown and still warm enough to fill the room with its appetizing aroma. The two little girls knelt beside it, their bodies hooped over it.

When they saw Annie they shrieked, "Oh, Mom, look what we got here!" and held up the basket for her to see. She snatched it from their hands and stood looking for an instant at the chicken, whose tight, brown skin was stretched to bursting over its plump breast; then she walked over to where Cardy was sitting and thrust the basket into his hands. "We don't need your charity, Jim Cardy. We aren't beggars—yet."

She heard a hoarse whisper from the bed. Rob had opened his eyes. "Jim don't mean no harm, Annie. He's

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"'YOU DRUNKARDS YOU! YOU GAMBLERS! WOULD YOU STOOP SO LOW THAT YOU TAKE A BOY BROUGHT UP IN THE FEAR OF GOD AND DRAG HIM DOWN TO YOUR OWN VILE LEVELS!' SHE CRIED"

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NEW WALL-PAPER DESIGNS

BY ELSIE DREW KENNEDY

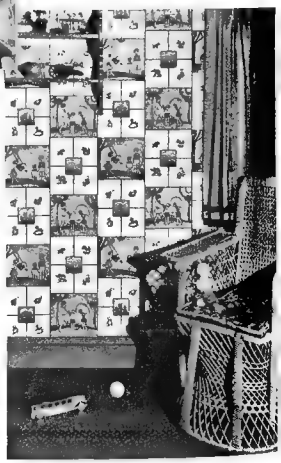
Wall-papers of fresh colors and pleasing design will give new life to your interior walls

Photos by Barry & Hamor

THE restful charm that results from the use of but one decided design in wall coverings is instanced by the bedroom at the left.

The beige-colored wall-paper carries a large diagonal check in deep putty, white, and apricot, with touches of light jade-green at the intersections of the lines. These colors reappear in various furnishings. The bedspread is of apricot rayon taffeta, edged with narrow jade-green bands, while the window draperies are of jade-green glazed chints, with edging bands of apricot. Glass-curtains of beige dotted voile and a chenille rug of light taupe are other harmonious details. The metal bed is finished to match the mahogany furniture.

THE living-room walls pictured at the left display an interesting floral design, built up in a variety of subdued shades on a creamy-sand background. To increase the apparent size of the room the wood-trim is painted to match the background of the paper.



PLAIN walls, painted or papered in neutral colors, have had a long and almost unprecedented run of popularity. That they are still widely popular is a tribute to their unquestionable effectiveness as a background for the assembled furnishings of a room embracing several distinct, and possibly unrelated, designs.

Walls, tho, can be far more than a mere background, as their relatively large area offers a splendid field for decorative treatments of real distinction. This is now being recognized by an increasing use of design in wall-decoration, and also by the introduction of more positive colors.

Vastly attractive new wall-papers provide such variety of colors, textures, and designs that the artistic possibilities of any sort of wall can be very easily and agreeably developed.

THE nursery shown above has a wall-paper that should appeal to any youthful occupant. Alternating blocks of cream and warm French gray form a stimulating background for tiny silhouettes of toys and pets. Small, toy-printed squares center the large cream blocks, while quaintly costumed children adorn the darker blocks. The various details of the design are accented by the introduction of mulberry, yellow, peach, blue, pink, green, white, and black.

A REAL novelty is depicted at the left, for the border is placed at the base of the wall instead of at the top. A dense massing of flowers and foliage in the border-design creates an illusion of natural growth. The design, tho more sparsely distributed, continues this naturalistic disposal of grasses and field-flowers.

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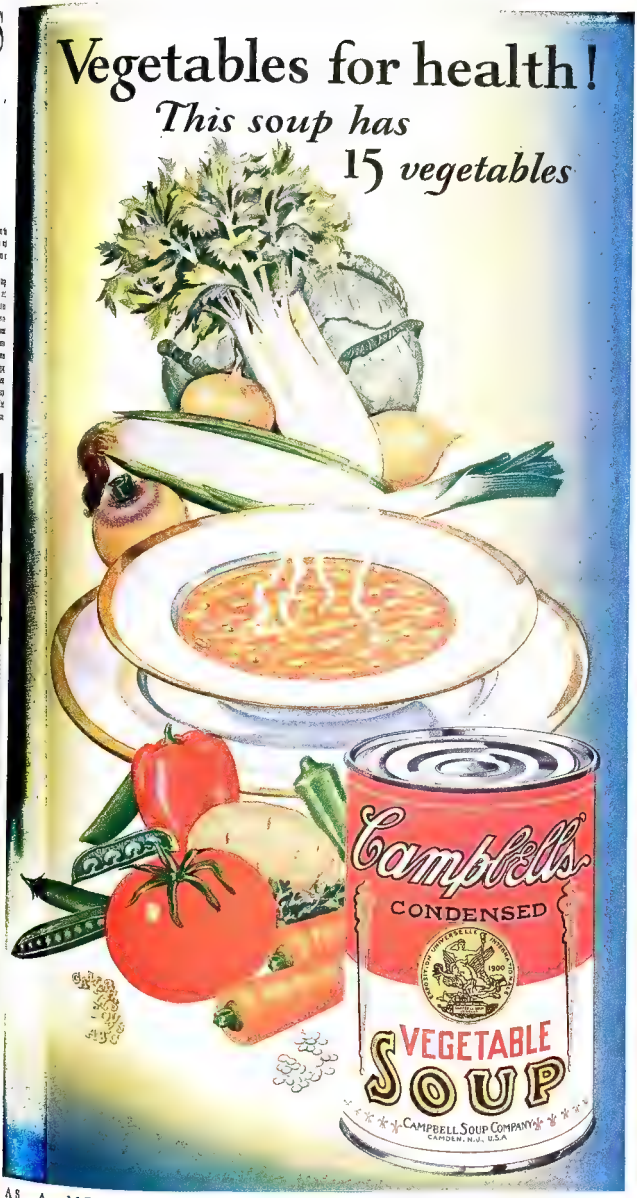
Vegetables for health!

This soup has 15 vegetables



Just the kind of convenient luncheon you so often want!

BUSY all morning, and so anxious to get an early start for that afternoon away from the house . . . No wonder you don't feel like spending much time in the kitchen over the luncheon things . . . Yet you simply must have substantial food . . . In a few minutes time, no more, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is all ready for the table . . . And you sit down to a luncheon of 15 different vegetables. How you do enjoy it. . . . 12 cents a can.

Although I am sick,
There's one thing I know:
My hunger for Campbell's
Seems only to grow!

AS A MEAL OR WITH THE MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

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Quicker dishwashing — with *lasting* suds

Rich, lasting Chipso suds save dishwashing time. Try a Chipso soaking for the china while you rinse the glass, for pots and pans while you rinse the china. The rich, lasting suds soak grease and dirt free so that you do little more than rinse . . . and your hands hardly need go into hot water.

Lasting suds give clothes a *real* soaking

Rich suds save more work than you'd believe. A 10-minute soaking in Chipso suds loosens dirt thoroughly. (If you soak overnight, you can revive these rich, lasting suds with hot water—no need to make fresh suds.) A little squeezing of suds through the fabric, a little light rubbing on cuff-edges and neck bands—and your clothes are spotless. No more up-and-down washboard rubbing.

Chipso—quick suds that last!

Soaks clothes clean
Dishes ⅓ less time

more real active help in these

rich suds that *last*

Notice how Chipso suds last till their work is done!

Lively, foaming, billowing suds always seem to *promise* a lot of help.

But *examine* the suds. Are they light, puffy suds—quickly up and quickly down again—thin suds which lose their power over grease and dirt before the task is done? *Or* are they *rich* suds, working, long-lasting suds?

You can quickly see for yourself how rich Chipso suds are. At the touch of hot water, Chipso's thin flakes give suds with a velvet-thick texture—lasting suds. Put them to work on the Sunday-dinner dishes—and they'll still be lively when you come to the roasting pan. And Monday—after the clothes are all spotless, you'll still have Chipso suds to spare!

Chipso suds last because (1) Chipso is made from materials carefully chosen to give rich suds. (2) Chipso has had air and moisture *removed*.

So—Chipso suds do a great deal of work you yourself are used to doing with other soaps. They soak grease off dishes and out of clothes.

And in the washing machine, they last and work fast. (Many women soak their clothes in Chipso suds for 20 minutes in the machine, to loosen dirt *before* they start the motor . . . then swish, swish—the clothes are clean with half the power.)

Chipso works thriftily too. The big 25c box gives a month of quicker dishwashing or 5 shorter washdays . . . (even more—if your water is soft).

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! *Saving Golden Hours* — A booklet telling "How to take out 25 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor" with many other helpful washday suggestions. Simply send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. CR-59, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The most amazing success in the history of household soap

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It was a vivacious and pleasant letter, in a tone that suited Francis's temperament. The King granted his lordship's request to remain secluded for six months, and sent him in addition the promise of a large pension.

Thus Peter began his study of knighthood, concealed in the little French town of Ardres. Sir George Pentley, whom the French ambassador cleared of any suspicion that Wolsey may have entertained against him, used to meet Peter at Ardres whenever he could leave Calais inconspicuously. Sir George was as happy as a boy to see Peter at liberty.

On the days when Sir George could not come to Ardres, Peter took instructions from an old soldier, a master-at-arms, as grizzled and as terrible as Le Maître la George, but much more respectful. After a couple of months of this, and of listening to Sandy attentively, Peter was able to piece together a great deal concerning the noble profession of arms in that warlike sixteenth century. And still he was not a knight. Nor had he learned enough to satisfy his own ambition.

The treaty upon which Wolsey had set heart was still negotiating when the news of the sack of Rome by Charles Bourbon, the rebel prince of France, at the head of a body of famished Spanish troops, struck the Christian world with horror. Immediately the cardinal's treaty gave place to a more pressing one, in which England and France joined forces to rescue the pope from captivity. Bourbon had been killed in that attack and the Holy City was in the hands of outlaws. Since the King of England had few men to spare, it was agreed that he would supply most of the money and that Francis I. would furnish most of the troops.

A FEW hours after the announcement of this treaty Sir George Pentley was busily gathering all the unemployed soldiers that he could find, declaring he would march them across France and petition Francis to give him the command of a full company. Sir George, who prided himself on nothing but his qualities as a soldier, was jubilant, unreasonably happy. Peter suggested, then, that he should join Sir George's company as the knight's lieutenant, thus to learn the art of warfare at first hand. Sir George demurred, saying he would not like to take a position as Peter's superior. But Peter urged it. In fact, as Peter rightly argued, the French always gave precedence in war to military rank, over the ranking of blood. And so it was agreed.

But still the new Lord Pole did not wish to visit the French court. He did not yet feel capable of making the dramatic entry which his heart longed for. He wanted military glory first. In fact Peter had not learned his lesson. He was still hankering for power. There was that English throne always ahead of him. The absurdity of this new ambition was wearing off, he was growing accustomed to it, he was becoming a king gradually. A king!

And it was about this time that Peter began to look for the great idea of his life, the idea which dominated him after the excitement of his youth had subsided—the idea of what a king should be. Peter had seen and heard of a great many men upon thrones who were not kings. It seemed to Peter that the head of a nation ought to be pre-eminently the gentleman—what, in the middle ages, would have been called the knight.

He was willing to serve Francis I. But deep in his heart he craved the principles of democracy, which had been lying dormant in human nature ever since the days of Greece. Peter was an individualist. He was a gentleman—he was a royal gentleman. His heart was his throne. But he was also an incurable actor, and his first entrance to the French court must be a dramatic one. So he decided to remain under his bushel during the coming campaign, and after that to shine forth, if the fortunes of war should favor him.

Sir George marched to Paris while Peter set out with a few men for Lyons, the gateway to Italy. He made leisurely. He made a detour around Paris, and another detour to that inn where Renée's

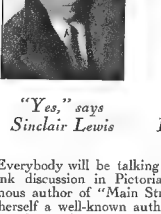
THE GENTLEMAN KING

Continued from Page 22

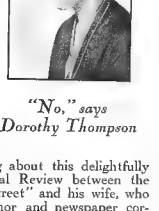
diamond ring was still in the possession of the consumptive landlord. After he had paid the landlord a hundred and fifty pounds, borrowed from Sir George for this purpose, and after he had delivered himself of several flourishes, he pocketed the ring and continued his march to Lyons, there to await his captain and the company which France was sure to grant.

One sunny morning Sir George arrived with a singing, laughing company of nondescripts. For days the French army, led by the Maréchal de Lautrec, had been filing through Lyons on their way to rescue the pope. And thus Peter, traveling *incognito*, joined a vast trek of all

IS AMERICA A PARADISE FOR WOMEN?



"Yes," says Sinclair Lewis



"No," says Dorothy Thompson

Everybody will be talking about this delightfully frank discussion in Pictorial Review between the famous author of "Main Street" and his wife, who is herself a well-known author and newspaper correspondent. Don't miss this special feature in the June issue.

nations, crossed the Alps, marched over the rich plains of Lombardy, southward, toward Rome. He was gay and happy, learning this greatest of all sixteenth-century professions; descending into Italy with all the luxury of an Italian Springtime around him.

And yet what a pang would have crossed his heart as he marched through Lombardy, had he known that Renée was there, alone, surrounded by the dark mysteries of an Italian court, accompanied only by a brother who was forever hostile to her! Peter passed just behind the ranges that separated Savona and the sea from the Lombard plain.

Peter has left no very clear record of that Italian campaign. It is difficult to find out what he did; but that he learned a great deal, and became more mature, is evident from his actions when his journals open again. With the crossing of the Alps his character seems to have changed and to have attained, once for all, that quality of royalty, of poise, of keen humorous insight, for which he was ever afterward famed.

It will be remembered that, shortly before the news of the sack of Rome, Philippe was called to Savona and had compelled Renée to go with him. Philippe's maternal grandmother, an Italian lady, had been the sister of the Duke Giorgio of Savona. Until now Giorgio's descendants had ruled the duchy. But the present duke and duchess had only one daughter, who had recently died. This converted the line over to Philippe, who would become Duke of Savona at the death of the present ruler. It was a great stroke of fortune for France, always dabbling in Italian politics, altho one could have wished for a more capable heir apparent to shoulder the responsibilities of that important town. For in those days Savona was important.

RENÉE was looking across the many-candled ducal salon, her ears numbed by the incessant sound of human tongues and courtly laughter. Near by sat the Duchess of Savona, a lady of sixty, dressed in deep blue and raised on a dais above the Italian and French gallants, above the ladies in silks and brocades. Here, on the ducal hill, was to be found all the glory of the Italian Renaissance in miniature. For Savona was an independent state, feared by the Genoese, lest France should make of it a maritime city surpassing their own.

THO Renée had been here only two months, she had become the most popular of the duchess's ladies. She led the salon by her beauty and wit. Backed by the court of France and by the wealth that she and Philippe had inherited from their father, Renée found in Savona countless opportunities for brilliant marriages as well as delightful flirtations.

She could listen by the hour to tales of fascinating Italian wars and intrigues. She listened excitedly to the latest gossip from the French and English troops now invading Italy—France and England side by side at last! She pictured the armies filing by on the other side of the coast range marching to Rome.

By day she walked among the flowers, fountains, and statues of the ducal gardens; by night she listened to clever witticisms and flatteries. It was all a dream. And yet, in spite of its beauty, the dream had the character of a nightmare!

For Renée and Philippe had been in Savona only two weeks when the Italians made a secret attempt to assassinate Philippe. The perpetrators of this plot were certainly neither the wise duchess, who loved Renée, nor the fat duke, who hated politics. The identity of the assassins was so entirely concealed that Renée was seized with terror, and she set about trying to discover some means by which her brother's life and the interests of France could be protected.

The chancellor of the ducal government was an old man who had grown gray in Italian politics. Renée distrusted him. But it was this fox who offered her the only means of saving Philippe from the nameless assassins. He told Renée that she must marry an Italian count named Ornando, and who owned half a dozen towns beyond the mountains. To him, the chancellor said, belonged the blame of the attack on Philippe; to him, Philippe insisted, Renée must be married.

At first she refused. Her refusal was followed by a second attempt on Philippe's life. Renée broke down. She was frightened. She had no one to turn to. She burst into tears and clung to Philippe. She allowed Philippe to dispatch a messenger to petition the pope to have her marriage with Peter Clos annulled And another messenger was sent to Ornando agreeing to her marriage to him.

Renée's life grew heavy with these cares. Often her eyes would fill with tears at the thought of such a marriage, without love. She wanted love. But once more she had sacrificed herself for this brother—willingly, but with such little reward. And she had given up Peter. Now that she had renounced him, she realized that she loved him. Her marriage to him was the only thing left in her life that gave her happiness Yet Philippe looked on that as a disgrace.

RENÉE thought of these things, looking across the silk-clad shoulders, listening to the vague hum of voices: She wondered why Ornando had never come to her at Savona, or whether she would ever lay eyes on him until the day of their wedding. She thought of him as an ogre. And thinking of him made her shudder, so that she was about to excuse herself from the salon this evening, when a crisp, pleasant voice emerged from the confusion around her. She became aware that the Marquis d'Isancourt, a wounded French nobleman, had been speaking to her for several minutes.

"And what then, Monsieur?" she asked, looking at him under her lashes. "They had no artillery?"

"No, Mademoiselle." Not a gun, not an ounce of cannon-lead! A single company left before a fortified town, with the whole Spanish army advancing on them! I tell you, Mademoiselle, an ordinary human would have fled. But no! The fools had a squad of Swiss among them. With the aid of the Swiss they scaled the rear wall of the citadel. That is, twenty-five of their men scaled it. But I leap ahead of myself, Mademoiselle."

"You do, my lord. They could not have taken the town with twenty-five men."

"No. The point is this: The lieutenant of the company captured a messenger from the Spanish enemy with a message signed by the general, announcing that the troops of Spain would arrive before the walls on Tuesday, to garrison the town. The lieutenant cleverly changes 'Tuesday' to 'Monday,' then creeps into the town with the messenger. At the appointed hour on Monday the troops arrive—but the French troops, of course, Mademoiselle! The gates are opened for them. They rush in. They are a mere company, but they fight like devils. The lieutenant crosses his sword with the governor and half a dozen officers in the citadel. The twenty-five men I was telling you about climb the wall and enter the citadel. They rescue the lieutenant. The lieutenant rushes out to join his captain in the streets, finds him wounded, saves his life, takes command of the company, captures the town!"

Renée smiled excitedly.

"That is a gallant soldier," she said. "But, Monsieur, the Spanish army must have besieged them on Tuesday."

"Not at all, Mademoiselle. There was

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20 Mule Team Borax aids the soap, no matter what kind you use. It helps to remove dirt, grease and stains. It softens water and whitens the clothes.

All this is a big help but Borax does something more. 20 Mule Team Borax is a mild antiseptic and deodorant—while it washes it also has a sweetening and purifying action on the clothes.

Bed linen, stockings, underthings—all garments that touch the skin—should always be washed "the Borax way." A final rinsing in Borax water insures this *extra cleanliness.*

Everything that baby wears should certainly be washed with Borax. Chafing and diaper rash may often be prevented if diapers are washed with Borax and mild soap and then carefully rinsed in a strong Borax solution.

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Please send your free booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name

Address

nothing to besiege. The troops simply leveled the town. When the Spanish arrive they find nothing. But I have not told mademoiselle the climax of my story."

"You are cruel, Monsieur. I shall have to think up a revenge."

"If you please, Mademoiselle." He bowed. "But that very company has been sent on *repos*, and has just made camp outside our walls."

"Really!" cried Renée. "How exciting! And the lieutenant?"

"Ah, I thought you would be interested in the lieutenant. He, too, is here."

"Of course I'm interested in him," said Renée. "And why hasn't he been presented, please?"

"The duchess has already summoned him, Mademoiselle. He should arrive any moment."

"But who knows his name?" asked Renée.

"No one, Mademoiselle. He is probably some obscure fellow. As for the captain, he is known well enough at court—Sir George Pentley."

"I have heard of him," said Renée. "An Englishman. So this is an English, not a French company?"

"It is difficult to say, Mademoiselle," said the marquis. "It is one of those companies that seem to belong only to God. You should see them. I walked among the ruffians this afternoon. One part can not understand the other. Were it not that Captain Pentley is something of a linguist no communion would be given. They say that they have seven interpreters."

SHE was smiling when the usher in white-satin livery announced from the door:

"Peter Lord Pole, acting lieutenant in the army of His Majesty of France." The name was like an electric shock. Peter Lord Pole! Pole!

The duchess looked up suddenly from her dais. Renée looked up. Everybody looked up. They saw a man of medium height. He wore a bright-red coat slashed with gold, dark trousers, and black boots. In his left hand he carried a red hat with an emerald in the front of it and three black feathers hanging from its side. He wore a jeweled sword. His face was triangular—a high brow, a small pointed, beardless chin—blue, almost feverish, eyes sunk deeply in their sockets—prominent cheek-bones.

He crossed the room in silence, aware that every one was watching him. Reaching the dais, he sank to one knee before the duchess and put his lips on her extended fingers. He rose. The duchess spoke with a smile. His face flushed. And then he was drowned in the babble of voices.

For several minutes Renée could not understand her own heart. Was it really Peter? But Peter Lord Pole!—surely another Pole, not *the* Pole. It was clever of him to choose that name, that vanished name. His shrewd, tricky mind! If he were really Lord Pole, why hadn't he told her long ago?

But the affectionate qualities of her nature rebelled against this distrust which Philippe had dared her to feel toward Peter. It was Peter—his lovable grin. She did not care if it was the grin of a masquerader. She must hurry to compose herself. They would soon be introducing him to her. Introducing her husband—

"Mademoiselle Duprès, allow me to introduce the gentleman of whom I was so happily speaking—Peter Lord Pole, acting lieutenant in His Majesty's armies."

Renée had the advantage of him, having seen him the moment he entered the room. She extended her hand. He bent over it with his lips. His hand, holding hers, was trembling and cold. She wanted to assure him that he was safe, to stop him trembling so.

"You shall have to give an account of yourself, sir," said the Marquis d'Isancourt. "I was just now attempting to paint your exploits on the canvas of mademoiselle's eyes. But I find it difficult to praise another man in her presence, needing that praise so much for myself."

And then Peter recovered a little.

"Monsieur the Marquis," he said, "I shall enumerate your virtues to the lady for the favor of this introduction."

Renée's emotions changed. He seemed distant, clever, calculating. He seemed the masquerader again. How could a woman ever trust him? How could you know what was going on behind his eyes?

And therefore she said to the marquis: "If my Lord Pole is permitted to keep his word, you will be very fortunate, sir. There are but a few whom I grant the privilege of reiteration."

Peter flushed. He said: "When my praise of Monsieur the Marquis bores you, Mademoiselle, I shall vary it with praise of myself."

"You have the bluntness of a soldier, my lord!" He was too cold.

Peter bowed, and was about to reply when he was led away by another gentleman to be introduced to the Contessa Beatrice, whom Renée detested. Renée's emotions changed again. Peter must be warned about that woman. Renée watched Peter from the corner of her eye. Why was he standing there so long? Shocking! The contessa and his Lordship of Pole were getting along, some one remarked slyly. Renée wanted to shake him. Didn't he understand that every eye in the room was on him? He had insulted Renée by paying so much attention to that woman.

The dance began. Renée was led to the dance by the marquis, who chatted contentedly at her side. For half an hour she was separated from Peter. Then the course of the dance led her to the duchess.

"What do you think of the new Lord Pole?" asked the duchess, smiling at Renée. "You did not speak with him very long."

"He is but another soldier, your highness," said Renée.

"Ah, yes." The duchess laughed.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

The names and addresses of those who sent in the best solutions for "The Disappearance of Mary Young" will appear in Pictorial Review for June. Checks amounting to $1,500 have already been mailed to the prize-winners.

"And yet you have so often said that you like soldiers better than the scented diplomats. When the dance stops I shall put the young lord in your care. He does not seem to have danced much."

Presently the music ceased, and Renée saw Peter standing with his back to her, conversing with—she could not see—a silver slipper. Ah, yes, of course, the contessa. Renée stiffened. She approached Peter and tapped him on the shoulder with her fan.

"My Lord Pole, you have been confided to my care," he turned swiftly at the sound of her voice, "by powers beyond my control," added Renée.

"Mademoiselle," he said with a bow, "I had not known that such were in existence."

He turned to the contessa and escorted her across the room to the duchess. Renée went to the window and looked out across the garden. She tapped her fingers with her fan. Her antagonism to Peter was not caprice. Too many things had happened since she had last seen him for him to understand her again—her position in Savona—her duty to Philippe. "Thank Heaven Philippe is not here to-night," she thought. "I must warn Philippe; I must warn Peter."

Philippe was across the mountains arranging for Renée's marriage with the Count Ornando. As future Duke of Savona it was necessary for him to negotiate frequently with the Italians.

PETER, however, could not understand Renée's attitude. She seemed unnecessarily haughty. He could feel her antagonism. He would eliminate himself as much as possible. When he returned to her he said formally, "Mademoiselle Duprès, I am at your service."

She gave him the tips of her fingers, in the manner of her times. He led her from the room, feeling that they were being watched.

"We shall go to the large fountain," said Renée. "We test our visitors by the eloquence of their admiration."

"And supposing they do not admire it?" asked Peter.

"Then they are expected to be silent, Monsieur."

They were on the terrace, ascending a flight of curving, marble stairs. By the time they had reached the fountain they were too much involved with each other's affairs to admire its sculpture. They stood, looking past it, across the orange-trees, into each other's minds.

Peter was explaining eagerly how he had regained his vanished name, how he had escaped from prison, how he had come to Italy as Sir George's lieutenant.

And Renée was troubled. She was troubled about herself and her problem at Savona, which Peter must never learn. She must get him away from Savona. He must not see what she was going to do. He must go. It would give her too much pain to have him close. Her eyes went far away thinking of this.

"But why did you come to Savona?" she asked suddenly. She wanted him to say that he had heard that she was here.

"I could not help myself," said Peter. "When Sir George was wounded the Maréchal de Lautrec refused to let our company go into action under a mere lieutenant. You see, I announced my name for the first time to-night. Until now I have lived *incognito*. Never having laid eyes on me, Maréchal de Lautrec sent a courier to Sir George commanding us to garrison in Savona. Thus I am cheated of a chance to lead my men into action."

"You mean you are to stay here?" cried Renée, not able to conceal her anxiety.

"Unfortunately yes," said Peter, looking at her, wondering.

She turned away from him with a little shrug. The he did not know it, her eyes filled with tears. He would never understand her sacrifice.

"I am sorry, Renée."

She turned upon him. "Why are you sorry? You aren't sorry!"

No, he wasn't sorry. He wanted to be with Renée. What really made him sorry, what was really painful, was Renée's reception of him. She did not seem at all impressed with his new name. She did not seem to realize that she was speaking to the descendant of kings! To royalty itself, by Heaven! Peter's chin became firm.

ON THE other hand, one had but to look at her to have one's heart melted. She was so young—for all her salon wit she was but a girl. Oh, he loved her—she would always live in him, a small flame-like presence!

He wondered what was causing her to draw away from him. Perhaps she feared the contract which she had signed with him on the brigands' plateau. Perhaps she feared that, now since he was Peter Lord Pole, he would use that old scrap of paper and claim her as his wife.

"Mademoiselle Renée—"

"Don't call me Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, I thought the other had hurt you. But, Renée, if that bit of paper is bothering you—I burned it."

"Did you?"

Continued on Page 60

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Lady Violet Astor

Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.

Lady Violet Astor is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in England. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY

BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

LOVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and a lady of mercy whose good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite convictions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams! They keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected. And now the Freshener—refreshing as spring rain on the cheeks—and filmy Tissues for removing the Cream—all four of them are practical—delightful—effectual."

THIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

First, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck morning, evening and always after exposure. Pat on with firm, upward, outward strokes.

Then, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

Next, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

The finishing touch—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day, and always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

Lady Violet in formal English habit leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.

You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—Two famous Creams, Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream and new tonic Skin Freshener. Use them always and your skin, like Lady Violet's, will "grow younger every year."

MAIL COUPON AND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S
106 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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For those who "should eat bran"

This new, delicious Pettijohn's contains but conceals the roughage you need

DULL headaches, irritability, intestinal auto intoxication. Are you one of the army who suffer from "the great, unnecessary handicap"?

Perhaps you've believed, as so many have, that bran, to be effective, must be crude. The bran of New Pettijohn's is *doubly* efficient because it is *not separated* from the rest of the wheat berry. For with it you get the vital part of the wheat which always increases the effectiveness of bran. You get delicously softened

bran with no sharp edges to irritate the tenderest digestive tract. You get *whole* bran in *whole* wheat, just as nature intended you to have it

Since Pettijohn's is the whole grain, you have, too, the vitamins "A," "B" and "E" to protect health. Rich, whole wheat proteins to build muscle and tissues. And the precious minerals, iron, lime and phosphorus.

And this is but half of the story. More important than all is the fact that Pettijohn's is so temptingly delicious that people everywhere love to eat it.

Here's the health breakfast for you, then, that you can't resist. A steaming, flavory dish of golden whole wheat flakes. Here's a quick breakfast, too, for Pettijohn's is made to cook in "toast and coffee time."

Buy a box of Pettijohn's today for breakfast tomorrow. Prove to yourself how appetizing bran can be, if it's served as nature made it, whole bran in whole wheat. Try cooking half Pettijohn's and half Quaker Oats together. It's delicious and unusual. Or, if you like changes for breakfast, try Pettijohn's cooked in milk.

Pettijohn's

For those who believe in "whole grain nutrition"

There are many new Pettijohn recipes, waiting for you at the Quaker Oats Company in a booklet called "The Truth About Bran." Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago, for your free copy.

THE SERVICE-YARD IS BOUNDED BY A LOW PICKET FENCE

Photo by P. E. Genereux

A HOUSE WITH GARAGE ATTACHED

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

Robert L. Stevenson, Architect

THE linking of a house and its garage into a single structure is, perhaps, one of the most sensible developments of modern architecture. An obvious advantage lies in the ease and economy with which an attached garage can be heated by the house heating-plant. The unified heating usually means a saving in labor, time, and fuel, and, of course, any adequately heated garage always serves to lessen the maintenance cost of the car or cars stored in it.

Local building codes or fire-insurance rules may sometimes prohibit a directly communicating doorway between the house and the garage, but, even so, the approach can be made thoroughly convenient by a close relationship of the outside rear doors, as shown on the accompanying plan.

An attached garage, especially when it is located at one side of the house, effects a decided saving in both the initial cost and up-keep of a driveway, because the distance from the street is considerably shortened. More important still, the rear portion of the home-grounds is released for a practical and decorative garden-development, in keeping with the architectural character of the building.

As far as the exterior appearance is concerned, the union of house and garage is generally advantageous, for harmony of line and detail is much easier to attain in one building than to establish in two entirely separate buildings of divergent size.

For further data, without charge, regarding this house send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Collier Stevenson, House-plan Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th St., New York City.

The illustrated example is of modified Colonial design, low, broad, and essentially homelike in effect. The outer walls are of white-stained wood shingles, topped by a sweeping roof of blue-black asphalt shingles. The wood-trim is painted white, and the blinds are finished in a deep-bright green. The chimney and entrance-steps of red brick introduce another interesting element of virile color.

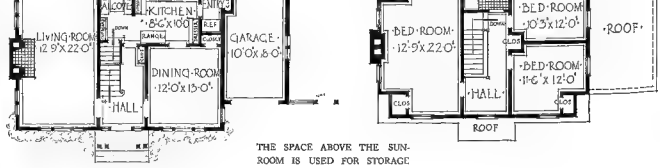
The lower floor is marked by that center-hall arrangement which is popular everywhere. The arrangement is particularly good here because the hall provides direct access to the kitchen, and thus does away with constant passage through the dining-room. There is a coat-closet at the lower end of the hall.

The living-room, at the left of the entrance, is lighted by three window-groups. Of structural features it also has built-in bookcases and a fireplace. The bookcases are divided into two units by the French doors that connect the living-room with a sun-room at the rear.

The dining-room, at the right, has windows on two sides, a useful closet for china, excellent wall-spaces for buffet and serving-table, and ample floor-area for convenient meal-hour service.

The rear wall of the kitchen is centered by a double-drainboard sink, efficiently set beneath twin windows. A counter, at the height of the drainboard, is continued at each side of the sink to afford generous working facilities, and cupboards above the counter offer much storage-room. There is a windowed dining-alcove at one side of the kitchen, and a rear entry with refrigerator-space at the other side.

The second floor contains one large master bedroom and two smaller bedrooms, all cross-ventilated and suitably equipped with closets. A commodious linen-closet is arranged to open from the hall. The tile-walled and tile-floored bathroom, placed above the kitchen plumbing for economy of installation, is conveniently accessible from all parts of the house.



THE SPACE ABOVE THE SUN-ROOM IS USED FOR STORAGE

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Look for the NEW BRAND!

It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Ham
SWIFT'S PREMIUM
U.S. INSPECTED & PASSED EST. 3
SWIFT'S PREMIUM
U.S. INSPECTED & PASSED EST. 3
SWIFT'S PREMIUM
U.S. INSPECTED & PASSED EST. 3

Now . . . even the slices may be identified

Now this new brand is on every slice of Premium Ham or Bacon.

The smallest piece of Premium Ham or Bacon carries this new brand.

When you see the dealer do the cutting—When you open the package at home

No longer must you buy a whole ham, a side of bacon, or bacon in the carton, to be sure it is Premium. No need to be in doubt about even the slices.

Now, to insure getting that extra goodness of Premium, a *new* identifying mark has been added. The name "Swift" is now branded in dots in the fat, in a rich brown suggestive of broiled ham and bacon. Repeated like the links of a chain down the whole length of Premium Ham or Bacon. Every slice bears some part of it in dots.

Plainly marked as always—Premium Bacon in the carton.

Take advantage of this new protection. You'll still find the blue tag on the whole Premium Ham, the brand Swift's Premium on both ham and bacon, the same parchment wrapper and plainly marked carton. But when you're buying part of a ham or a pound or two of bacon, look for "Swift" branded along the edge, and be sure you're getting Premium.

Swift & Company

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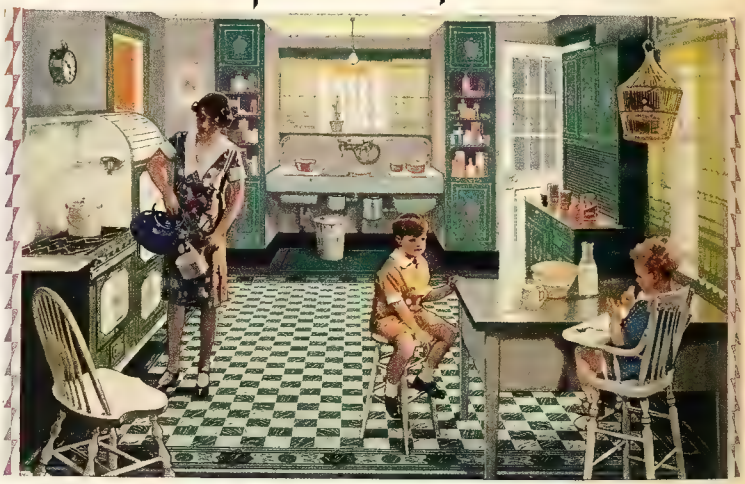
If your heart is set on having a colorful kitchen~



GREEN holds sway in many kitchens today! And in step with the times as always, Congoleum designers have created the lovely new "PALMETTO" design—Rug 604 shown at the right. Here is a rug with an air of sparkling cleanliness sure to delight the modern housewife's heart.

A COMPLETE new kitchen with all the up-to-date equipment shown here would, of course, be lovely. But if your budget won't permit it, don't be discouraged—you needn't give up the enjoyment of having your "workshop" gay with happy color.

For with the vogue of color have come easy and inexpensive ways to bring its magic into your home. Quick-drying paints you can apply yourself . . . inexpensive, bright-hued curtains . . . and then to complete the whole scheme a cheery labor-saving Congoleum Rug. It's truly amazing what a delightful effect even such a few changes as these can make.

"PALMETTO" *for the gay green kitchen now so much in vogue*

And throughout the house, whatever the room, whatever the color scheme, you will find in Congoleum Rugs a wide variety of appropriate patterns.

But it's not alone the charm of their lovely coloring that makes Congoleum Rugs so popular with the modern housewife. Just as important are their work-saving, time-saving and money-saving virtues.

Designs of exceptional beauty . . . a smooth, waterproof surface that is a joy to clean . . . wear-resistance that is unequaled . . . a liberal money-back guarantee . . . these have made Congoleum Rugs *America's Most Popular Floor-Covering.* And prices today are lower than ever before!

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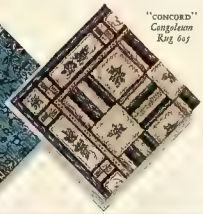
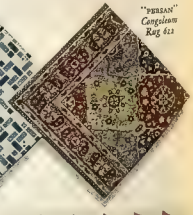
"CONCORD" *Congoleum Rug 605*



"BLUE TILE" *Congoleum Rug 521*

"PERSIAN" *Congoleum Rug 622*



CONGOLEUM RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

More rugs bearing this Gold Seal have been sold than all other brands combined!

This Gold Seal appears only on genuine Congoleum Rugs. It is your assurance of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." For your own protection beware of substitutes—insist that the Gold Seal appear right on the face of the rugs you buy!

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Food and Cooking for the Up-to-Date Housekeeper

The Home Bureau

CONDUCTED BY NELL HOWARD ENLOE

Modern Methods and New Devices for the Home

ONE-PIECE MEALS

BY INA B. ROWE

WHOLESOME food, deliciously cooked and attractively served, is only one of the housewife's many responsibilities. Short cuts in cooking which do not sacrifice any of these essential points are welcome, and one of the most practical of these is the grill-plate service.

Blue-plates or grill-plates, with partitions to keep the foods separate, were formerly made patterned in blue only, but now they may be purchased in many different grades and patterns to harmonize with almost any china. They offer an excellent way of serving any meat that is cut into serving-portions before cooking, as broiled chops, meat croquettes, sausages, Hamburger steak, or creamed meats or fish.

It is easy to use up left-overs by the grill-plate route. An amount of food so small that it would be lost in a serving-dish may be apportioned to each plate; for example, one or two baked sweet potatoes may be sliced, sautéd, and a few slices served on each plate.

THE GRILL-PLATE MAKES SERVING EASY

Grill-plate, courtesy Olmsted

Gravies should be used sparingly, and all sauces should be thick enough to remain with the food they were intended to season, or timbale-cases, individual pastry-shells, or ramekins may be used. Fruit is an important item of the diet, and so each menu includes some sort of fruit.

To make your grill-plate service a success be sure that the combinations are well balanced from the point of view of color, shape, and texture as well as of flavor and food value; that the plates are warmed before the food is served, and that the food is not put on the plates until just before it is to be served.

The six combinations suggested here are hearty in themselves, but a first course of soup, bread, rolls, or biscuits, and a dessert course may be added.

Baked Ham with Glacéd Pineapple

HAVE as many ham-steaks as are needed, cut about ½ inch thick. Trim off the rind and gash the fat. Soak in lukewarm water for about 1 hour, drain, spread with prepared mustard, and place in a large, low baking-dish. Cover with sirup drained from a can of sliced pineapple, sprinkle well with brown sugar, and add 6 cloves. Bake in a moderate oven, basting occasionally, until tender (about 1 hour). On each piece of ham lay a ring of pineapple. Baste with the sirup and continue baking until the pineapple is well glacéd and the ham nicely browned on the edges. Serve garnished with parsley.

Breaded Pork-Chops with Apple Rings

TRIM off the fat from as many chops as are needed. Dip each chop in fine bread-crums, then in seasoned, slightly beaten egg, then again in the crums. Brown quickly in a little hot fat in a frying-pan, cover, or remove to a covered casserole, and bake in a moderate oven until tender (about 1 hour).

For the apple rings, cook together in a saucepan 1 cupful of sugar to each ½ cupful of water. Without paring cut cored solid apples into slices ¼ inch thick. Drop into the boiling-hot sirup, and simmer until the apples are tender. Remove and allow to cool in the liquid until ready to serve. Do not let the sirup boil after the slices are added, as this causes the apples to break into pieces.

Cabbage au Gratin

WASH, quarter, and remove the hard center from a small cabbage. Slice and place in an uncovered saucepan with a large quantity of water. Cook until tender, place in a casserole, and add 1 cupful of thin white sauce, made by combining 2 tablespoonfuls of fat with 1½ tablespoonful of flour to each cupful of milk, cooking until smooth and seasoning well. Sprinkle with ½ cupful of grated yellow cheese, cover with buttered bread-crums, and bake until nicely browned.

Lamb-Chops with Minted Apples

BROWN loin lamb-chops in a hot frying-pan, first on one side, then on the other. Reduce the heat and cook, covered, until tender. Season and serve.

Core and pare medium-sized, firm apples. Drop into a hot sirup made with 1 cupful of sugar to ½ cupful of water to 1 package of peppermint candies and enough green fruit coloring to give a decided green tint. Cook gently until tender, and cool in the sirup, turning occasionally.

Spanish-Onion Fritters

MAKE a batter by sifting together ½ cupful of flour, ¼ teaspoonful of salt, ¾ teaspoonful of baking-powder, and adding to this the beaten yolk of 1 egg which has been combined with ½ cupful of milk. Beat until smooth. Peel a large sweet Spanish onion and cut in quarter-inch slices. Dip the onion rings in the batter and fry in deep fat until a golden brown. Drain on a paper napkin and serve hot.

Glacéd Shoe-String Carrots

WASH, scrape, and cut with a shoe-string slicer enough carrots to make 2 cupfuls. Steam until tender and season with salt. Boil ½ cupful of sugar with 3 tablespoonfuls of water until it will fall in drops from the spoon. Add the carrots and shake vigorously until well coated.

Rice Nests with Cranberry-Jelly Cubes and Cheese Balls

TO MAKE the rice-nests use the double-wire basket shown on page 42 of our November, 1928, issue. Form rounds of the boiled seasoned rice, which has been dipped first in crums, then in beaten egg, then in crums again. Put in the basket to shape. Fry in deep fat and drain on a paper napkin. In the center of each basket place a cube of cranberry jelly and 2 or 3 small balls of soft yellow cheese.

Purée of Lima Beans

WASH Lima beans well and soak in twice their volume of water, until the skins will snap from the beans. Cook until tender in the water in which they were soaked. When done the beans will have absorbed practically all the water and can be mashed with a spoon. Season with salt and pepper, add butter, and beat until smooth.

Brussels Sprouts with Peanuts

PREPARE and cook Brussels sprouts as usual. When done drain, add salt, butter, and ¼ cupful of roasted peanuts, shelled, blanched, and cut fine. Serve immediately, or the peanuts will become tough.

Baked Bananas

PEEL and slice bananas crosswise. Turn into a baking-dish and sprinkle with salt, sugar, cinnamon, and a few drops of lemon-juice. Bake in a moderate oven until tender and nicely browned (about 15 minutes).

Club-Plate Combinations

Unusual recipes are given; the others may be found in any good cook-book.

FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Baked Ham with Glacéd Pineapple
New Potatoes with Parsley
Stuffed Olives
Asparagus Tips with Pimiento

AN OVEN MEAL

Breaded Pork-Chops with Apple Rings
Baked Potatoes Cabbage au Gratin

ON TOP OF THE STOVE

Pan-Broiled Lamb-Chops with Minted Apples
Glacéd Shoe-String Carrots
Spanish-Onion Fritters

A VEGETABLE-PLATE

Rice Nests with Cranberry-Jelly Cubes and Cheese Balls
Brussels Sprouts with Peanuts
Purée of Lima Beans

A SAVORY SUPPER

Macaroni with Cheese
Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions
Baked Bananas Grated Horseradish

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NOW—

Where Is the Child Who "HATES MILK?"

What about that little tot in your home? He drinks milk, of course. But does he drink enough milk? Do you have to watch him and see that he always finishes his glass? Is his weight what it should be? The easiest way to get your child to drink more milk is to mix his plain milk with Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk.

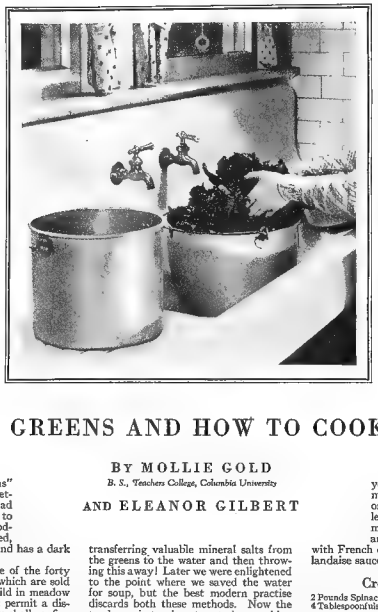
All children love Thompson's. It takes the monotonous taste of plain milk and makes it delicious, creamy and smooth. It takes the food value of plain milk and doubles its nourishment. And it takes the body of an underweight child and helps to build it up quickly to healthful normal weight. For unlike ordinary malted milk, Thompson's is "DOUBLE MALTED".

It makes plain milk easier to digest. Helps to strengthen teeth and muscles. And by building normal weight it helps to eliminate all the nervous handicaps of underweight. Your druggist or grocer has Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk—Chocolate Flavored or Plain. Make it quickly and easily at home—30 servings to every pound.

Special Shaker Offer

THOMPSON'S MALTED MILK CO.
Dept. 62-A, Waukesha, Wis.
Please send me a large size, 75c value aluminum shaker, and a sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. I enclose only 25c to cover packing and mailing costs.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



TO FREE SPINACH FROM SAND SOAK FOR AN HOUR IN A LARGE QUANTITY OF WATER

LEAFY GREENS AND HOW TO COOK THEM

BY MOLLIE GOLD
B. S., Teachers College, Columbia University
AND ELEANOR GILBERT

TO SOME of us "greens" mean turnip- or beet-tops; others order salad when they feel they ought to eat "greens"; and the modern child, wholesomely fed, hears the word "greens" and has a dark vision of spinach.

Yet these are only three of the forty types of green vegetables which are sold in our markets or found wild in meadow or woods. Space does not permit a discussion of all of them, so we shall confine ourselves to one of the four divisions of green vegetables—the leafy greens.

There are at least a dozen kinds of leafy greens now obtainable. Almost all are rich in iron, sulfur, phosphorus, and that essential to bodily growth, vitamin A. All supply roughage to keep the system active, cleansed, and the blood purified. All may be prepared so palatably that they are enjoyed as a food rather than endured as a necessity.

Many housekeepers see clumps of greens in the shops, but, not knowing what they are, refrain from buying them. If they made a habit to try them it would contribute delightful variety to many menus. Here is a list of leafy greens, obtainable in most of our markets:

Chard	Mustard-greens
Chicory	Parsley
Dandelion	Sorrel
Endive	Spinach
Escarole	Tops of beets, turnips, radishes, horse-radish
Kale or borecole	
Lettuce (Boston head, romaine, and Simpson)	Watercress

How to Clean Greens

THERE are captious folk who claim that they never tasted sand-free spinach! With the right equipment it is easy to clean any green vegetable. Keep on hand for the purpose the largest bucket your kitchen will accommodate. Fill it with cold water. Remove the wilted leaves; but if you are washing spinach do not separate the clumps. Let the greens soak for an hour, and at the end of that time the sand and grit will sink to the bottom. Then lift out the greens. Do not pour the water off, as this simply sifts the sand back into the vegetables again. Rinse under running water.

Water for Cooking Greens

WE HAVE progressed far beyond the old custom of cooking vegetables for hours in quarts of boiling water, transferring valuable mineral salts from the greens to the water and then throwing this away! Later we were enlightened to the point where we saved the water for soup, but the best modern practise discards both these methods. Now the tendency is to almost waterless cooking to conserve the natural salts and flavors within the vegetables. The drops adhering to the leaves after washing give sufficient moisture for cooking the fine-textured greens, like spinach, young chard, beet-greens, and sorrel. For chicory, kale, dandelion, escarole, and other coarser leafy greens longer cooking is necessary, and boiling water to cover must be used, with a cupful of boiling water added from time to time as may be needed.

How to Serve Leafy Greens

THERE are three ways of serving leafy greens, with innumerable variations of each. Many may be eaten raw—all the lettuces, dandelion when young, watercress, endive, and escarole. All of them may be cooked and served as a hot vegetable; or they may be chilled after cooking and served with a tart sauce as a salad.

Mixed Tops

1 Bunch Turnip-tops
1 Bunch Beet-tops
1 Bunch Radish-tops
¼ Pound Salt Pork or Bacon
1 Bay-leaf or Sprig of Dill

THE tops or thinnings of beets, turnips, or radishes are best served as a hot vegetable. Wash the greens and place them in a saucepan; add the salt pork or bacon, cover tightly, and simmer for 40 minutes. Add the bay-leaf or dill and continue cooking for 20 minutes more.

Chard and Tomatoes

2 Bunches Chard
½ Cupful Canned Tomatoes
1 Small Minced Onion
Dash Paprika
½ Teaspoonful Salt

SHRED the leaves from the washed chard and blanch in 2 quarts of boiling water for 2 minutes. Drain. Place in a saucepan with the other ingredients and cook, covered, for 15 minutes. When you buy chard you have the makings of 2 separate dishes, one hot, made from the leaves, and one cold, from the midrib. Cook this separately and serve cold like asparagus with French dressing or hot with a Hollandaise sauce.

Creamed Spinach

2 Pounds Spinach
4 Tablespoonfuls Cream
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Dash Ginger

WASH, pick over, and shred the spinach. Pile in a saucepan and cook for 15 minutes, covered. Do not drain off the liquid, as this contains valuable mineral salts. Add the cream; season, blend, and serve.

Braized Chicory or Escarole

1 Bunch Chicory
4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
½ Cupful Bouillon
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Dash Pepper

BLANCH the chicory by plunging into boiling water for 5 minutes. This removes any excessive bitterness. Drain and put in a baking-dish. Pour over it a sauce of melted fat, seasonings, and bouillon or bouillon cubes dissolved in ½ cupful of hot water. Cover and cook until tender, about 20 to 30 minutes. Chicory and escarole taste best cooked when they are young and tender green. When fully mature they are yellowish, and should be eaten raw with any of the salad dressings.

Beet-Greens and Lemon

2 Pounds Beet-tops
4 Tablespoonfuls Fat
1 Thick Slice Lemon
4 Tablespoonfuls Hot Water
Dash Ginger
½ Teaspoonful Salt

WASH and chop the greens and put them in a kettle with the other ingredients. Cook rapidly for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally to keep from scorching. Let stand in a warm place for 15 minutes. Remove the lemon-rind and serve.

Kale and Corned Beef

2 Pounds Kale
2 Pounds Corned Beef

WASH the kale and blanch it for 5 minutes in boiling water. Drain, chop, and place in a saucepan. Add the hot corned beef and 1 cupful of the water in which the beef was cooked. Cover and cook slowly until tender, 20 to 50 minutes, adding a cupful of corned-beef liquid if needed.

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DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS
recommends yeast
in place of the old-fashioned cathartic

Famous Harley House, London, where DR. LEONARD WILLIAMS has his office . . . Fellow of the British Royal Society of Medicine; Corresponding Member of the American Climatological Society and the Hydrological Society of Paris; he has served as physician at the Metropolitan Hospital and the Millar Hospital and the Princess Hospital for Soldiers; author of *Minor Maladies, The Science and Art of Living*, and other works.

"Yeast possesses a power of physical purification superior to all the purgatives. It rouses the system to full physiological efficiency.

"A large number of persons at or about middle age have forgotten what it is to feel perfectly well. They are not ill but they ail. . . . For such I should like to prescribe less feasting and more yeasting."

Leonard Williams

IN the words of Dr. Leonard Williams, famous British authority on glandular and intestinal disorders, *Yeast is superior to every known cathartic.* Dr. Williams' conclusions, reprinted from articles in many leading newspapers in the United States, carry the weight of a life-time of research.

Why does this eminent physician recommend yeast so strongly? Because, to quote his exact statement, yeast "rouses the system to full physiological efficiency."

Nobody escapes constipation completely. Between "not being sick" and being really healthy and vigorous there is a vast amount of difference.

For keener spirits, renewed vigor, a clearer complexion, and protection against colds, headaches, sore throat —eat Fleischmann's Yeast regularly. In a recent survey in the United States half the physicians reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestinal tract daily they combat harmful poisons and gently, naturally purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or dissolved in water either cold or not hotter than you can drink. To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time. It will keep in a cool, dry place. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, lunch counters and soda fountains.

Write for booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. A-64, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

90 per cent of your ills start here

Here is where yeast works. From throat to colon is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread through your body —to blood, skin, throat, head. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep this *entire* tract clean, active and healthy. Start now!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

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Stimulants, Sedatives or Food ~

from a Health Standpoint

THE desire for extreme slenderness is bringing serious consequences. When stimulants, sedatives or drugs are substituted for the food needed to build health and strength, the penalty is certain and severe—frequently broken health and sometimes death.

Half-truths are often more dangerous than falsehoods. While it is true that an excess of fat is undesirable and frequently dangerous in the later years of life, it is not true that young people—under thirty years of age—can ordinarily expect to have good health if they avoid wholesome body-building foods and persist in a rigid "reducing" diet. There are certainly more cases of tuberculosis among young "underweights" than there are among those of normal weight.

During childhood and the early adult years, Nature demands a bodily reserve upon which she can draw in time of need to fight disease. In youth a few pounds of excess weight are a valuable protection against physical breakdown. The sacrifice of this needed tissue may result in permanent injury, although the accounting may not come until years later.

Despite the claims of faddists and selfish interests, there is no mystery today in what constitutes an intelligent diet. The doctor who would not hesitate to prescribe a stimulant or a sedative in case of emergency, would forbid their use in place of needed foods.

A famous health expert was asked bluntly, "Do you think stimulants are harmful to everybody, no matter in what degree the stimulants are used?" He said, "Not always, but everyone should try to put himself in such fit physical condition that he will not need or desire artificial stimulation. The hunger for stimulants is an indication of weakness and evidence of improper diet or other incorrect living habits."

Certain practices trick the appetite and dull the desire for nourishing food. When the demands of a normal appetite are too frequently denied, the appetite may be lost and food be made repugnant.

Perhaps it is too late to talk to older people stubbornly set in wrong habits, but if the fathers and mothers of tomorrow will eat properly, exercise properly, work properly, sleep, breathe, stand, walk—yes—and *think* properly, they and their children will have better health and longer lives.

* * * *

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has the privilege of consulting the world's most famous specialists on important questions of health. While the Metropolitan wishes to point out most emphatically the danger of too strenuous dieting at the earlier ages, it also wishes to stress, no less emphatically, the danger of overweight at the older ages.

Our booklet, "Overweight", tells the best methods to control these evils. It also tells what you should weigh considering your age and height. Ask for Booklet 59-P which will be mailed free. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.

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THANKS TO LORD SANDWICH

By Fannie Herrick

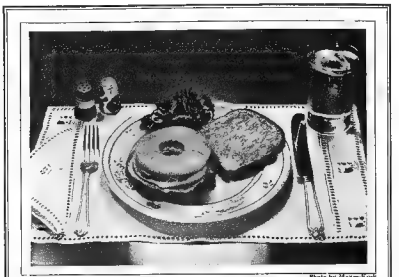

Photo by Mayer-Root

THIS HOT HAM AND PINEAPPLE SANDWICH IS A MEAL IN ITSELF

MAY, with its gardens to plant and its country roads to explore, increases our need for leisure time and at the same time sharpens our appetites for the crisp greens, young vegetables, and juicy berries of early Summer. How to satisfy both longings is the problem and pleasure of the home-maker.

Possibly the simplest solution is to follow the example of Lord Sandwich, who, not wishing to take the time to dine in the regular way, asked for a slice of meat between two pieces of bread. The result was so satisfactory that the rest of the court followed his example, and there have been "sandwiches" ever since.

Bread of firm and even texture is requisite for sandwiches. Graham, rye, raisin, nut, and Boston brown bread should be a day old. White sandwich bread cuts easily when fresh. If you are making more than a dozen sandwiches buy a Pullman loaf, weighing 4 pounds, or a sandwich loaf, weighing 3 pounds. Either cuts from 44 to 56 slices. The Pullman gives a larger slice.

For children's sandwiches or full-meal sandwiches crusts improve the flavor. For dainty, party ones, avoid waste by cutting off all crusts before you slice the bread. Save them for croquette crums, stuffing, or a bread pudding. Cream your butter and spread over the end of the loaf, then slice. To cut even, smooth slices try a sawing motion.

Preserve the moisture of both bread and filling by wrapping the sandwiches in a damp napkin or layers of wax-paper.

All fillings and garnishes should be prepared before the bread is sliced. Spring adds young onions, radishes, and watercress to our year-round favorite garnishes. Pickles, nuts, pimiento, green pepper, and olives are always available to make sandwiches tantalizing to the eye.

For variety in fillings use home-made boiled dressing with vegetable combinations. Tart and mustard dressings give a tangy flavor to bland meat salads, especially ground lamb or minced tongue. Mayonnaise, of which you can buy excellent brands, is especially suited to the shell-fish and fruit combinations.

Full-Meal Sandwiches

Ham and Pineapple

6 Slices Hawaiian Pineapple
12 Slices Whole-wheat Bread
1 Bermuda Onion, Sliced
1 Small Jar Mayonnaise
6 Slices Cold Boiled Ham
2 Tablespoonfuls Brown Sugar
1 Bunch Watercress
2 Sweet Cucumber Pickles

SAUTÉ the slices of ham in a hot frying-pan, turning frequently. Divide each slice of pineapple with a sharp knife and place in the frying-pan as soon as the ham is done, adding a little extra fat if necessary. Sprinkle with the brown sugar, and baste frequently until well glazed and heated through. Toast the bread and spread with the butter, then with the mayonnaise. To make each sandwich, place a slice of glazed pineapple, onion, ham, and a second slice of pineapple on the toast. Garnish with watercress and a sweet pickle and serve hot.

Sardine with Apple

1 Can California Sardines
Celery Hearts
6 Slices Raw Apple
Boiled Dressing
12 Slices Brown Bread

BUTTER 6 slices of bread. On each place a split boned sardine. Cover with a thin slice of raw apple dipped in the boiled dressing. Cover the sandwich. Garnish with the celery.

A Sandwich Men Like

6 Slices White Bread
6 Fried Eggs
6 Slices Boiled Ham
6 Slices American Sandwich Cheese
Watercress
Paprika

TOAST and butter the bread. On each slice put 1 fried egg, a slice of ham, and then one of cheese. Dust with the paprika, and put under a broiler to melt but not brown the cheese. Garnish with the watercress.

Children Like These

CHILDREN like small sandwiches. If cut with a cooky-cutter in hearts, circles, or animal shapes simple, wholesome sandwiches make delightful party refreshments. Vitamin-minded mothers and hungry youngsters will both approve these combinations.

Minced-Liver Sandwich

½ Pound Cooked Liver
½ Cupful Grated Carrot

PUT the liver through a food-chopper. Mix with the carrot. Moisten to paste with liver stock or top milk. Spread between slices of buttered whole-wheat bread.

Our Gang's Three-Decker

2 Cupfuls Chopped Spinach
2 Hard-boiled Eggs, Sliced
6 Strips Crisp Bacon
Lettuce
6 Slices Graham Bread
12 Slices White Bread

TOAST the bread; butter sparingly. Spread the spinach on a slice of the white toast. Add 2 slices of the egg. Cover with the Graham toast. Add a lettuce-leaf moistened with boiled dressing (if approved), a strip of bacon, and top with white toast. Cut in 3.

Continued on Page 109

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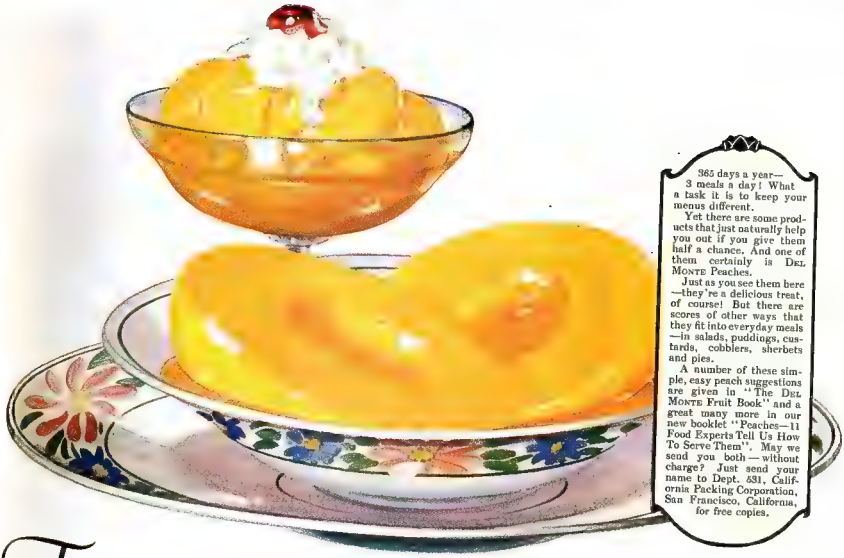

365 days a year—3 meals a day! What a task it is to keep your menus different.

Yet there are some products that just naturally help you out if you give them half a chance. And one of them certainly is DEL MONTE Peaches.

Just as you see them here—they're a delicious treat, of course! But there are scores of other ways that they fit into everyday meals—in salads, puddings, custards, cobblers, sherbets and pies.

A number of these simple, easy peach suggestions are given in "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and a great many more in our new booklet "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How To Serve Them". May we send you both—without charge? Just send your name to Dept. 531, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California, for free copies.

To know one DEL MONTE *product is a sure guarantee of quality and flavor — to know them all, a quick, easy answer to the problems of everyday meals*

SALMON

Just as an illustration, let's start with a main course dish—something quick and easy for the next time you're a bit late in getting home. What could be better than this rich, red salmon? Or what more tasty—or more needed for a diet change? DEL MONTE brings you the best from Alaskan and Puget Sound waters—always that rich, red salmon you like so well!

SPINACH

In vegetables, as well, DEL MONTE offers a variety and freedom of choice that every menu needs! Take Spinach, for instance. It ought to be in every normal diet—and often, too! Here's Spinach without the bother of washing, of picking over or cooking! Yet it's always delicious. And it brings to your table, in full abundance, the bulk, vitamins and tonic mineral salts for which we prize this leafy-green.

APRICOTS

Or if it's a fruit you want, let's choose Apricots this time! Fully-ripened in the sun, they have a fresh, tart appeal distinctly their own. A wonderful salad—a delightful fruit dish with meat, eggs, cereals or other heavy foods. And next to picking them right from the branch, there's no treat finer than a big, juicy plate of them, just by themselves as they come from the DEL MONTE can.

TOMATO SAUCE

Last of all, for that touch of flavor that only comes in cooking, where can you equal a sauce like this? Not a catsup, not a chili sauce, but a specially blended "creation" of red-ripe tomatoes and spices for kitchen use! Makes leftovers into new foods, adds zest to gravies, improves macaroni, stews, meats and fish. In handy small tins—just a cup to a can.

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

MORE THAN A HUNDRED DELICIOUS VARIETIES

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America's Favorite Window Cleaner

VERY young housekeepers of seven, women of more mature age—millions and millions of them know that Bon Ami *Cake* has no equal for cleaning and polishing windows and mirrors. Thirty-eight years of popularity have firmly established it as America's favorite.

It's so easy to use . . . . so quick . . . doesn't scratch. With a damp cloth apply a thin Bon Ami lather over the glass. A moment's wait while the magic film dries—then whisk it off with a clean, dry cloth! And there's your window pane without a smear, a streak or finger-mark . . . clear as the very air itself. Could anything be more simple?

All through the house there are dozens of uses for Bon Ami *Cake* and its "Partner in Cleanliness" the soft, snowy-white *Powder*. You'll find the *Powder* in its handy sifter-top can particularly convenient for bathtubs, basins, tiling, fine kitchen utensils, floors of tile, marble, Congoleum, etc.

And remember, Bon Ami *Powder* and *Cake* blot up dirt instead of scouring or scratching it off. They never roughen or redden your hands.

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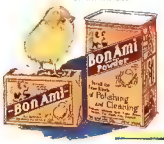
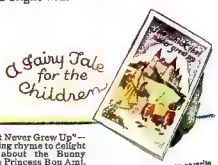
For Your Car—It's easy to keep the glass and metal trimmings clean and bright with Bon Ami.



POWDER *and* CAKE
every home needs both



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THE SECRET OF SUPERLATIVE FLAVOR

By Mrs. Penrose Lyly

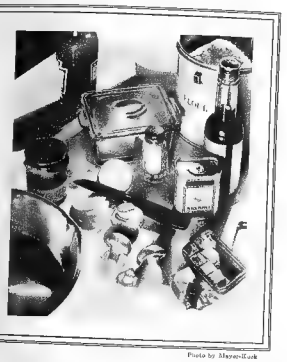

Photo by Mayer-Hook

WHAT gives fine character to a dish? Three things, I'd say: imagination, the manner of cooking, and the skilful blending of flavors that elevate a plain, familiar dish to an epicure's delight.

The art of flavoring lies within the repertory now of every woman. Practically every grocery treasures on its shelves the secrets of this gentle art. Small bottles of magic influence await the inspection of the woman who must plan meals for a hungry household. Tempting pastes, extracts, and compounded herbs stand impatient for an invitation to make her wholesome cookery just a bit more appetizing.

The modern American housekeeper can rival the most foreign of foreign chefs, for her grocer carries Cayenne and paprika, onion and celery-salt, dry and prepared mustards, cheese, chilli, curry-powders, catchups and thick spiced sauce and Worcestershire, canned tomato purée and clear meat soups, cubes of vegetable and beef extracts, olives and mushrooms, and many of the other ingredients that gave the chef his standing among the hungry. A dinner well seasoned is the more easily digested, which explains the high social position of all great cooks.

The manner of preparation generally determines the fine flavor of a dish. Exotic spices will elevate a perfectly cooked entrée to a work of art. But spices added to a badly cooked dish will waste their fragrance.

Good American cooks agree that the three most important corollaries of their menus are white sauces, gravies, and salad dressings. The hostess whose sauces never betray their base of flour, whose gravies are as brown as Autumn and free from greasiness, and whose dressings point up the freshness of her salads, is entitled to the greatest privilege of hospitality, namely, the privilege of enjoying her dinner as much as her guests. This brief essay will use sauces and gravies as the palet on which to indicate the effects of imagination, blending, and condiments—the three major secrets of superlative flavor in fine food.

Take the following recipe for the beginning of our inventions:

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter	2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
2 Cupfuls Milk	Salt and Pepper

A PERFECT sauce is an achievement in blending. Therefore melt the butter first in a double boiler. Stir in the flour until the butter and flour form a golden paste. Cook for 3 minutes, and then slowly stir in the milk, which has been heated. Continue to stir for 5 minutes, being careful to scrape the sides regularly, because lumps are liable to form there. Add the salt and pepper. Cook for at least 20 minutes in the top of a double boiler. The longer the sauce cooks the less chance is there for a flour taste.

In planning to use sauce to enliven your dishes, remember that it contains definite nutrition, for it is compounded of butter, flour, and milk. Rich sauce can extend almost any dish to satisfy the appetite of unexpected guests.

Asparagus tips, macaroni, or rice and mushrooms en casserole suggest a cheese sauce. It is a simple matter to add 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese and ½ teaspoonful of Worcestershire to your basic recipe.

Large fish like salmon, halibut, or cod welcome a smooth sauce with a refreshing touch of color. Peppers, chopped fine, offer their crisp green; ⅛ teaspoonful of dry mustard, ⅛ teaspoonful of Cayenne, and ¼ teaspoonful of paprika for its blush, and 1 teaspoonful of lemon juice complete the flavoring of the sauce for fish. Or perhaps a tomato sauce is the right touch for an entrée. In place of the 2 cupfuls of milk, you can use 1 cupful of canned tomato soup and only 1 of milk, with ⅛ teaspoonful of soda added to prevent freckling.

GRAVIES are generally bringers of heartier flavor, and for that reason have followed the fortunes of roasted meats. But its variations are as delightful as those of more subtly flavored sauces. Good gravies are alike in two essentials—they are fittingly brown and always free from greasiness.

The basic formula for a pint of gravy is simple. Brown 2 tablespoonfuls of flour in the oven. Dust the flour into the hot drippings in a roasting-pan. Blend the drippings and the flour carefully and cook together for 2 minutes. Add 2 cupfuls of boiling water gradually and stir constantly to prevent lumping. Season with salt and pepper. Cook for at least 10 minutes. The longer a gravy cooks the smoother it becomes.

Your grocer offers you cubes of vegetable and beef extract, canned clear soups, such as beef, chicken, and turtle, for the edification of your gravies. In place of boiling water use one of these prepared stocks. Or else use the water that vegetables have been cooked in.

Look at this picture with its familiar and inexpensive ingredients. By combining them according to the recipe below you will have the delicious dessert—Spanish Cream.

What's in your refrigerator? . . . Often "just the thing" to make an unusual dish this Easy Way

JUST think—those kitchen standbys—eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables, left-over fish or meats may be easily transformed into new, delicious dishes by combining them with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

The two recipes featured here give you an idea of what a wonderful aid Knox Gelatine can be in planning your meals. And remember that one package of Knox Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts such as those illustrated, of six generous servings each.

In Mrs. Knox's new recipe book which has just been printed there are over a hundred inviting recipes which are a pleasure to try and a joy to serve. These include jellied soups and aspics; vegetable and fruit salads, meat and fish loaves; desserts of all kinds; even candies to serve or pack for gifts. Also special recipes for children which make most nourishing and welcome dishes. For Knox Gelatine is a pure protein, hence a perfect food.

Aside from the economy of Knox dishes, there is the ease and simplicity of making them. No tedious standing over the stove. No last-minute rushes. Just a few minutes spent combining the ingredients and your ice-box does the rest.

Your grocer has Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Recipes in every package. If you send us your grocer's name, we will send you, *free*, the recipe book just published by Mrs. Knox, Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

SPANISH CREAM

(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
3 cups milk
½ cup sugar, scant
3 eggs
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak the gelatine in the milk about ten minutes. Place over hot water, and when gelatine is dissolved add sugar. Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slightly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from stove and add salt and flavoring, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice-box. (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.) Serve with whipped cream, sliced oranges or any fruit or fruit juice.

TUNA FISH, SALMON OR CRAB-MEAT SALAD

(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¾ cup boiled salad dressing
1 cup tuna fish
½ cup celery, chopped
½ green pepper, finely chopped
½ teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful paprika
2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives
2 teaspoonfuls vinegar
Few grains cayenne

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and add to hot boiled salad dressing. Cool, and add tuna fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper (from which seeds have been removed), olives, salt, paprika, vinegar and cayenne. Turn into wet individual molds and chill. Remove from molds to nests of lettuce leaves, and garnish with slices cut from pimolas, diamond-shaped pieces cut from green peppers, celery tips and watercress.

Note—For other delicious salads and desserts send for copy of the Knox recipe books containing more recipes.

One package of Knox Gelatine makes four different salads or desserts of six generous servings each.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

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We send a free trial bottle of Hires Extract for making Hires root beer at home, to all who mail the coupon.

A luxury drink at a mere fraction of what you ordinarily pay.

If the trial delights you, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-sized bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 pint bottles of root beer, costing about 1¾c per bottle, compared to the usual price of 15c to 20c for bottled beverages. Hires saves you 90%. If you've spent $10 yearly for bottled beverages, now you can make the same number of bottles for $1 this easy way.

To make refreshing, nourishing Hires root beer is simple. Just add water, sugar and yeast to Hires Extract—let it set for 2 days. You and your family will be delighted.

Thousands and thousands of families all over the nation are enjoying this famous, healthful beverage at an economical price.

Hires created the original recipe and today it's better than ever. It is made of the rare juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's tonic and appetizing ingredients, rich in vitamin B and calcium.

Get this Free trial bottle of Hires Extract, together with simple directions, by mailing the coupon at once—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today.

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EGGS IN PLENTY!

By Helen Law

China, courtesy Stern Bros.

SOME VARIETY OF OMELET MAY BE SERVED AT ANY MEAL

SO MANY women labor under the delusion that there is some mysterious secret, some indescribable trick about making an omelet. It is true that one must be meticulous about measuring correctly, cooking carefully, and folding a bit skilfully, but there is no magic needed to accomplish the perfect omelet.

There are two important, and equally delicious, branches of the far-famed omelet family—the plain, we might say flat, omelet, which when filled with cheese, meat, fish, or Spanish sauce is called a French omelet, and the more impressive light-as-a-feather, fluffy omelet. The latter takes on added interest when garnished with fruits or jellies.

No matter which side of the family a hostess favors, she can always depend upon an omelet being a happy choice, particularly if she knows the many variations of this versatile food. And there is no time-limit placed upon the appropriateness of it on a menu, for the omelet appears to quite as good advantage at late supper as at early breakfast or midday luncheon. All that is asked of the hostess is that she be careful to serve the variety of omelet that will be most tempting at the hour served. The following recipes will give a hint about some of the ways of serving this tempting dish:

Plain Omelet

4 Eggs
4 Tablespoonfuls Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Fat

BEAT the eggs together. Add the milk and salt. Heat a pan; melt the fat in it. Pour in the mixture, taking care that it sets evenly. Turn the flame low so that it will cook slowly. When firm, place in the oven or under heat (if grill is used) for a few minutes to cook the top. Place again over the flame. Hold the pan by the handle. Place a spatula or pancake-turner under the section of the omelet nearest the handle. Tip the pan to a vertical position, then slowly and carefully fold three times and turn.

Shrimp Omelet

1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Cupful Milk, Scalded
1 Tablespoonful Fat
Dash Salt, Pepper, Curry
1 Can Shrimps

MELT the fat and blend with the flour. Add the seasonings and scalded milk. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken; then add the shrimps, and cook over hot water until the sauce thickens. Make a plain omelet and cover it with the shrimp sauce. Chicken, ham, mushrooms, peas, or mixed vegetables may be substituted for the shrimps.

Fluffy Omelet

½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Tablespoonfuls Tapioca
¼ Cupful Milk, Scalded
1 Tablespoonful Fat
4 Egg Yolks, Beaten Until Thick
4 Egg Whites, Stiffly Beaten

ADD the salt and the quick-cooking tapioca to the milk, and cook in a double boiler for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add the fat. Combine with the egg yolks, stirring constantly. Fold in the egg whites. Pour into a hot greased frying-pan (9 inches in diameter). Cook over a low flame for 17 minutes. Omelet is sufficiently cooked when a knife inserted comes out clean. Dry the top of the omelet in a slow oven (275 degrees F.) for 5 minutes. Cut across at right angles to the handle of the pan, being careful not to cut all the way through. Fold carefully from handle to opposite side and serve on a hot platter. The tapioca keeps the omelet from falling.

Spanish Sauce

1 White Onion
2 Tomatoes, Chopped
½ Green Pepper
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Dash Curry
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat

SAUTÉ the onion and pepper in the fat. When thoroughly cooked add the other ingredients and a cupful of boiling water. Cook until the mixture is soft and the water has evaporated. Pour over the omelet piping hot.

Meat Omelet

CHOP ham, beef, chicken, or pork into small pieces. Sauté until a golden brown and fold into a plain omelet. Choose a flavor of jelly that suits the meat—such as currant with beef omelet, cranberry with chicken—and serve as an accompaniment.

Tomato Omelet

1 Tablespoonful Fat
½ Can Tomato Soup
1 White Onion
1 Green Pepper
Dash Salt and Pepper

SAUTÉ the finely chopped onion and pepper in the fat. Add the soup. Allow to simmer on stove. Pour over either a plain or fluffy omelet.

Corn Omelet

2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
½ Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Can Corn

BLEND the flour and fat. Then add the corn and milk. Thicken slightly. Make a plain omelet, and before folding

Continued on Page 109

CHEW IT

Feen-a-mint is made like chewing gum purposely. For by chewing you relieve constipation—quickly, surely and pleasantly... This is the secret of its world-wide use today...

A NEW laxative? No—a new *method* of correcting constipation: a method to which the whole civilized world is turning today.

Feen-a-mint. Apparently a bit of mint chewing gum. Yet it contains one of the most remarkable laxatives known.

And because you *chew* Feen-a-mint, this tasteless laxative is carried into the intestines *gradually*. No griping—no poisoning of the system, either. For this laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done.

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Please send me, free, sample and a copy of your booklet on correcting constipation.

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DOLLY DINGLE'S PLAYMATES

By GRACE G. DRAYTON

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Conducted by Marion Lambert

JUST AMONG OURSELVES

DEAR MARION LAMBERT: I am a young man with a good home and no reason to complain. If I fell in love there would be financial difficulties, but I'd make marriage and a home of my own possible.

But what I want to say is: While I think you are doing a wonderful work I think you are misaiming your stuff. You and a lot of your correspondents whine, "Why doesn't mother tell us about life and love and happiness in and through, both?" The answer is, Mother doesn't know! *Marion Lambert, go teach mother. Get mothers of to-day to read, learn, and know.*

Modern daughters know more about such things than their mothers do. Because a woman has children is no proof of graduation with a diploma of efficiency in sex-knowledge. Oftentimes it is proof of deficiency of knowledge. So wouldn't it be saner to make mother an authority on the subject before you encourage her to teach it?

If American motherhood is too busy with housecleaning and elections and bridge to read, study, and become able to teach its children, on the name of future humanity let it not be encouraged to mess up work so nobly started by men and women who will give the subject the painstaking study, thought, and analysis it deserves and requires

N. A. R.

That's a good, thoughtful letter, isn't it? If this earnest youth could read my mail he would realize that mothers freely admit their lack of knowledge.

Nor is this the only kind of education which mothers are reaching out for. Especially dear to my heart are the letters like this one:

Dear Marion Lambert: I married when I was very young. I didn't have much education to start with, and now after fifteen years of housekeeping, doing every bit of my own work, trying to give four children a good start toward sound bodies and minds, I find myself in danger of losing the interest of my husband and my children because they know so many things I don't know. Even Kathie, my baby, begins to talk about nature-study, and is so surprised to find that mama doesn't know the name of the bird or the flower or the bit of grass that Kathie inquires about.

Oh, I don't want to lose my place with them. I know they will always love me; but I want more than that! I want them to have some respect for my opinions. I want to be a real part of their lives. Can you tell me what to do, what books I can get that won't be too far beyond me? I go to the library, and it scares me. So many books! How can one know what to take? Tell me how to spend my little bit of time to the best advantage. Or am I silly to try at my age?

Mary Lee.

Of course you are not silly, Mary Lee.

First, try to get, and follow regularly, one of the good weekly periodicals which give a résumé of what is going on in the world. Notice that I say *follow*, rather than *read*. Read as much as you can, of course, but just going carefully through the magazine, reading the head-lines, if you can do no more, will do a surprising lot toward keeping you in touch with matters of interest. It will enable you to ask intelligent questions, at any rate, and not be utterly at sea when current topics come up.

Then, after the children are tucked in bed, look into their schoolbooks. Their books of history, geography, civics, literature, and science are written with the object of packing a great deal of information into a small book, and making it simple and interesting enough to be easily grasped. Then go on further with some of these subjects. For instance, if little Mary's supplementary reader happens to be about the arctic regions, go to the library and ask for one of the fascinating books written by one of the arctic explorers. Don't be afraid to tell the librarian that you want an easy-to-read book on the subject you have in mind. Librarians are human.

Try to get a good nature-book so you and Kathie can look things up together. That will interest the whole family. And make it a point to refer difficult questions on *all* topics to father. He will adore being looked up to, and incidentally he is almost sure to be driven to getting a good encyclopedia, so he can say, "It's much better for you to look that up," instead of "Er—er—I'm a bit rusty on that!"

And do try reading a good, interesting novel, looking up as you go along all references to places, persons, or events that you are not familiar with. You'll be surprised at the number of new things which pop out at you —cities, celebrities, sciences, wonders of nature, works of art—all sorts of fascinating things.

Here are two paragraphs, picked from this morning's mail, which give food for thought:

As I read your page to-day I thought how much trouble and how many divorces might be averted if people only knew that marriage without expecting so much from it. So went into marriage without expecting so much from it. So many seem to think it is going to be a perfect state of bliss (whatever that is!) instead of looking at other marriages around them and seeing that it is very often a state of utter wretchedness. I do think that the more disillusioned people are when they marry the more chance there is of an enduring marriage. Girls who go into it with a calm realization of just what married life really is, are the ones who are successful.

I hate to do without and to wear old things, but I always think of what my husband has to give up, too. He had a lot more money and more things when he was single, and doesn't growl because he has had to give up a lot. He just knows that it's up to a man to support his family, and he does it without whining, so I try to do the same. Maybe that's why my nickname is just "Smiles."

Dear Marion Lambert: To-day a copy of Pictorial Review was passed around the ward, and I happened to see the letter from Nancy Hall, the little orphan who wanted a friend from the big world outside her four walls. Having once known a bit about such work, I'd bet my hat (I won't need it again anyway!) you got a flood of letters from folks who wanted to be her friend. I wouldn't want to take one of them from her. She's young, with life all before her.

Encouragement can put her on her feet, make a fine woman of her, create something which will go on and on down the generations. It can't do any of that for me. I'm done. I'm just a World War veteran, living out my days in a home. A mighty fine home, too, and I'm thankful to have it. Everything that can be done for us is done. And yet, like little Nancy, I can't help dreaming of the outside world—and the time that hits me hardest is when the postman comes around. I'm always thinking that I might get a surprise. Childish, I admit.

I'm better off than some. Once in a while I do hear from a second cousin out in Kansas, and I've got an uncle in Canada who sends me post-cards. Some of the fellows never get anything. You don't know, Marion Lambert, what it means to have the postman stop beside your cot!

So I'm wondering, if you had an overflow of friends for Nancy, whether some of them wouldn't care to drop some of us a letter or a card. It would mean a lot.

Top Sergeant.

When this letter came to me I sat and stared and blinked. It just didn't seem *real!* World War veterans—*young* men!—living in homes, their lives finished as far as activity is concerned—wishing for mail, *wishing even for post-cards!* Where were all the thousands of women who delighted in writing to soldiers during the War? Had they all forgotten so soon?

"Well," remarked my own conscience, "*you* had forgotten. At least you are doing nothing to prove that you remember."

All tho I knew that this letter was true, I hoped that it wasn't. So I drove to the nearest Soldiers' Home and talked to the commandant, as fine a soldier and a gentleman as I ever saw. He led me through spacious, beautifully kept rooms and through hospital wards which were clean, sunny, attractively curtained. I saw with my own eyes, heard with my own ears, and there is no doubt in my mind now that there are many, many like the Top Sergeant of our letter.

As fate would have it, I was in a ward when the mail came around. Those uplifted heads, those wistful eyes, that eager thrusting out of a thin hand, that blank look of disappointment —one can not put these things into words!

More than a thousand women had answered Nancy's appeal. I shall never forget that frantic search for enough orphans to go around! This time I made sure that there were plenty of soldiers. On my desk lies a long, long list of many names from many States, and a promise of more if we need them. Memorial day is close at hand. Shall we let a single one of these men see that day come and go without some greeting which will assure him that we have not forgotten?

EDITOR'S NOTE

Do you ever have a problem or a trouble which you long to talk over with some one who will listen, understand, and never tell? Marion Lambert is that some one. Have you gained from life some bit of experience or wisdom which you would be glad to pass on to those who need it? Send it to Marion Lambert. It will be used to help those who will deeply appreciate it.

This page is for all our readers. We want you to use it. Every letter is considered confidential. The writer's real name is never printed.

If you need immediate advice enclose a stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address Marion Lambert, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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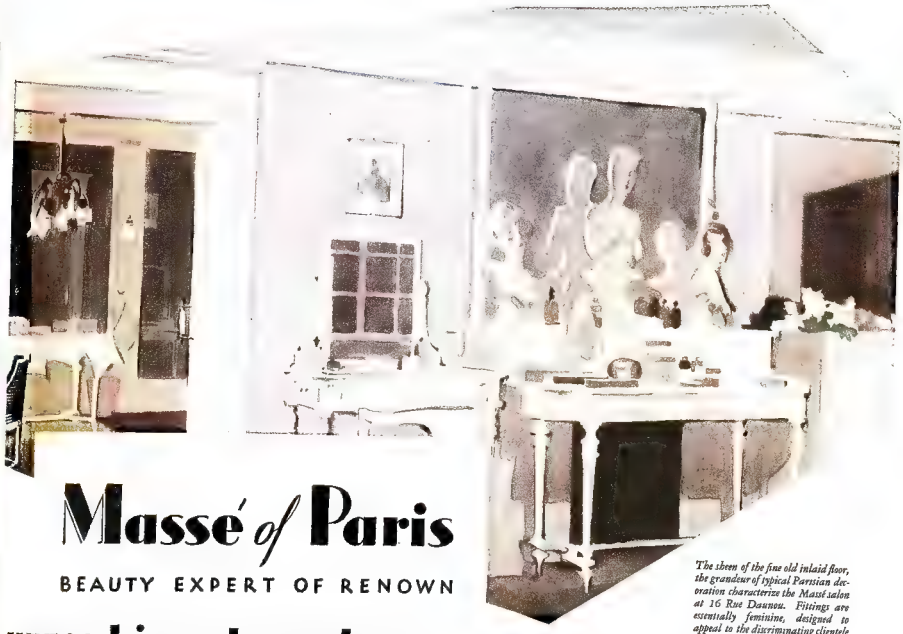

The sheen of the fine old inlaid floor, the grandeur of typical Parisian decoration characterize the Massé salon at 16 Rue Daunou. Fittings are essentially feminine, designed to appeal to the discriminating clientele of M. Massé.

Massé of Paris

BEAUTY EXPERT OF RENOWN

urges his patrons to use this one treatment to keep the skin lovely

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work. The simplest method is by far the best of all. That is the consistent, thorough use of the soap which combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

L. Massé
16 Rue Daunou, Paris

AT 16 Rue Daunou, Paris, many of the world's most distinguished women are accustomed to consult L. Massé on problems of skin care. Massé gives much time and thought to home beauty methods, as well as to the treatments given in his artistic salon de beauté.

"Efficient but gentle cleansing of the skin at home is an absolute requirement of success in our work," says Massé "Clients who follow our advice never use any soap except that which blends oils of palm and olives—Palmolive. They are the ones whose skin shows the greatest improvement as a result of the treatments we give in the salon."

Other authorities agree

All the leading figures in the Parisian world of beauty culture agree with M. Massé. Lina Cavalieri, Vincent, Mme. Valentin le Brun—these are just a few of the many French authorities who recommend the daily use of Palmolive Soap. And in Berlin, Vienna, London—in all the cosmopolitan centers of culture—one meets this same advice.

What palm and olive oils do

The need for thorough, but gentle, cleansing of the skin is universally recognized. Oil secretions, dust, dirt, make-up clog the pores. Unless these accumulations are removed, they will harden into blackheads and pimples or cause sallowness and a dull, lifeless skin.

In Palmolive Soap beauty experts—in America and all over the world—find just the correct blending of those oils which are so beneficial to the skin. This soap soothes, penetrates, stimulates. As Massé says: "Palmolive combines deep cleansing with the well-known cosmetic effects of palm and olive oils."

Massé also prepares an astringent, Elixor Camphre and Creme Massé, specially for home use . . . But always he, and his most famous colleagues, suggest the following treatment twice a day to retain skin loveliness: first, a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water, to be rubbed, with both hands, well into the skin. Two minutes of soap massage, a rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. A final ice water rinse as astringent. Dry skin usually needs some oily cream at least once a day. Oily skin requires an astringent lotion and the use of a day cream with drying effect.

In this 2-minute treatment millions of women find a solution to their problems of skin care. Palmolive is now the leading complexion soap not only in the United States but also in 48 other countries.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time, 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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VALUE

That's why Heinz Tomato Ketchup is the largest selling ketchup in the world, regardless of price.

Every woman knows that good ketchup is just the sheer undiluted goodness of tomatoes slowly simmered down to a rich, thick essence . . . That's the way Heinz makes Tomato Ketchup. With Heinz, actually *more* tomatoes go into the bottle.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup has a zest and distinctive, delicate flavor that are never duplicated.

Only the very reddest and ripest and juiciest of tomatoes — fresh from the garden — come into our immaculate kitchens. Only the finest of table sugar is used. Only the rarest spices, personally selected by Heinz representatives in the far-off Orient.

Naturally, Heinz Tomato Ketchup costs a little more. But Heinz *always* means more *value* — with Heinz *Oven-Baked* Beans, Cooked Spaghetti, *Cream* of Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Peanut Butter or any of the 57 Varieties . . . No effort is too great to improve the quality of Heinz products. Heinz chefs and research chemists are experimenting continually to secure new recipes and flavors. That is what has made Heinz a leader in the food industry for 60 years.

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HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

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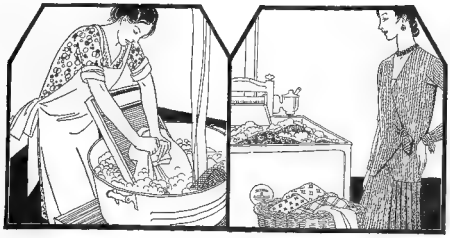

WHY TIRE YOURSELF OUT WITH OLD-FASHIONED METHODS?

REMEMBER THAT LABOR SAVED MEANS TIME EARNED

SELECTING EQUIPMENT WISELY

Questions to ask when deciding whether to buy or not to buy

BY MILDRED WEIGLEY WOOD

WHILE equipment is usually first thought of from the point of view of whether or not it will make the work of the home lighter, it is equally true that its selection has much to do with the social life of the family. For example, the living-room in which chairs and tables are comfortably grouped around conveniently placed, well-shaded lights means that that family has more social life than the one where one center light hangs over a table and chairs are lined up against the walls.

That selecting equipment for wear and convenience bears a relation to the financial side of home-making can not be contested. The vacuum sweeper, which makes unnecessary the employment of outside help, will soon pay for itself and make a direct financial return as well. In homes where outside help would not be employed, indirect return is made by giving the home-maker more time to put on work which will save money, such as construction and repair of clothing or the appetizing preparation of the less expensive foods.

Determining whether or not to buy a piece of equipment is then a problem of no mean significance to home-makers—men and women—and there are a few inquiries which every one who is considering the purchase of equipment should make before actually acquiring it. The first is:

How Durable Is It?

DIFFERENT varieties of the same kind of equipment vary much in durability. Take such a simple item as an ordinary wire strainer. One may buy one with or without the heavy re-enforcing wires, but the life of the one strengthened by these wires is usually several times that of the other. While it is true that the cost is greater it is not proportionally higher, so that in the end the one which apparently costs more becomes the cheaper and no time has been consumed in replacement.

Brushes are another example of the importance of selecting for durability. Did you ever buy a whisk-broom from which the bristles quickly departed? This is often a characteristic of the cheaper ones. When buying be sure the bristle has been fastened so as to insure permanency. Often the bristles themselves wear off quickly, indicating that they are brittle. A pliable bristle is the kind desired, and pliability is possible even where the bristle is firm.

How Often Will It Be Used?

DID you ever know a housekeeper with a mania for purchasing all sorts of household contrivances which, after the first bloom of youth, reposed in kitchen drawers and cupboards and on the closet-shelves? Money banked where it is drawing no interest! Determining how often an article will be used is often the key to deciding upon whether it shall be purchased or not.

For example, compare a grapefruit-knife with one for making butter-curls. Butter-curls are apt to be used only when there is occasion for "dressing-up," for they take more time than the more usual method of serving butter. The grapefruit-knife, on the other hand, may be used frequently, even tho its name seems to limit its interests! It was planned to loosen the pulp of grapefruit or of oranges, but in addition it serves to remove the pulp of tomatoes for salad or baked stuffed tomatoes, and scoops the potato from the skin for potatoes on the half-shell far more readily that its straight-bladed brother.

Similarly, if one is choosing a waffle-iron or a toaster, a vacuum cleaner or an electric sewing-machine, it will have to be partly on the basis of how frequently it is used. The interests and desires of different families vary so much that what might be frequently employed in some households might be little used in others.

Will It Save Time and Money?

FEW of us have been so fortunate as not to find ourselves at some time encumbered by a piece of equipment which was uneconomical of money or time, or both. For instance, a light-weight aluminum saucepan for heating water or food quickly saves time and fuel when the process is to be a short one, whereas the heavier-weight saucepan is more satisfactory for anything to be cooked at length or for anything which burns easily.

Often the final purchase of a piece of furniture like a tea-cart rests in the answer to the question "Will it save time?" If it will, it may prove economical of money also, for the relationship is frequently close. For the home-maker who feels a tea-cart not justifiable expense, the large light tray may pay for itself again and again in the number of steps it saves.

Wise selecting and planning for equipment do not necessarily mean that purchasing is always involved. Knowing how to make good use of small items which are almost always present is good management. Go through your house and rearrange your equipment to give you the best service.

There is much equipment that is useful or useless, according to whether it has been assembled at convenient points or not. Needle, thread, and thimble in the kitchen, the most used telephone-numbers listed where they can be seen at a glance, are merely suggestive of many other kinds of conveniences which can help to make a well-equipped home.

Is It Convenient to Use?

AN ARTICLE may prove awkward because of the material of which it is made, its shape, size, and color. Thus, a metal waste-basket for the kitchen which has no holes in it is far more convenient than those woven very open, through which material slips easily.

An example of size affecting convenience is the chopping-bowl. Rarely does one need more than a very small chopping-bowl, so convenience says select the small size, which will take up less room and take less time to wash.

The choice of the size of a bath-towel needs to be considered from more than one angle. Is the size convenient to launder? Is it convenient to use? The size should be suited to the person using the towel. Whereas some members of the family may enjoy towels of the 27" x 54" size these would be unnecessary for small children, for whom a towel 18" x 36" would be quite adequate.

One of the most important points in choosing sheets is that of length. Those home-makers who have repeatedly had to make beds when the sheets were just too short soon recognize why 108 inches is recommended for satisfactory service.

Is It Easily Cleaned?

MANY a piece of equipment which might ordinarily have been useful has been discarded by the intelligent home-maker because it was too difficult to clean. For instance, in selecting the oft-used saucepan, choosing the one in which the sides join the bottom with a slight curve in place of almost an angle will save many a minute in cleaning.

Furniture-covering chosen with a consideration of how easily it may be kept clean is often a real item in the home with small children, and the chair-cover finally selected might most wisely be the one which does not show every particle of dust and from which a spot can be readily removed.

Is It Nationally Advertised?

ONLY products which have met every test which science can devise for quality, durability, and uniformity of performance can be allowed to leave the factories of national advertisers. Their trade-marks are a guaranty that everything has been done to assure perfection of the particular product in question. The wise home-maker will remember this and make her choice accordingly, for experience has taught that those who compete in national markets can not afford to sell an inefficient product.

Powder

"Cleans Teeth Best"...

Just ask your dentist

When you go to your dentist to have your teeth cleaned...what does he use?—POWDER!

If, like your dentist, you are interested in really clean teeth—and safety—use what your dentist uses . . . for he knows best.

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly, and leave them so gleaming white, as POWDER.

Powder—is the one thing that all forms of dentifrice must depend upon for cleaning.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

For over SIXTY YEARS, since 1866, dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used. It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that gives them perfect whiteness.

It cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel . . . as SIXTY YEARS of constant use has shown. Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove it can be safely used for life.

Once you use tooth powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. Tooth powder leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only more efficient, but it . . . costs less to use.

A package lasts over three months.

Established 1866

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SPRING CLEANING FOR BEAUTY'S SAKE

By Doris Lee Ashley

Drawing by Myrtle Sheldon

IT'S Spring fever, I guess," said Agatha as she threw her book on the couch and stretched her arms above her head. "I feel like the old 'culled' woman. 'I jes done loss muh taste' for study, and, try as I may, I can not remember a single word of any page I read. I'm going to declare myself a holiday and go off for a day in the open, for I'm aweary of stuffy houses and shut-in places. Come on along, Lila. Now don't say no and shake your head, for you need it too; you look as tho you hadn't had a breath of fresh air since the Autumn and your skin looks leaden and dry."

Leaden and dry and withered, as so many skins appear in the Spring, for all the world as the garden looks before the first curled-up green leaves begin to unfold. Beauty needs something to bestir it at all times, but especially in the Spring, when it is dormant. It's April showers, so the old rime goes, as well as March winds, that bring forth the flowers of May. Our skin needs active treatment to help it function properly as well as cleansing and nourishment to make it flower as it should.

If cleanliness is next to godliness there was a sound theory back of the nauseous doses of sulfur and molasses that our grandmothers administered to the entire family, both young and old, on the advent of Spring. It was for physical as well as spiritual reasons that the church prescribed Lenten fasts.

If we would be as gay and energetic as the young robins, who tug so vigorously at the early worms on our lawns, we will do something about the languidness that enervates and causes us to hate our daily tasks. Let's look into the matter intelligently. Let's see what a good Spring overhauling will do. Instead of the sulfur and molasses of our grandmothers' day let us use water both inside and out and see what the results will be.

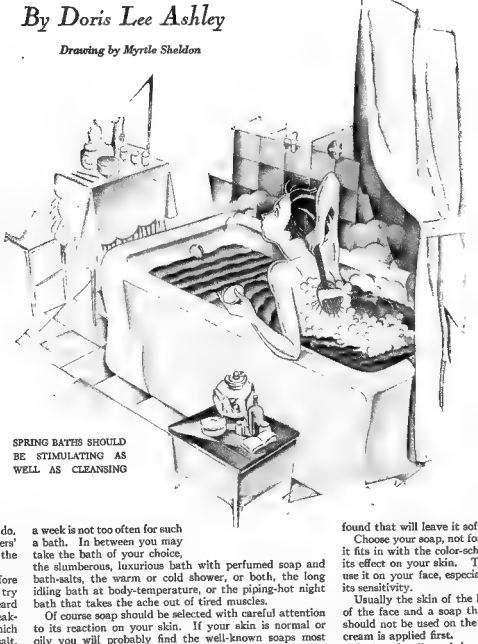
If you are used to taking two glasses of water before breakfast just as regularly as you brush your teeth, try what is known as the internal or beauty bath. Ever heard of it? It consists of drinking, about an hour before breakfast, one quart of water, preferably lukewarm, to which has been added one teaspoonful of ordinary table-salt. Some physicians suggest iodized table-salt as more beneficial, especially in districts where the local water is deficient in this chemical and where goiter prevails.

This isotonic solution has approximately the same salt content as the blood. The liquid will not be absorbed by the intestines, but will pass rapidly through and thoroughly cleanse the internal tract. You may think that a *quart* of water, salty and lukewarm at that, will be impossible to "down," but try drinking two, then two and a half, and soon you will find it an easy matter to drink at least three glasses of the solution before you perform your morning exercises. Then the juice of two oranges for breakfast will make up the prescribed amount of liquid.

I can assure you that if you will be faithful in drinking at least three glasses of the solution and then exercising before you bathe and breakfast, Spring will have no listless days for you. You will be as keen as our friend the robin, and your skin and eyes will take on a clearness that they have not had since you were a wee child.

Then there is the matter of *stimulating* cleanliness. The daily bath is part of the American woman's religion, but there are baths and baths. There is the soporific, luxurious, perfumed, warm bath that will subdue hysterics and soothe frazzled nerves, but that is not the bath for the Spring-fevered. No, a good, hard, regular March-wind scrubbing with a not too soft body bath-brush and a good soap will send the sap—no, I mean the blood—racing through the veins, especially if you use *hot* water and follow it with a *cold* shower.

My, how alive you will feel after such a bath! Three times a week is not too often for such a bath. In between you may take the bath of your choice, the slumberous, luxurious bath with perfumed soap and bath-salts, the warm or cold shower, or both, the long idling bath at body-temperature, or the piping-hot night bath that takes the ache out of tired muscles.



SPRING BATHS SHOULD BE STIMULATING AS WELL AS CLEANSING

Of course soap should be selected with careful attention to its reaction on your skin. If your skin is normal or oily you will probably find the well-known soaps most agreeable, but if your skin happens to be thin, dry, and oversensitive you will be wise to choose a superfatted bath-soap, for it will deal gently with your skin while cleansing it. Certain complexion- and toilet-soaps may also be found agreeable to such sensitive skins, and are recommended for the bath as well as the face and hands.

Soaps for Sensitive Skins

I KNOW whereof I speak, for I have an exceedingly dry and sensitive skin, and always thought I had to use the expensive imported soaps until I was prevailed upon to try some of those manufactured here at home. There are three well-known soaps, ridiculously reasonable in price when compared with the imported, that I find most acceptable for bathing. I have just heard of a new soap with a cold-cream base, and after using it I find it most softening to the skin.

Those who live in hard-water districts should select soaps that give a generous lather in the local water, or, better still, select soaps made for that purpose, altho I am told that some of the well-known complexion-soaps give a rich lather even in hard water.

Many of the large department stores sell hard-water soaps which they have had made especially for them. I noticed recently that these hard-water soaps, like so many utilitarian things for the modern home, are being offered in various colors. Many housekeepers continue to choose the good old favorite floating soap for the bath, and keep the soap-dish on the wash-stand filled with a complexion- or toilet-soap for the many daily washings of the hands. A daintier-sized cake is found more acceptable because it is easier to handle for this purpose, while a generous-sized cake is considered more economical.

> If the soap you are using leaves the skin dry and taut write for the free leaflet "Soaps for Face and Body," sending a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to the Beauty Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

I frequently wonder what the modern housekeeper does with the thin slivers of soap that are left. One of my earliest recollections is a glass jar on the window-sill in the bathroom half filled with water and pieces of the baby's Castile soap and our sailboat bath-soap. This soft soap was used to shampoo the children's hair. That of course was long before liquid shampoos made this sort of economy unnecessary.

A soap that is acceptable for the bath may not be found gentle enough for the delicate skin of the face when it is of the super-sensitive type. When such is the case even the bath-soap may be used on the face with no ill effects if a cleansing cream or cold-cream is used before the warm water and soap, followed by a soothing lotion, after the face is rinsed. Some skins respond kindly to glycerin soaps, others to those containing animal or vegetable fats. But there is rarely a skin so sensitive that a complexion-soap can not be found that will leave it soft and not dry and drawn.

Choose your soap, not for its perfume, shape, or because it fits in with the color-scheme of your bathroom, but for its effect on your skin. Try it on your hands before you use it on your face, especially if your skin is abnormal in its sensitivity.

Usually the skin of the hands in character is like that of the face and a soap that is too drying for the hands should not be used on the face unless a cleansing or cold cream is applied first.

Spring cleanliness brings forth another subject dear to my heart, and that is personal daintiness and the use of deodorants for both men and women. I can not see why men should think they have a corner on sweet-smelling bodies. If the truth were known—and I have had a chance to prove this true—any man who has once been introduced to such preparations will not only use them but pass the information on to his friends.

Last Summer, during the torrid days, one young boy of my acquaintance who had been given such a preparation used quantities of this refreshing liquid that frankly stated on the label that it neutralized body-odors. So if one aims to be clean both inside and out use a preventive and be sure that no lingering odor of perspiration pervades your otherwise exquisitely clean body.

Young people, unless carefully taught, are generally inclined to disregard the functions of the body. They either have sublime faith in nature or refuse to be bothered until something goes wrong and makes them pause in their usual activities. I am thinking particularly of college girls and schoolgirls, for these last few days are hardest to bear when life in the open beckons and calls. To them I would say:

Keep the inside as well as the outside of your body clean. Watch your diet. Eat easily digested food—plenty of fruit and green vegetables—eschew meats, starches, and sweets if you feel logy and enervated, and I am sure you will find life, and especially this Spring, has taken on new charms. You will find it much easier to concentrate on your studies and keep your mind on the subject-matter of classroom lectures if your body functions properly and poisons are not allowed to accumulate. Exercise will soon dispel that tired feeling, for no one whose blood circulates freely will complain of Spring fever.

After exercising bathe your face, neck, and hands in cool water or a refreshing toilet-water. You will be so refreshed that you will be able to attack your work with unsuspected energy. A simple exercise will aid office-workers as well as housekeepers. Try it the next time you have Spring fever!

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Voted the Loveliest of WIVES by

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR

JOHN BARRYMORE

Mrs. Hester, snapped beside the Plaza fountain in New York City. She has used Woodbury's ever since she can remember, and has the loveliest, most child-like skin in the world.

Mrs. George Franklin Hester of Richmond, Virginia · · · chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the loveliest of wives

SHE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Marechal Niel rose.

Her face, seen in repose, is grave and rather dreamy. When she smiles it breaks into a look of enchanting mischief—of lovely archness.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and comes of a long line of Southern beauties. She made her debut at eighteen, and four years later she married—a young Southerner like herself. She is still in her early twenties.

The things that interest her are music and books, beautiful color, texture, line, and what the imagination can make of them. She is a musician, and has studied the violin since she was five. She has beautiful little "violin" hands. She plays golf to please her husband and the piano to please herself. "*Butterfly*" is her favorite among modern operas; "*The Bridge of San Luis Rey*" among recent books.

She opens her eyes in wonder at Northern women—their energy, dash, ambition. "They all *do* things—in the South we just live."

Marriage seems to her an absorbing career in itself. She doesn't see how married women find time for outside jobs—"especially when they have babies." She says she isn't an old-fashioned wife or a new-fashioned wife—"just a wife!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she can remember, and she has the loveliest skin in the world; soft as a child's, dazzlingly white, with deep, vivid color in lips and cheeks.

"I am thrilled at being chosen a Woodbury beauty by three such distinguished men," she declared. "I love Woodbury's Facial Soap. To me it is the perfect soap for the skin. It has a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."

OUT of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges—John Barrymore, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.—are choosing the loveliest of each type... Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality . . . They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY TO send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2109 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2109 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

HIGHEST QUALITY AT SUCH VERY LOW PRICES

This is your opportunity to buy high quality at a very low price. By going directly to your dealer's shop, you can get—at a very moderate price—a cleaner that bears the name of General Electric and is backed by the General Electric guarantee.

A nationwide survey recently revealed some interesting facts about these cleaners.

STANDARD MODEL*
$35.00
less attachments
(East of the Rockies)
Attachments either $6.50 or $10.00

HAND MODEL*
$13.50
(East of the Rockies)

The new G-E Hand Cleaner does the work of attachments, but with a minimum of effort. It cleans its way easily into corners, along stair carpets, down into upholstered chairs and mattresses . . . into all crevices where your larger cleaner cannot go.

JUNIOR MODEL*
$24.50
less attachments
(East of the Rockies)
Attachments either $6.50 or $10.00

It showed that 93 women out of every 100 who now own General Electric Cleaners would buy *the same* cleaners again if they were to purchase others today. Probably no other cleaner—regardless of its price—has ever received such an endorsement from its users.

New . . . and important . . . is the G-E Hand Cleaner. It is a small cleaner which does most of the work of attachments. It weighs only 3¾ pounds and it gets into corners, down deep into chairs and mattresses . . . with greatest ease and thoroughness. Its suction is powerful enough to get the dirt—quickly. If you would like further information about these remarkable cleaners—just mail the coupon.

**Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.*
Dealers interested in a General Electric Cleaner franchise should write us.

Section C-565
Merchandise Department,
General Electric Company,
Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Please send me complete information about the General Electric Cleaners.

Name _____

Address _____

GENERAL ELECTRIC CLEANER

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AN ELLIS ISLAND PARTY

By Leah F. Collins

THE passport invitation shown in the center of this page summoned enough guests to make seven tables to the year's most original and delightful party—a party which waked up the old rectory one day last Spring and made guests and hostess really believe that they were just arriving in a new country.

From Europe and the Far East the guests thronged: a Black-shirt from Mussolini's Italy, a desert sheik in full regalia, Gipsies in plenty, peasant maids from Holland, complete even to the wooden shoes and flaxen braids, so thick you longed to pull them and see how real they were in these days of bobbed heads. There were Chinese ladies and gentlemen, a Turkish lady who had evidently escaped from a harem without much baggage, and even a vaquero from the Argentine pampas.

But to get to the party proper! Ours was held at the rectory, but it would have been just as successful in any private home accommodating four or more tables, or on a larger scale in school, church, or club assembly rooms.

PASSPORT
TO
THE NEW WORLD
AT
THE RECTORY
ON
MAY TENTH
AT
EIGHT O'CLOCK
WEAR THE COSTUME
OF AN OLD-WORLD
COUNTRY AND
PRESENT THIS CARD
AT THE DOOR!

The guests were met at the door by one of the men of the family dressed as an immigration official, with a huge tin star, on which a large "U. S." had been painted, pinned to his lapel. He punched each of the passports as they were presented, and tagged the guests who had forgotten theirs with numbers, telling them that they were suspicious characters and would have to be given a special examination.

Signs showed the ladies and gentlemen the way to the dressing-rooms, where they left their wraps, and when they were reunited they were herded to a table by the immigration officer, who required them to register in a blank book their names, nationality, the sort of employment they were going to seek, and their ages; and such ages as they did claim, especially the ladies! Special stunts were required of those who had forgotten their passports, but finally every one was admitted, and they all filed into the living-room and dining-room, where were the card-tables.

Each of these had a large sign upon it, designating it as the "Chinese Section," the "Dutch Section," the "Italian Section," and as many other names of countries as were needed for seven tables. The tallies which were given out by the immigration officer were shipping-tags, on which were printed "Chinese Section," etc., to correspond with the signs on the tables. As soon as every one had found his place the games began, the guests progressing from one table to another, changing partners each time, until the hostess announced that the games were over and the prizes would be awarded.

The Argentinian, who won the men's prize for highest score, received a real hatchet with the label, "To Hew Your Way in a New Country." A Gipsy, who carried off the prize for the ladies, was given a capacious apron, marked, "To Do Your Part in the Kitchen." The prize for the best woman's costume went to Mrs. Kerbinsky, and was a brightly patterned, three-cornered silk scarf as her first bit of new-world fashion, and the prize for the cleverest man's costume was an important item of the well-dressed American's wardrobe, a necktie, and was awarded to a Chinese gentleman whose aristocratically long finger-nails had been cleverly contrived from toothpicks.

After the prizes had been distributed and opened the guests were requested to form a bread-line to the soup-kitchen, in this case the sun-porch. And here a real genius seemed to have presided over the party, for the refreshments were so simple to prepare that the hostess had not had to leave the party for a moment, and yet so delectable that the guests were immediately converted from their native macaroni or borsch or rice, as the case might be, to the menu of their adopted country.

On a table near the door had been laid out an array of paper plates, each wrapped in a brightly colored paper napkin, the ends pinned together at the top with tiny American flag stickpins. The little flags, standing erect, and the many colored napkins were irresistible, and the guests selected their bundles eagerly, settling afterward in what chairs were available or on cushions on the floor.

The contents of their packages proved to be dainty sandwiches with every variety of filling, each wrapped separately in oil-paper to preserve their freshness. Doughnuts covered with powdered sugar topped the package, and plenty of coffee and the great American ice-cream cone completed the refreshments, and were served by the men as their first "job" in the new country.

Beautiful Compacts **of course...but**

MARVELOUS POWDER, *too*

That's why the smartest women insist upon TRE—JUR

DISCRIMINATING women are every bit as particular about the *quality* of their compact powder as they are about the quality of their loose powder and cold cream. No wonder then, so many are choosing Tre-Jur's new "Oblong Single" and "Oblong Double."

For these delightful compacts are not only tremendously smart and appealing with their swagger modernistic lines and brilliant color, but the powder itself is exceptionally fine.

It goes on so smoothly. It blends perfectly with the skin texture, delicately enhancing all its natural loveliness. It clings—and clings—and clings. It is exquisitely fragrant. Made of the very purest ingredients, it never tends to coarsen or dry the skin.

Comes in flesh and *rachel*, also in the *chic* new Southern Tan shade that made such a hit at a recent Fashion Show in New York. Refills always obtainable in shade desired.

You may choose the case in brilliant red, blue, green or black. Fashionable women have one to match each costume—the newest Paris vogue. Extravagant? *No!* For these lovely compacts are unbelievably low priced.

Double *only* $1

Single *only* 50¢

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price and stating color of case and shade of powder desired. Address *House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 West 18th Street, New York City.*

TRE JUR

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In Which
A Clever Hostess Surprises Husband and Guests

Any woman who can achieve the unexpected, within regular income limits, is to be admired.

SHE DID it entirely within her regular allowance...that's what amazed her husband. She did it, without a large cash outlay and...that's what amazed her neighbors.

She had been feeling badly about her table service for some time. Spoons, forks, knives... given by relatives and friends. Of course, she had to accept them. But, what a clashing array they presented.

One evening in Woman's Home Companion she saw the offer of a little booklet for hostesses...and mailed the coupon.

In clear, practical directions, she was amazed to find she could acquire a perfect Service for Six or Eight people without feeling the cost. Four steps, planned by experts.

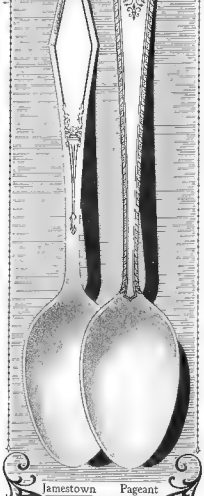
First, a Starting Service of the absolutely necessary pieces with a beautiful serving tray. Then the bread-and-butter, salad and side dish pieces. Soon the iced drink, pastry forks, and preserve servers. Finally, the Completing set in the latest mode.

Such beauty. Such abundance for serving every course correctly. Now acquired—so inexpensively—with starting service as low as $34.25.

"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service" is the precious booklet, that makes the complete Silver Service a present possibility. Let us send you a copy.

* * * * *

Lifelong beauty and enduring wear are expressed in Inlaid Silverplate originated by Holmes & Edwards. Inlaid at wear-points on the most used pieces, yet priced no more than other high grade silverplate.



Tea Sets and Service Silver Matching Pageant and Century Patterns

HOLMES & EDWARDS
TRADE Super Plate INLAID MARK
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Made and Guaranteed by The HOLMES & EDWARDS SILVER CO. International Silver Co., Successor, Bridgeport, Conn.
Miss Ann Adams, . . . Send me your booklet—"Stepping Stones to a Perfect Table Service."

Name .....
Address .....
City .....

Made in Canada by the Standard Silver Company, International Silver Co. of Canada, Ltd., Successor, Toronto, Can. P-929

FIGHTING MOTHS AND MILDEW

By Helen Treyz Smith

PREVENTION is the key-note of our attack on the moth problem. Once a home-maker has seen a moth-eaten article in all its hopelessness, it takes little urging to get her to join wholeheartedly in the fight against further loss.

In these days of heated houses moths hatch in Winter as well as in Summer. The flying moth, itself, is innocent of any actual fabric-eating, but the grubs or larvæ which hatch from the eggs it deposits have enormous appetites. Tiny and ugly, they consume several thousand times their own weight of the most costly kind of food! Furs, woolens, furniture, draperies, and rugs, as well as garments.

The flying moth seeks a dark, obscure place in which to lay its eggs, and selects the seam, fold, or pocket of a garment, the very bottom of the nap of materials, or the base of fur. These places are likely to be undisturbed, and when the larvæ emerge they find themselves surrounded by the very things which most appeal to their appetite. Grease and soil seem as sauce to the pudding, for they especially attract moths.

Fortunately certain odors and tastes are objectionable to moths. Soap and water and the process of dry-cleaning destroy both eggs and larvæ. Cold storage at a temperature of not more than 40 degrees F. prevents the hatching of eggs and the growth of larvæ. Articles or garments in constant use are usually safe from attack. If eggs have been laid in them they are loosened and come off in the handling of the garment or article. Upholstered furniture and draperies might be the exception to this, and should be examined frequently.

USING the knowledge of moth habits as a basis, it is possible to sum up the following definite points of attack:

1. *Inspect occasionally all woolen or fur garments not in constant use.* If there are spots remove them by washing in soap and water or by dry-cleaning; otherwise go over each garment thoroughly with one of the small vacuum cleaners or the special attachments of one of the large ones, paying special attention to seams, pockets, collars, and cuffs. Spray with an insecticide and hang the garment in the sun and wind to air.

2. *Clean closets thoroughly before returning clean garments to them.* Remove the contents, clean with the dust-attachment of the vacuum cleaner, and then with soap and water. Air, and then spray with an insecticide, especially along the base-board and the shelves.

3. *Store clean things safely.* One of the simplest ways is to place them in strong pasteboard boxes sealed hermetically with gummed paper or muslin. Careful wrapping in unbroken paper is also effective. A few of the odors which repel moths are camphor, naphthalene, and para-dichlorobenzene crystals. These are found on the market in various usable forms, and should be packed, together with the garments to be protected, in an air-tight container capable of confining the fumes given off.

Cedar chests and closets make excellent places for storage, provided they are well constructed. The Department of Agriculture tells us that a cedar chest made of lumber three-quarters of an inch thick will not only repel moths but will kill newly hatched larvæ.

Moth-proofing fluids, distasteful or poisonous to moths, are now being offered to the public. They render fabrics sufficiently distasteful to moth larvæ to postpone or delay injury several months. Follow the manufacturers' directions to secure effective results.

Cold storage at 40 degrees F. is very effective. A reliable cold-storage plant is probably the safest place for storing valuable furs and woolens.

4. *To protect rugs and carpets* clean occasionally on both sides with the vacuum cleaner, giving special attention to the edges, then spray with an insecticide. Moth-proof cushions laid under rugs or carpets also give protection, and if one is purchasing new furniture or blankets it is well to consider those which have been moth-proofed.

Mildew

MILDEW presents another case to be handled by the prevention method. Mildew-spots are growths of some species of mold, and may be found on clothes sprinkled for ironing or wherever they are left in a damp, dark place for any length of time.

At first mildew grows merely on the surface of the fabric, but later it attacks and destroys the fiber itself. It is commonly found on cotton, but it frequently attacks woolens as well, making the fibers very tender. Very fresh stains are easily removed by ordinary laundering with soap and water. Cottons may be dried in the sun to help bleach the spots. Older stains need more drastic treatment, and Javelle water is usually effective in removing them from white materials. If this is not obtainable, pull the stained part of the cloth tight over a smooth surface, and with a soft, absorbent cloth remove as much of the stain as possible. Then rub in a little salt, follow with lemon-juice, and expose to the sun.

Mildew is often found on leather and on gloves, shoes, or books. Gloves may be protected by wrapping them separately in tissue-paper, shoes by occasional brushing, and exposing those not in constant use to the sun and air. Books should be dusted often, but if mold has been allowed to grow, a very little vaseline rubbed on with a flannel cloth may remove it, especially if the bindings may also be exposed to the sunlight without danger of fading. Rub off all vaseline before returning the volumes to the shelves, as it merely serves to collect dust

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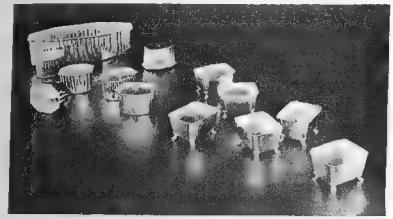
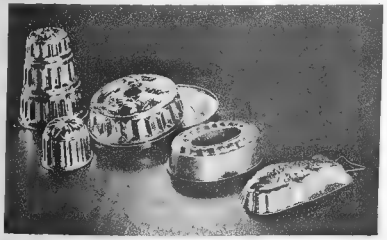
HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Why not use molds to vary your food-service?

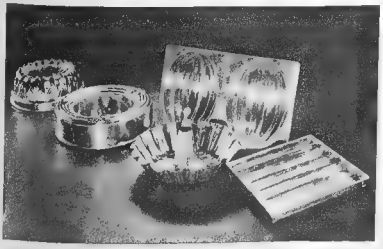
THE more attractively food is served the more tempting we find it. It is easy to make the food for the family as attractive as party food. The various sizes and shapes of molds offer you infinite ways to serve food that is different. They also simplify your work, since molded dishes may be prepared ahead of time put in the refrigerator and removed just before serving.—N. H. E.



THE molds shown above have been especially made to fit in the chilling-unit of automatic refrigerators. The footed ones are of silver plate, so that they may be used for table-service without a loss of coldness or time in transferring their contents to another serving-dish.



BIG molds and little molds suitable for quantity service and small-family service are shown here. The very decorative one with a lid may be packed in ice and salt. The others are for general use. The fish-mold is particularly nice for jellied fish or molded fish salad.



MOLDS for baking must be so made that the seam-joinings will not melt in a hot oven. The ones shown here are made specifically for this purpose. Cakes and hot breads baked in them assume new interest. The melon-mold for cake is a smart new note for party refreshments.

For further information about any of these articles send a stamped envelop, addressed to yourself, to Household Hints, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Tom Sawyer's secret . .

how mothers are using it today

"MOTHERS are finding, as Tom Sawyer did, that there is an easy way to get children to do things. That's to turn routine into play," says Dr. Leslie E. Luehrs, noted child psychologist.

Other great authorities on child guidance are now telling mothers the same thing. When youngsters rebel at restraint, and the routine of every-day sound habits, there are simple, easy ways of handling them. Just such ways as Tom Sawyer's, when he made whitewashing seem the one pleasantest thing in all the world to do.

You remember that when Aunt Polly made him whitewash that fence, on a bright Saturday, Tom racked his brain and—made a game of it! Treasures piled up at his feet, boys argued to wield the brush, while Tom sat back and relaxed!

The secret is to turn routine into a game. Every mother can do it, all through the day. There's that vital question of breakfast. The mother's resolve that children eat the right kind—the *hot, cooked* cereal authorities recommend.

Naturally you do feel earnest about it. You know that it's been proved that children who eat *hot, cooked* cereal do better in lessons and in games than children who don't eat it. In 70,000 schoolrooms this rule is now displayed.

"Every boy and girl needs a hot *cereal breakfast"*

Perhaps you've approached it as a matter of stern duty nothing to do with fun. Perhaps you even say, "Eat your nice cereal! That's what little boys and girls need." What child responds to the stark plea of *need?*

Yet all the time there's an easy, happy way you might be using. Children don't dawdle over their Cream of Wheat—or oatmeal—or whatever hot cereal they're given—when they're having fun. This way is a children's club so full of interest that youngsters scramble to eat a bowl full of good hot Cream of Wheat.

For 32 years the choice of child specialists

Specialists in child health have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal

1. It is abundantly rich in the physical and mental energy growing children need. It is all real food
2. With every harsh part of the grain removed, Cream of Wheat is amazingly quick and simple to digest
3. Its creamy goodness is easily varied by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking

Safeguard your boys and girls by giving them, regularly, Cream of Wheat for breakfast.

FREE—*the plan that works wonders*

A club—called the H. C. B.—that children work out for themselves. A plan that arouses their interest in *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. Badges and a secret for members, gold stars and colored wall charts. All material free, sent direct to your children with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Children cannot resist it! Eating Cream of Wheat becomes a fascinating game, then an enjoyable habit. Mail the coupon now—watch the club idea work.

CREAM OF WHEAT COMPANY DEPT. E-30
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Gentlemen: Please send my child the free material for the H. C. B. Club as described above.

Child's Name..... *First name* *Last name*

Address..... *City* *State*

If only a sample Cream of Wheat, check here...

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This Wall Chart FREE

Nursery Wall Chart on Baby Care. About 3 feet long. To hang on nursery wall. Mail coupon below!

MENNEN

Borated Baby Powder quickly checks "ammonia diaper" irritation

When red blotches of irritation appear on baby in the "diaper region" it is probably caused by "ammonia diaper" (easily recognized by the odor).

You should use Mennen Borated Baby Powder at once—to quench the "fire" in baby's skin.

Most tearful, irritable babies, even though they are in the best of health, are subject to the scalding irritation of "ammonia diaper."

It reddens and inflames the buttocks, thighs and back; makes baby uncomfortable, and results in frequent night awakenings.

If your own skin were red and inflamed how quickly you would apply the remedy!

Think of baby and give him the benefit of the soothing coolness of Mennen Borated Talcum at once.

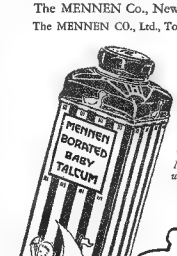
Only Mennen Baby Powder will do because it is scientifically Borated and Zincated in combination with a blend of purest talc.

And these are but a few of the things that make Mennen a better, safer powder!

Apply Mennen Borated and note how it aids in the evaporation of excess moisture, leaving baby cool and comfortable.

Send coupon for the Mennen Wall Chart on Baby Care. A safe guide for the modern young mother. May be hung on the wall of the nursery for daily guidance.

The MENNEN Co., Newark, N. J.
The MENNEN CO., Ltd., Toronto, Can.



The NEW Mennen Can with the nursery motif—in delicate color tones.

The Mennen Co., Dept. P. R. 5, Newark, N.J.
Send me FREE the Mennen Chart on Baby Care and pamphlet on how to wash diapers to avoid ammonia formation.

MENNEN
BORATED
BABY TALCUM

THE BABIES' ALMANAC

Little runabout babies—12 to 15 months

BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

BECAUSE our baby has entered his second year we will consider his development for each three months in separate articles. It is difficult to state just what an average baby of this age gains and does each month, as each child differs so much in progress at this time of life.

The monthly gain in weight is irregular; from 4 to 8 ounces is often noted. At 15 months a fair average is 23¾ pounds, and the height is about 31 inches. From 8 to 10 teeth are usually present, the incisors and some of the first molars being seen by the time the baby is 15 months old.

He should be quite steady on his feet by this time, running about a great deal of the time, but with frequent tumbles, of course. Little by little this baby adds words to his vocabulary, but he can not yet be expected to form sentences. He will enjoy brightly colored picture-books and often imitate the sounds animals make when he sees their pictures.

If the baby has been cared for as we advise from the start of life, he has already been vaccinated for smallpox, but if not, many mothers think that May is the best month in the year for this vaccination. We prefer to have this protection given all healthy babies by the time they are 6 months old. Between 9 and 15 months of age we then immunize them against diphtheria, giving 3 inoculations of toxin-antitoxin 1 week apart.

We do not consider it necessary to give them the Schick test first, but we wait until about 6 months afterward, and then give it to see if they are then immune. A very large percentage are found to be so; the few that are not are given another series of the inoculations. Properly conducted, these protective measures seldom upset a baby of this age at all, and the knowledge that with protection against smallpox and diphtheria her baby can not contract these dread diseases should be enough to make any mother beg to have her child immunized.

At this season many mothers are making plans for the Summer months, and if you are considering taking the baby away on train or boat this is another reason why you should have him protected against smallpox and diphtheria. One never knows what exposure a baby may undergo when traveling.

Most babies are on a 5-meal-a-day schedule by the time they are 15 months old. Usually a little scraped beef-pulp or finely minced white meat of chicken or lamb-chop may be given at dinner several times a week now, egg or a nourishing soup being substituted the remainder of the week. Green vegetables mashed through a sieve, sometimes baked potato, rice or macaroni, and simple desserts like junket, soft custard, and gelatin, with plenty of cooked fruit and some raw fruit-juices, are also being taken.

Milk is of course used, but it is a mistake to expect a baby to drink a full quart daily when he has a varied diet. A quart may be given, but some of it should be counted as that used on the cereals and in the milk desserts and vegetable cream soups.

No well-brought-up baby takes a bottle after he is a year old. By the time he is 15 months of age he should have forgotten all about his bottle. If the bottle habit is formed it is exceedingly hard to break. It spoils the shape of the mouth and teeth and often prevents the baby from eating the variety of solid foods he needs so much now. Mothers often continue the bottle too long because it takes less time than holding a cup from which the child drinks. No greater mistake can be made than to allow a runabout baby to have a bottle.

Babies who have been given sun-baths as advised in our leaflet are usually well tanned on face and hands by the middle of May. As the weather grows warmer more of the body may be exposed.

Our diet-list for runabout babies is sent to all Mother Club members when time, and will be mailed to others if a self-addressed, stamped envelop is enclosed with the request.

Free Child Health Service

IF your baby is under 6 months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, by which you will receive monthly help until the baby is 2 years old. Send us the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be sent you.

If you want advice about older children up to the age of 12, ask for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class.

No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed

No blanks will be sent or inquiries answered unless you enclose a United States stamped envelop addressed to yourself.

Address your correspondence to Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review, 222 West 39th Street, New York, N. Y.

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Refreshing...and SAFE....on the hottest day

Of all beverages, none will give refreshment, taste and thirst satisfaction . . . *and health results* . . . like fresh Sunkist Lemon Ade! In one generous, ice-cold glass you will get natural "pick-up," a delightful "cooling" and vitamins and mineral salts essential to physical well being . . . . . In hot weather California Lemon Ade is an actual good health necessity because it acts not alone as a tonic, but as a definite digestive force . . . . . On the advice of a famous diet authority, fresh Lemon Ade with luncheon or dinner, may be used with most beneficial results. In thousands of American homes, where health is scientifically guarded, guests are served with Lemon Ade with meals or between meals. It is an excellent—and appreciated custom. Fresh Lemon Ade during a shopping trip or late afternoon when vitality is low will prove a natural "pick-up" . . . . . It is not only good to know that fresh California Sunkist Lemon Ade is so good for you, but also that its flavor is almost a necessity in the variety of fresh fruit drinks that are presented in "Sunkist Recipes." Mail the coupon in the adjoining column for a free copy. . . . . California Sunkist Lemons are recognized by the Medical Profession as potent preventives and controls of Acidosis, the malady responsible for many common ailments. It is caused by eating too much of good but acid-forming foods like meat, fish, bread, eggs and cereals and too little of alkaline reaction foods such as Oranges and other fresh fruit and milk. Lemons, like Oranges, while acid to the taste, have an *alkaline* reaction in the body and offset acidity. Your doctor will verify the truth of these statements . . . . . Buy California Sunkist Lemons by the dozen and keep them handy for a score of home uses. The trade-mark "Sunkist" on the wrapper is your assurance of uniform quality. . . . . Know more about Acidosis. Know how to successfully overcome it. Send for our free book, "Telling Fortunes with Foods," Mail the coupon. © 1929 C.F.G.E.

Sunkist CALIFORNIA LEMONS

...buy them by the dozen

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Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Children's Hair

Why Ordinary Washing..fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . Real Beauty . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of children's hair . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—fine young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why careful mothers who want their children . . . to have . . . beautiful hair always use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust and dirt.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in the appearance of the hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will be so delightfully soft and silky.

Even while wet, the hair will feel fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

The next time you wash your child's hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful the hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage, and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

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Continued from Page 34

"I burned it in my cell at Calais."

She faced him. Her breast was almost touching his, her eyes were close, her lips were parted. "I knew you would," she said, "tho it makes no difference—really."

"It is that which has been troubling you? You are not troubled now?" He put his hand on her arm. "Tell me more of why you are here."

Renée bowed her head. She could not tell him. Her hair almost touched his face, so that he could smell the fragrance of it. He knew that she was holding back some secret.

"Is your brother safe?" he asked.

"Yes—as safe as could be expected—in Italy."

"Renée," said Peter, pressing her arm a little, "it is my duty to protect this town. I represent the King. I know the danger of Italian politics, tho I know nothing of them at first hand. I must rely on you to help me to preserve the interests of His Majesty. Savona and Genoa must be retained for the French at all costs. Sir George's wound does not permit him to be on active duty. I am left alone. You must help me."

He thought that perhaps this appeal to less personal motives would draw out Renée's secret. But it had the opposite effect. She put out her hands and pushed him away gently. She was distressed. "I must go in, Peter. Take me in. But don't expect anything of me, Peter. I can not help you."

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes, and then, bewildered, Peter followed her through the darkness. Silently he bowed her good night at the door of her reception-rooms in the duchess's apartments. He left her without a word, and returned to the fragrance of the orange-trees.

He stood alone, silhouetted above the balustrade. What sort of place was this beautiful Savona? What sort of woman was this beautiful new Renée?

As he stood there, the beauty of it entered his soul, like music. He had always been searching a refuge in himself, searching in his heart a place of green foliage oozing violet shadows. This place, he felt, would be himself, if he could ever find it. And here, in the exotic gardens of Savona, he had a name. He was the "White Rose," the royal gentleman. Peter Clos, the horse boy, had gone; now was the day of Peter Lord Pole. And yet who was he even now? Who was he without love, without Renée?

For the first time Peter saw clearly what he wished to become. Not a professional king, but an amateur with a sword, a mind, and a heart, loving and being loved. There was power!

And he would devote his life to achieving this. At Ardente he had started to believe in himself; he would begin again to give a meaning to his name. He would show Renée the meaning. Peter Lord Pole!

BEGINNING with Roman times, Savona's history is that of a losing struggle with Genoa. In Peter's time, with the aid of France, Savona had risen to its highest power, having fortified its harbor in preparation for that European and Asiatic trade on which the prosperity of Italy has been founded.

An abundance of white marble characterized the churches, the principal buildings, the fountains, the statues, and the clean streets. The ducal palace on the hill dominated the sapphire bay, and extended back into the hills. A massive square tower, relic of the middle ages, rose from the middle of it. There was no moat around the palace, only a wall with three gates. On the ocean side there were a series of terraces and a small orange-orchard. The red-and-black ducal flag waved from the old tower.

It was a house of delight, a most unlikely setting for the tragedy that was about to be enacted.

Two weeks after Peter's arrival, Philippe, who had refused to speak to Peter after their first encounter, asked Renée to take a walk in the garden. Renée consented, knowing by her brother's voice that some important decision had been reached concerning herself. She breathed deeply of the sunlight and the fresh air as she strolled beside him.

They reached a stone Summer-house with a roof of reddish clay. Here Philippe stopped and stood before her with arms folded across a small riding-crop. His face was twisted with determination.

"There is no other way to save our lives," he kept saying.

"But, Philippe, how can I keep him from killing you?"

"You must learn how to use your beauty."

"No!"

"As I grow older I overlook sentiment. You can tease Ornando to do whatever you want."

"But he may be terrible! I didn't know what I was doing when I promised to marry him."

His lips twisted a little. "Sentiment," he said. "No one ever saved his life by sentiment. Especially not in *this* country!"

"I can not marry him, Philippe!"

"And why not? Your ancestors have all married in this way. Your mother did. Your grandmother had never seen grandfather when they were betrothed. It is the plain duty of the nobility to make what you call political marriages.

"And, besides, you have already given your word. I have already given my word. What has come over you? Before this Pole pretender arrived you were sensible. Now you talk of love like a courtezan, in a way which would have outraged your own mother!"

THEN Renée, seeing that Philippe could never understand, said quietly:

"I have nothing to do with Lord Pole. I have not uttered a word of our plan to him. I would be ashamed."

"But you aren't ashamed to break your promise! See here, this has gone too far to be put aside now. The packet from the pope has arrived, containing an annulment of your marriage to the horse-boy-lieutenant. The packet from the French King has arrived, containing a ratification of your marriage to Ornando."

As he spoke the last words, Renée thought she saw a cloud pass over her brother's face. Surely he had used honorable means to obtain the French King's permission for this marriage!

"If you back out now," Philippe continued, "the chancellor, the pope, even Francis will turn on me. All at once! My life will be worth—that." He snapped his fingers.

She was looking at him with widened eyes.

"No, my fine philosopher," Philippe continued, "you are going to the altar to-morrow. I have sent a courier to the Count Ornando. The count will arrive to-morrow morning with his train. The feast will last a week. Go to the duchess at once and have her arrange your clothes and ceremonials. And don't let her forget that it is a Duprès who is giving you away!"

"Philippe," cried Renée suddenly, "if I do this thing I have a right to know more about the arrangements you have made. I have obeyed you blindly. I have done everything possible to save your life and the interests of France, but I question what good this marriage will do you, Philippe. You are the heir of Savona—not I. If Ornando wants Savona he is not going to be stopped by his wife. I won't be able to keep him from killing you, Philippe. By marrying him I am only delaying the evil that he will bring on you, on France!"

She spoke with great force: When she had finished Philippe was insolently calm.

"Sister," he said, "women should not trouble themselves with politics. Women are emotional; politics are of the mind. Do you suppose I have no eyes? Don't you think I know anything about government?"

Instead of answering she turned her eyes away from him.

"To give you a little confidence," he said, half sneering, "I may as well tell you that I have made arrangements with the church, such that, if you marry Ornando, no one in Italy will dare to kill me."

Continued on Page 62

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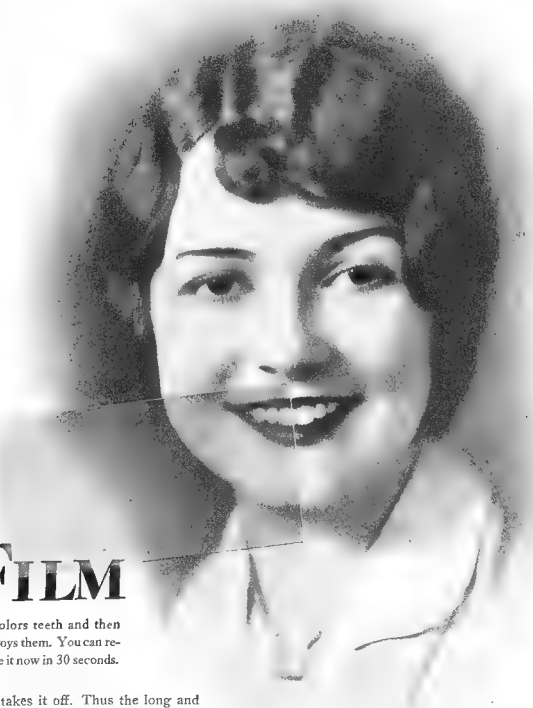
Film darkens teeth

. . . it is the basis of decay

Teeth free of film are white and healthy

Film is the cause of dull, discolored teeth—the source of serious tooth and gum disorders. Now a special way to remove it.

Send for free 10-day supply



FILM

discolors teeth and then destroys them. You can remove it now in 30 seconds.

KEEP teeth white and sparkling. See your dentist twice a year, and don't worry about the danger of developing serious tooth and gum disorders. That is the authoritative advice of the dental profession as a body. The reason is simple.

Dull teeth and decay spring from a single source—a dingy film that forms on teeth and breeds germs of many kinds. Brushing alone fails to remove this film successfully. Thus a new special film-removing dentifrice is urged called Pepsodent.

As teeth grow white and dazzling from its use you know film is being removed. For white teeth are your best assurance of protection. Please accept a free 10 days' supply of Pepsodent to try. Send the coupon.

Germs, tartar, pyorrhea, decay

You can feel film with your tongue — a slippery, slimy coating.

This film absorbs discolorations and makes otherwise white teeth dull and dingy.

Film clings to teeth *too stubbornly* for usual ways of cleansing to combat successfully. It gets into crevices and stays. It is an ever-forming, ever-present menace in your mouth, say authorities, who have spent years in research.

Germs breed and multiply in that film. The acids of decay are invited. Film hardens into tartar. And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea.

Now film removed new way

Film cannot resist brushing the way it did before. The new-found agents in Pepsodent curdle and loosen film so that light brushing takes it off. Thus the long and vigorous brushing necessary with old ways now is ended. Its use aids in firming gums and restoring healthy coral color.

Thus, Pepsodent answers fully the requirements of the dental profession of today. It is the greatest step made in a half century's study of tooth-cleansing methods.

If teeth are dull, "off color," that is film. If you are prone to tooth and gum disorders, that may be film also. Remove this film for ten days and see teeth lighten.

Get a large tube wherever dentifrices are sold. Or send free coupon to nearest address. Do not delay.

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Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

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Mirror, Mirror on the wall Am I the fairest of them all?

IF your mirror shows you a skin of flawless loveliness, you are a rare and fortunate woman. But if tiny blemishes mar the beauty of your complexion, if your skin is dull and aging—do not despair.

By following one simple rule of health, you can effect a wonderful improvement in your skin.

Regard your bottle of Sal Hepatica as a help and adjunct to your beauty lotions and your creams. Let it clear your skin and augment your loveliness by keeping you free from constipation and the blemishes that constipation brings.

For the saline method, with Sal Hepatica, is just as surely an aid to beauty as it is a help for headaches, colds and self-poisoning (auto-intoxication).

At Vichy, Carlsbad, Weisbaden and other world-famed spas, you will find women from the smartest continental circles restoring themselves to health and beauty by the "saline water cure."

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for constipation, indigestion, headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet describing in greater detail the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30c, 60c, and $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Continued from Page 60

"Arrangements with the church? What kind of arrangements? Are they honorable?"

She looked into his eyes abruptly. She held his gaze for a moment, then saw it flicker

"You have an impertinent tongue which I should advise you to curb with your new husband, Mademoiselle," said Philippe crisply. "Is it not enough that I have chosen this way? I act in accordance with the chevalier's advice. I have made a league with the church, Ornando, and other Italian nobles. If you marry Ornando they will not be interested in my death, but in keeping me alive! It is the only way out."

Renée's eyes suddenly filled with tears. "I can not kill you!" she cried. "That is the only reason why I do this thing! I can not kill you!"

"Now, one more point," said Philippe, not paying any attention to her. "Your English horse-boy is to know nothing about my arrangements with the church. He takes his orders from France only. Do you understand me?"

"I do," she said. "I understand you very well."

"You promise?"

"I promise nothing," she said. "I have offered to marry Ornando. I shall do so. Now please leave me." She turned away.

PETER found the salon confusing that night. The duchess wore a frown. Renée avoided him. Underlying the laughter Peter thought he could detect an air of secrecy, as if something were being hidden from him and from France. No Frenchmen were left in the court, all having returned to the army under the Marquis d'Isancourt. Peter was surrounded by Italians. As he looked at the strange faces he became suddenly lonely. And he was suddenly afraid. He sensed, somehow, that he was going to lose Renée. She was not for him.

And yet to see her once more! To tell her that he loved! To seek that which would last throughout the years of his life, imperishably beautiful; something in Renée's eyes which no other woman had the power to give him. He decided that he must see her to-night. He must speak with her in the orange-grove.

Meanwhile Renée was struggling with a problem much more concrete than Peter's but no less devastating. The external composure with which she had confronted Philippe had been feigned. By Philippe's eyes she knew that he had entered on some plot with the Italians. She had no idea of its nature, but she could feel the undercurrents of the salon and was afraid of them. Her first instinct was to prevent Philippe from dishonoring himself and her. But how!

She really had no evidence against Philippe. She could not very well go to the duchess and tell her that she suspected Philippe of treachery. No, no! She could not do that. She could confide in no one.

She could most certainly not confide in Peter. Peter had no respect for Philippe, and might take the most violent measures against him. Besides, Peter must know nothing about this marriage until to-morrow, when Ornando had arrived. Then it would be too late for him to rebuke her. She would not see Peter until after the ceremony. Then it would be too late. She would not ever see him again, really. She would never be held in his arms again, or feel his lips against hers.

Sitting in the salon that night, Renée was pale and put her hand on her breast from time to time as if with pain.

Signor Paccini, a young and handsome lieutenant in the duchess's guards, was standing beside her. He had noticed the pallor of her face.

"Mademoiselle is indisposed?" he said.

"No, no. Thank you. It will pass, Signor. I think the air in here is a little too close. I shall spend a few minutes on my balcony, and then return."

He led her out of the salon and up the main stairway to her room. "I thank you for your care, Signor," she said. "I shall be down presently."

She spent a few minutes on her balcony, her hands resting on the low marble balustrade. She sought strength in the jeweled night. She found in the stars what all lovers have found—a spiritual power which enables love to transcend the flesh. For she saw that she could not marry Peter. He had no property, and the French King would oppose a marriage to him. Philippe would forbid it, and Philippe was the head of her house. Moreover, a marriage to Peter would upset the politics of Savona so terribly that France would lose the town. And Philippe would be killed! Assassinated! Her brother sacrificed for her!

Never before had the possibility of really marrying Peter been so vivid—she had never allowed it to become so vivid. But the more she thought of Peter, in the light of the stars, the more determined she was to keep him at a distance.

Renée uttered a last prayer to the God of those stars, then turned, walked through her candle-lit room, out into the hall, down the wide, magnificent stairs.

At the foot of the stairs in the main hall she met the one person she was determined to avoid. Peter stood before her with folded arms, his bright sword hanging at an angle at his side. Strong as her determination had been, she was not prepared for this encounter.

He looked up at her and smiled. "I asked Signor Paccini if you had retired. He replied that you were slightly indisposed, but would return to the salon presently. I hope your indisposition is not serious?"

"Oh, no. Thank you."

"I have waited for you, Mademoiselle."

"Yes?"

"I want to speak with you. I want to be with you. If you would give me that happiness," he added.

Peter sensed that she was troubled. But he was careful to be formal, impersonal.

"You wish to speak with me?" she asked, to gain time.

"It would be a great favor. I have something to give you."

She noticed that he held a small box in one hand, tho she felt that this was not his true reason for wishing to speak with her.

But this ruse of the box had worked sufficiently well to induce her to descend a few stairs. And now she was so close to him that his eyes burned her. Those bright, lonely eyes of his, which, nevertheless, could laugh so heartily. She was overcome by the spell he was casting on her. One more talk with Peter while she was yet free!

"I should like it very much," she said faintly. "Shall we go to our bench in the orange-orchard?"

"Ah, yes, the bench. How good of you!" He gave her his hand.

YET even as she walked beside him out into the night she kept repeating to herself: "I must tell him nothing about Philippe, nothing about Ornando, nothing about myself. I must not. Nothing, nothing!"

When they reached the bench she stood beside him, frail and white in the starlight, the folds of her dress curving to the ground like the drapery of a statue. She was close to him. They sat down side by side. Peter produced the little box he had shown her in the palace, opened the seals of it, drew forth a ring whose large diamond sparkled in the faint light. It was the consumptive landlord.

She showed her happiness at receiving again this reminder of Peter's mother. She thanked Peter and put the ring on her finger. But in spite of the pleasure which the return of the ring had given both of them, they were silent as soon as her gratitude had been expressed.

At last Peter arose impatiently.

"Renée," he said, "I can stand this no longer. I know that I'm disliked at Savona and that the Italians are scheming behind my back. But that doesn't trouble me. It's my business to cope with that. What pains me unbearably is that you appear to be one of them. You——"

"No, no, Peter!"

"Let me finish. I know you are not really one of them, but I know also that

Continued on Page 64

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Chosen for the Sumptuous Washington Home of MRS. JOSEPH LEITER

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER whose perfectly managed Washington home is the scene of many smart functions. Keen thinking and energetic, Mrs. Leiter is a woman of rare charm and independence of spirit. Her home is famous for its lavish elegance, priceless bibelots, and the exquisite "blue Bouchers."

Beds that suit its lavish lace and taffeta . . . yet are thoroughly modern in comfort

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER'S HOME in Washington's exclusive Dupont Circle is a veritable palace of treasures! In a lofty-ceilinged ballroom, polished floors reflect the scores of glittering chandeliers.

From France, came exquisite XVIIIth Century murals by François Boucher, the only "blue Bouchers" in America, which hang in the delightful high-ceilinged reception room. They are framed by the original French painted woodwork.

Decorated in an age of extravagant taste, this treasure house remains essentially unchanged today. Mrs. Leiter has wished to preserve its fascinating *fin de siècle* atmosphere practically intact.

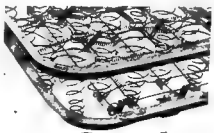
For her blue guest room, lavish in lace and taffeta, Mrs. Leiter chose Simmons Beds No. 1581, with rounded headboards and low posts, painted blue-green with apricot trim—quite in keeping with the spirit of the room. And to match their beauty with equal comfort, she equipped them with Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs covered in beige damask in a rich medallion pattern.

Mrs. Leiter is most enthusiastic about her superb Simmons equipment. She calls her Beautyrests and Ace Box Springs "marvelously comfortable," and adds, "I think the damask covers are a wonderful idea—now one can have every detail of a room in perfect harmony."

In furniture and department stores, Simmons Beds, $10 to $60; No. 1581, $32.75; Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Simmons Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. Rocky Mountain Region and West, slightly higher. Look for the name "Simmons." The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

FOR HER BLUE GUEST ROOM Mrs. Leiter chose Simmons Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs covered with a medallion patterned damask in beige. This pattern also comes in sea-foam green and Venetian blue.

SIMMONS BEAUTYREST MATTRESS and ACE BOX SPRING—supreme achievements of the world's largest manufacturer of beds, springs and mattresses. The Beautyrest has hundreds of individually pocketed resilient wire coils buried deep in fine upholstery. The new Ace Box Spring, equally resilient, has the same stitched sides and neatly taped edges. Both covered in damask—two patterns, six pastel shades.



SIMMONS ACE OPEN COIL SPRING—the perfected open Spring—wonderfully resilient, low in price. Light weight, with coils close together, affording individual freedom of action. Smooth finished border protects sheets.

SUMPTUOUS GUEST ROOM in Mrs. Leiter's Washington home, —walls hung with blue satin brocade, matching hangings. Taffeta skirted dressing table, gilt-framed mirror, bedspreads of Alençon lace and flesh silk. Blue-green Simmons Beds, No. 1581; this model also in peach, mahogany and walnut finishes.

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[BUILT FOR SLEEP]

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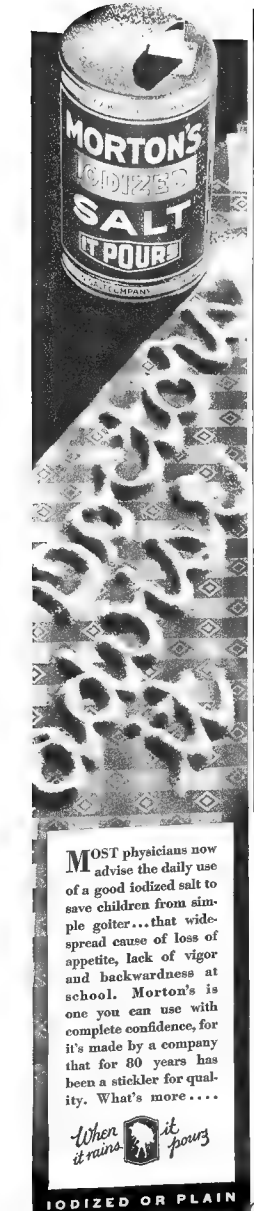

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When it rains it pours

IODIZED OR PLAIN

Continued from Page 62

you're hiding something from me; something which you have in common with them and don't care to share with me. And that's all right. I have no claim on you. But there's even more. It seems to me that I cause you pain, that my being here makes you unhappy, that, for some reason, you can't forget what you once chose to give me; what you regret having given.

"I have, therefore, made a decision. Sir George has recovered sufficiently from his wounds to allow him to carry on here at Savona. I shall return to France and arrange my affairs with the King. I leave here because I love you more than my own happiness, more than my own life. I shall leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow? No, no! Not to-morrow!" She arose and put out her hand to him. In the dim light he could see terror in her expression.

IT HAD suddenly seemed impossible to go through with her marriage without Peter standing somewhere near by. Far from wanting to avoid him at that hour, she discovered that she would need him —his courage, his will, his love. He alone, of all men, could understand; he alone could forgive.

But as she stood before him, pleading that he should not leave her to-morrow, Peter was far from understanding her.

"And why not to-morrow?" he asked. "Why of all days not to-morrow?"

"Of all days, to-morrow I shall need you most," she said. But she did not explain. She remained silent, looking up at his face.

Before her beauty Peter relented.

"Renée, I should like above all things to help you Can't you forget for a moment that I am His Majesty's lieutenant, and tell me as a friend what is on your heart?"

He was, indeed, the Peter she loved; the one person in the world who would always be kind, reliable, helpful; the one personality she could never resist, and hence would always need. She wanted to tell him. She felt that her heart would break if she were to marry Ornando without telling Peter.

"Oh, Peter," she said, putting her hand on his arm, "the secret that I have is all tangled up with the secrets and lives of others. I have not told you because I have as much as promised not to tell you. You are, you know, His Majesty's representative at Savona. But I want to tell you! Promise me that you will not interfere in any way with what I am going to do. Promise me that you will be only a friend—a brother."

Peter saw that his guess had been correct, that Renée was somehow involved with the secret politics of Italy. And he saw, in a flash, the issue she was presenting to him. Supposing she should disclose a plot which, as lieutenant, it would be his duty to quell! He saw the impossibility of promising her what she was asking him.

"You know that I love you!" he cried. "Why then do you vex me with my love against my official duty? Why ask a promise which I can not give?"

He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes intensely. "But come," he said. "Tell me."

THEN she turned away and put out her hand and led him to the bench again. "Sit close to me," she said, "so that I may speak in your ear."

He could feel her breath on his cheek.

"I have needed you. Ever since our escape from the brigands I have been alone. I can't tell you what effect loneliness has had on me, for I don't know. There has been no way of comparing my thoughts with another person's. I have been drawn farther and farther from honor, Peter. I believe I forget sometimes what honor is.

"Then you came back to me. When I saw you again I was afraid. I was ashamed of myself and my mind. I can't describe it. I am not strong enough by myself. I feel that what they are forcing me to do is wrong, and yet somehow I can't resist them. I mean, I can't resist Philippe. I can't tell myself what is true or what is false. The false seems true Do you understand?"

"Yes. Savona has done this—has changed you. I have noticed it."

"Have you, Peter?"

"A little."

She paused, somewhat startled at his observation. Then she said, "When we arrived here we saw that we were not wanted. The duchess wants us and the duke doesn't care, but there are others——"

"Ornando."

She started. "You know him?"

"By reputation only."

"We saw that the Italians hated us, especially Ornando. He was to have married the Lady Isabella and would have inherited Savona from her, had she not died. The old chancellor seemed kind to Philippe. He told Philippe all about Savona and the problems of government here. He got Philippe's confidence. Philippe will do anything the chancellor says. Philippe insists that the chancellor is the only one whom we can trust. And always—since I am so alone and have so lost my way—I must give in to Philippe. There is something in me I can't understand. I'm weak, Peter; I'm unable——"

She turned away to hide the trembling of her lips. Peter put his hand on her arm and pressed it gently. She slipped her hand into his. "I must go on," she said. "You must let me go on."

"Yes."

"Philippe told me that I would have to marry Ornando. He said that Ornando was going to assassinate him, and then besiege Savona and conquer it. I was frightened because Philippe was so frightened. And yet I would not marry Ornando. I could not, Peter. I remembered my marriage to you. I had kept reminding myself of that. It seemed real and substantial among these shadows of men. I almost hoped that you had not destroyed the paper, that it was still in existence, that something might exist which belonged to both of us."

AS SHE looked at him Peter began to tremble. She said gently, "Please understand, Peter, you mustn't look at me that way." She dropped her eyes; and then, with an effort, continued.

"Some one tried to assassinate Philippe—twice. I knew it was Ornando. And the chancellor told Philippe that it was Ornando, and that Ornando would not fail a third time. I was frightened more than ever, then. To refuse Ornando was to have Philippe murdered. What could I do? I had my marriage to you annulled, Philippe testifying that I had been forced into it. Then I told Ornando that I would marry him. Oh, Peter—"

She was in his arms, sobbing. He pressed her to him; he kissed her hair.

"I am going to—to—do it to-morrow!"

"To-morrow?"

"Yes."

There was a long silence. She wondered what Peter was thinking. Would he understand?

The shock of the discovery had momentarily deprived Peter of thought. So it was true that he was going to lose Renée. She was in his arms, yet he was going to lose her! By Heaven, that was impossible! And it was impossible to prevent it. He could not use his power as an officer of the French army to prevent this marriage. He had no right to start a war for his personal ends. She had chosen to do this. He, Peter, had no claim on her beyond the personal friendship which he had offered her and which she had accepted. Peter pressed her even closer to him. To think of her to-morrow——

But Peter never resourceful for long. After the first appalling moments, when the loss of Renée blinded him to all other facts, his mind turned to the impersonal aspects of the situation. Just what was this marriage for? Why had Philippe forced Renée into it? What did it signify, politically?

Suddenly he asked, "You are doing this to save Philippe's life?"

"Y-e-s. Mostly that."

"If you marry Ornando you think you can save Philippe?"

"Ye-e-s."

Continued on Page 66

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Because by its use infants thrive and mothers find contentment as they record the satisfactory progress of their babies.

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New facts about CLEANING TEETH

DO YOU KNOW....

that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?

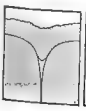
that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?

that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?

that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?

How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, slow-going tooth paste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where crevices of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

A remarkable scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can permanently correct an acid condition of the mouth. These are things only a dentist can do. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is false and misleading. The highest dental authorities support this statement.

...and only 25¢

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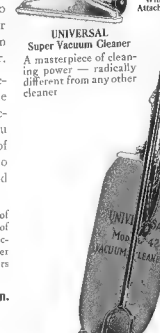

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Fully as effective as many others selling for twice as much.

$19.50

UNIVERSAL Vacuum Auto Cleaner
For car interiors and all hard-to-get-at places.

Continued from Page 64

He noted the hesitation in her answers.

"Well, then, just answer one more question. How does Ornando benefit from this?"

"Ornando was to marry the Lady Isabella," she said, "and would have been Duke of Savona through her. He owns all the towns on the other side of the mountains, and by leaguing them together with Savona he would be the most powerful prince in this part of Italy. It would be a great thing for Savona, you see."

"Yes, I see that," Peter said. "But Isabella is dead. So there isn't any use in talking about that."

"All right, Peter. I was just showing you the situation. Now Philippe and I came down here as intruders. They don't like us. The projected league is impossible unless Philippe becomes Ornando's ally. And that's what Philippe has been trying to do. By marrying me, Ornando will obtain a secondary claim to Savona, through me. In case anything should happen to Philippe, Ornando would be just as well off, politically, as if Isabella had lived. He has made his marriage to me a condition of his alliance with Philippe. Don't you see, Peter?"

"BUT Renée, by such an arrangement it's to Ornando's advantage if Philippe should die, isn't it?"

"I know. I've thought of that."

"Well, then, what's to prevent him from murdering Philippe?"

"A league, Peter. Philippe and the chancellor have worked out a league with other cities. If Ornando should attack Philippe he himself would be attacked."

"What sort of league?"

"I don't know. All I know is that His Majesty has sanctioned it."

"The King of France?"

"Yes, Peter."

"Does he know the details?"

"I think he does." She knew that something had been withheld from the King of France; but she did not know exactly what it was.

"If His Majesty thinks that this is wise I have nothing further to say," Peter said miserably. He must lose Renée.

"Nor have I," she said. "And you see, Peter, besides this league, they tell me that *I* can keep Ornando from attacking Philippe." She looked at him with wide eyes. "Philippe says that I'm a woman, that I can manage Ornando—that I can learn—"

Peter covered his face with his hands. She put her hand on his arm. "Please don't, Peter. You haven't any idea what Italian politics are like. They sound simple when I talk about them, but you don't know how many people there are to reconcile, to conciliate, to appease. There's Philippe, the chancellor, the dear, wonderful duchess, the duke, all their followers, Ornando, all Ornando's followers, the King of France, the pope—"

"The pope!"

"Oh—well—" She remembered, suddenly, that she must not mention the pope. "Every one in Italy——"

"But you name the pope specifically. Has Philippe mentioned him to you?" He was eager.

"Of course he has. We had my marriage to you annulled by the church."

"But there is no understanding between Philippe, Ornando, and the pope?" Peter squinted at her.

"Oh, Peter——"

"Don't you know that the pope is absolutely opposed to the interests of France in Italy? He wants to keep the French out of Italy. If Philippe is in league with him Philippe is betraying France, and if Philippe——"

"Hush, Peter! Not so loud!"

"I'm sorry. But if Philippe and the pope—why, this means that to-morrow Savona will be signed over to the Italians!"

"Not quite. My brother is not an Italian. He serves his King."

"I fail to see how. I fail to see how he serves his King by making a league with his King's enemies!"

"You insult him! You forget that they have threatened to kill him."

Peter looked at her, realizing that she herself did not know the extent of Philippe's treachery.

"Life," he said, more calmly, "life and honor, have you weighed them?"

"I have weighed them as carefully as you have weighed—other things," she retorted. "You are harsh, Peter."

"Perhaps. But I would not allow my brother to save his life by lying to his King."

"And yet you have lied, Peter. I have heard you lie. You have said that you lie, sometimes to save life."

"I have never lied to my King. Not to my nation."

"What is your nation? You have no nation. You have never been presented with a problem such as Philippe's. You have never had a people to defend. You have only had yourself, always yourself! What do you know of the problems of the nobility? I have done the best that can be done, Monsieur le Lieutenant."

"The King of France is the one to decide that!"

"What does he know about it? What does he know about me, or about Philippe, or about the way I feel toward Philippe, or about the sacrifice I am making for Savona? He can't see into *me*—he is too high up. Even you, sitting beside me, don't see into me!"

She turned away from him, with her hands hiding her face.

"I see, Renée! I see that your position is terrible. I don't blame you——"

"I don't care whether you blame me or not, because you don't see, really! If you did you wouldn't say what you have said. You talk of honor as if you thought I had never heard of it! You preach! But as for seeing my problem, my anxiety—" She stood up.

He arose also. "But just what is your anxiety, dear?"

"I can't tell you any more than I have. I want to know how to save Philippe. I want to know whether I *can* save him by what he is asking me to do."

She threw her hands in the air impetuously.

"Well," said Peter firmly, "you can't save Philippe *that* way."

She turned back. "Why?"

"Because I won't allow it."

"You?"

"I won't allow it."

"What right have you?"

"I have a right to protect the interests of France."

"Only of France?"

"Don't, Renée! You've given me a terrible problem. You can't save Philippe that way—you will both be killed as soon as the marriage is consummated. Don't you see that?"

"No! The world is not that wicked!"

"The world is incalculably wicked! As soon as Ornando has power over you he will use it."

"But unless I do this Philippe will be killed."

"That's beside the point."

Renée gasped.

"The Philippe does not think his honor is worth more than his life, I have the contrary opinion."

SHE faced him angrily. "You—you don't know how to love!" Then she turned and walked rapidly away.

Peter followed.

Suddenly she turned again. "You can't stop my marriage!"

"I can. I shall send a courier to the King informing him of the situation. I shall await his command. Every one shall await his command!"

"Peter!"

He stood before her, his face drawn with stubbornness.

"You will not tell the King!" she cried.

"Why not?" said he. "What choice have I? For Heaven's sake, Renée! My duty is to the King. My love—I love you!"

He reached toward her. She put out her hands to keep him away.

"Love?" she asked. "Is it love to treat me this way?"

She broke down then; she laid her hand on his breast, sobbing.

Continued on Page 68

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Your own family doctor will tell you that harsh or inferior toilet paper may produce inflammation or even serious infection

15 painful troubles

either directly caused or aggravated by inferior Toilet Paper

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this kind say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue.

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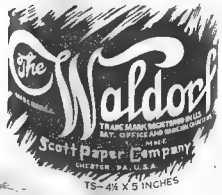
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PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY JAM, MIXED

Crush to a fine pulp about 1 quart ripe berries. Put pineapple (fresh or canned) through food chopper, or chop very fine. Measure 2 level cups of each fruit into large kettle. In case of slight shortage of one fruit, use enough of the other fruit to make 4 level cups (2 lbs.) total. Add 7 level cups (3 lbs.) sugar and mix well. Use hottest fire and stir constantly before and while boiling. Bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard for 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in ½ cup Certo. Skim, pour quickly and cover hot jam at once with hot paraffin wax.

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Continued from Page 66

"You will not tell the King? You will not tell the King!"

It seemed to Peter as if two hands had seized his heart, their fingers tearing it in half. He put his arms around Renée. All his life he had longed for her; he had longed for love; he had come to see that without love he could never reach that peace of which he had first dreamed behind Father Gaspard's thatched stable. And yet, behind the stable, he had also dreamed of service to his King, of honor, of renown. What was he to do now, who had to choose between those two? Renée was accusing him of cruelty. Yet he must inform the King. Francis had been tricked, and it was Peter's duty to tell him what Philippe had done. Graven on Peter's heart was the word "allegiance." He believed that to serve his King was to serve God. That was the belief of his age.

Yet he held in his arms one who denied him all allegiance save his allegiance to her. She had decided to make her sacrifice. But here was Peter making that sacrifice appear a shameful thing. She could not forgive that.

During one of those measureless durations of the soul, Peter wavered. He thought if I send the courier I shall lose her forever. He pressed her to him, unable to speak. Then a cloud gathered on his perspiring forehead, throwing into relief the angularity of his face, producing an expression of extreme pain.

"Renée."

"Yes?"

"The courier will leave to-night."

She lifted her head. She looked into his eyes. She cleached her fists and held them outward, at the level of her shoulders. As if Peter had slapped her in the face, she recoiled, uttered an almost hysterical laugh, ran down an alleyway of trees.

PETER stood with folded arms. He watched her hurrying up the stairs to the terrace above—lost sight of her there—watched her again, inside the light of the palace windows, mounting another stairway, reaching a door, vanishing into the torch-lit mystery of that Italian capitol.

He waited in the silence, in the darkness. Suddenly he swore, turned on his heel, walked resolutely from the palace grounds and through the town.

He reached his company outside the walls. He did not even stop to consult Sir George. He did not want to think about his decision. He was afraid of himself. He entered the tent of the officer of the day, ordered a courier, sat down at a rough table to write his message. It took him nearly an hour.

"I am obliged to inform Your Majesty that a plot has been conceived by certain Italians by which to deprive France of Savona. . . . A deception has been practised upon Your Majesty. Yet I assure you that I, myself in question was ignorant of its extent, and it is due to her loyalty in informing me that we have uncovered it. I beg Your Majesty's indulgence for myself, who should have discovered this more promptly. I beg Your Majesty to send me secret instructions at your earliest convenience. Until then I shall oppose this marriage with my life."

And then the messenger was gone, accompanied by three horsemen, with Peter's letter concealed in the sole of his boot; to travel the plains of Lombardy, to cross the Alps, toward the beautiful châteaux of Touraine. And Peter, darkly thoughtful, returned through the gate of the town, answering the challenges of his own sentries; passed through the carved gateway of the palace, and into the palace. He reached Sir George's room and told him calmly of the plot to drive the French out of Savona.

Peter took command. He set up a military government of which he himself was the dictator. He sent a courier to Ornando, forbidding the marriage until further instructions should arrive from France. Any aggression on the part of Ornando would be considered as an act of war. He closed the town gates and prepared his company outside the walls for an emergency. He doubled the palace guard. Toward dawn he retired to his room overlooking the sea, and sat down on his bed to think.

AND indeed it took a good deal of thinking to understand how he and Renée had come to quarrel just when they had seemed closer to each other than ever before. Certainly Renée did not want to marry Ornando. Why then had she quarreled with Peter for opposing that marriage? Peter had to do a lot of thinking about this; but at last he began to realize that he himself had been at fault. With just a little knowledge of women he would have directed her destiny a little more sympathetically—a little more subtly.

Peter grew morose and he fumed at his own stupidity; for stupidity was the only thing that he recognized as evil in itself. He withdrew from the luxury of the palace. He lived alone among his troops in a small tent outside the walls of the city. He left the social duties of the French occupation of Savona to Sir George, and during the whole Summer Peter remained a voluntary outcast.

He forced himself through the routine military duties, he drilled the company mercilessly, he developed them into crack troops. When not on his feet he read books. He mastered the military theories of his age in order to prepare himself for a future royalty. He would have, at least, a royalty of soul, and he surmised that to be a true king it was necessary to be a universalist. He must know how to lead armies, even if he should never actually lead them. At the same time Peter attended fiercely to art and literature. It is to this period that must be attributed his intimate knowledge of Italian culture, which, later, made him one of the leading intellectual figures of his time.

The political situation at Savona was a stalemate until October. The Italians could do nothing while the French were in control, the French remained in control because they had nothing else to do. Lautrec was marching back and forth through Italy, hesitating to attack the Spaniards. Sir George and Peter kept their military force prominent, guarding the town from any aggression by the Italians. Ornando was not seen—he was "grouching in one of his six lairs," to use Peter's expression. The duchess, France's one political ally, was informed that Philippe had intended to league with the pope.

The good lady sent a courier to her brother, the great Lorenzo of Milan, warning him to be prepared to come to her assistance in any emergency. She threatened to oust the chancellor, whom she disliked. The duke listened to what she had to say on the subject, shrugged, said that the English and French could never understand Italian ways, and that it was unjust that his heir should be a Frenchman.

Philippe spent hours with the chancellor; played tennis, at which he was expert; fenced, flirted with the Contessa Beatrice.

BUT Peter and Renée never spoke to each other. Both of them were proud. Besides, Peter's action in informing the King of France had gone farther than he had intended. The duchess turned against Renée. "My dear, you should have told me about the intrigue immediately! You should not have deceived me. You should not have conspired with those people." Renée knew that these reproaches were justified, but it seemed to her that if Peter had been more tactful he would not have forced her into such a position.

Nor was her irritation allayed by the lavish praises bestowed by the French monarch on Peter. He was a true Pole, His Majesty wrote, and he would be rewarded when the war was over. His Majesty regretted that he could not give the Lord Pole a command of his own, feeling that it was far more important for him to remain at Savona and defend the interests of France. The marriage of Mademoiselle Duprés to the Count Ornando was prohibited on any terms.

Continued on Page 72

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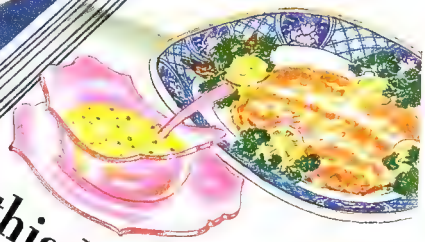

Sue Ball

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FOOT NOTES

Some decidedly helpful "first aids" to the human understanding

By MURRAY C. FRENCH

WHAT price comfort? Looking out through a pair of male spectacles, it would seem that woman's greatest achievement lately has been that of making comfort stylish. Mentally and physically she is enjoying a newfound personal liberty.

For instance, beginning at the foot, we find that women are buying larger shoes than ever before, which leads us to wonder if their feet are really getting larger, or if they are merely indulging in a spree of wearing shoes that are actually comfortable.

The answer is, both. I remember plainly back in 1902, when I began sweeping out the shoe-store, the largest size we carried generally was seven, with just an occasional eight, a thing of wonder and the butt of many an uncouth jest.

The unfortunate woman who could squeeze into nothing smaller than size seven guarded that fact with her life, assisted ably by an abundance of thoroughly opaque skirts. If she failed to hide her misfortune from her immediate relatives they regarded it as a family skeleton and disclosed their shame to no one.

By 1912 most stores were carrying a great many eights and an occasional nine. Ten years later nines began to be carried quite generally, while now, in 1929, nines might almost be classed as a common size. Indeed it is a fact that the woman who needs a ten finds as good an assortment to choose from as does the one who wears a five two.

In 1902 the average size sold was about five B, whereas now it is not smaller than six and a half AA. What will it be twenty-five years hence? Your guess is as good as mine.

That's the history of shoes. Naturally you wonder what feet were doing all this time.

A SLAVE, born and reared in slavery, expects slavery to be his lot in life, and takes his bondage as a matter of course. Such slaves were women's feet twenty-five years ago. Every one wore tight shoes, every one had corns, every one expected shoes to hurt, so no one was disappointed. The way we sold shoes in those days would really make a good text-book on how it should not be done. You'll just have to pardon us; we simply didn't know any better.

Breaking in! What a process that was! One favorite method was to wear them out in the rain, which made them stretch more readily, others bought stretchers to keep in them, but by far the most popular way was to bully some kind and loving member of the family to wear them a little while each day, and so the greater part of the agony was taken by proxy.

The spirit of the times was expressed by the customer who is supposed to have said, "These are plenty large. I'll have to wear them only a couple of times before I can get them on."

The way shoe salesmen lied about sizes was taken as a model in the art of prevarication. If she wanted a four, the clerk would assure her, at the risk of eternal damnation, that she was getting a four. If, perchance, he wanted to be exceptionally gracious, he would pass it off as a "large three and a half." In all of which some forty systems of "French" size markings aided and abetted him.

THE War has been blamed for, and credited with, many changes. Certain it is that during this period woman discarded tight shoes along with many other mental and physical restrictions. She suddenly discovered that her feet were hurting, and that by revising her traditional method of buying shoes she could be rid of the foot discomforts that she had thought to be part and parcel of life.

The woman who had habitually worn size five B found that six A gave her foot comfort she did not know existed. Then came the astounding discovery that the second or third pair of six A's were just as short on her as the five B's had been, so she tried six and a half AA and then possibly seven AAA.

Her foot rejoiced in its new freedom and, just as it had been cramped in its old quarters, so it seemed to try to fill its new home, lengthening and relaxing at the same time. Of course all this applied more to the loosely knit, weak, and flexible foot than to the hard, firm type.

Buying them "longer and narrower" worked such wonders that it became the panacea for all ills—and justly so. Many a shoeman achieved the reputation among the ladies for being "just the most wonderful fitter" by knitting his brows in a profoundly studious manner and saying, as he looked them straight in the eye, "Yes, Madam, I see what the trouble is; you must wear longer shoes."

This became the favorite prescription, whether the complaint was cold feet, hot feet, wet feet, dry feet, tired feet, swollen feet, corns, bunions, or what-not. And the beauty of it was that it was right about ninety per cent. of the time—and being right that often is a percentage hard to beat.

Then, to cinch matters, women suddenly decided that comparatively long, narrow shoes look better than short, wide ones, and in so doing they effectually "made comfort stylish." The most common question around the shoe-store used to be, "Can't I wear a shorter one?" but it has now changed to, "Are you sure this is long enough? Can't I possibly wear a longer one?"

Wearing a large size has lost its stigma. It has even come to pass that women who need long shoes take pride in the fact that they are not sensitive about their feet. Whatever the reason may be, women with small feet still buy their shoes tighter than do their "big sisters."

The changed spirit of the times was not greatly overdrawn by the girl who remarked, "I can get into fives, but sixes fit me, so that's why I wear sevens."

On account of this demand for longer footwear the greatest problem in fitting encountered by the shoeman is that of keeping shoes snug in the back and yet as roomy in the front as the customer would like.

In the old days the battle with short shoes was nearly always won by the shoes, and as a result almost every woman of sixty carries a battle-scar in the shape of a painful and troublesome bunion. Very few of this younger generation, thanks to longer shoes, will ever have bunions to worry about, and it seems now that in another score of years they will be extinct.

The young folks now don't dread new shoes. They buy them in the afternoon, put them on that evening, and dance all night—and when they say they danced all night they mean just that. They have also demonstrated their good sense by demanding that shoes be lighter, better fitting, more flexible, and more exact in workmanship. They have shown themselves willing to pay the price these improvements make necessary.

And right here let me testify, at the risk of being put out of the meeting, that it is my opinion that women as a whole buy shoes more sensibly and wear them more comfortably than men do—but that's another chapter.

THERE never was a silver lining without a little cloud in it somewhere, and, looking closely, we may discover that the increasing prevalence of arch trouble may be the cloud in this otherwise bright sky.

If I should come right out and say that long shoes are a contributing cause of so much arch trouble, I fear the indignation and possible heart failure among my fellow shoemen would really be too great.

However, from a historical standpoint, we certainly have more grief with flattened and weak arches now than we had in the old days, even admitting that much of it then was not recognized or diagnosed as such. Also from a mechanical angle, it would seem self-evident that a spring, which the foot is, must flatten out when it elongates.

At any rate, when feet became longer and proportionately narrower, we began to lend a more attentive ear to such complaints as "My back hurts," "My feet get so tired," "My legs ache," "My ankle turns so easily."

We found that a great many of these ills began at the bottom and worked up. The walking that a person does in an ordinary day is in reality a brutal pounding and crushing on the little tendons and ligaments which hold the foot together. Small wonder it is that some of these eventually begin to stretch and strain. This was the necessity that mothered the invention of corrective shoes.

Sweet as a rose the first dance

—but when he asked her again

You never can tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

HE had begged for this second dance but though she was one of the best looking girls in the room, he certainly wasn't enjoying it.

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Continued from Page 68

Ornando was too treacherous. His Majesty begged his lieutenant to accept the small gift which the messenger carried, and to send back frequent dispatches to the court of France.

One morning early in October, when the sun had just risen above the green-violet plains of Lombardy, touching with gold the gray walls of Savona, Sir George appeared at Peter's tent. Before the captain had uttered a word Peter cried, "What's up, George?"

"The devil!" said Sir George. "Do I betray my emotions so easily?"

"Your face is as radiant as the angel Raphael's."

The captain fixed Peter with his blue eyes and spread his legs apart. "I say!" he cried. "What do you think?"

"Well?"

"We're going into action!"

"The deuce we are."

"I say we are! I have just been talking to the spy Dufour. The Spaniards are advancing. They're making for the rear of Lautrec's army, which is now gathering to besiege Pavia. They'll pass some thirty miles to the east of us. Lautrec has commanded me to cover his rear at all times, and by the cross I'll do it! We'll ambush them in the mountains, at St. Michael's Pass. I believe our one company can rout ten of theirs!"

Peter noticed with a smile how red Sir George's face had become.

"You mean," said Peter calmly, "that we are to leave Savona?"

"Naturally. Do you suppose we could attack them without leaving Savona?"

Peter laughed. "No, George. But I was thinking that it might be dangerous to leave Savona. Ornando would not lose such an opportunity to get control of it."

"My dear young miracle, no doubt Ornando would not lose the opportunity; but what of it? This expedition started out against the Spaniards. It was only by chance that we were able to protect this town. Savona is not our main objective. As a soldier I am interested in the main objective. If Lautrec wins Pavia we will save Savona anyway."

"No," said Peter, "we wouldn't save Savona anyway. The French heir would be killed by the time we returned."

SIR GEORGE stood still a moment with his hands on his hips.

"Well, we can't help that, Peter," Sir George said at last. "This is a war, not a nursery."

"Tell me some more about the war," Peter said.

"Well, as I told you, my spy discovered the Spaniards' movements. No sooner had I assured myself that this was correct than I was visited by my lord chancellor, who had the goodness to suggest to me the very plan that I have just thrown at you. His lordship urges me to ambush the Spaniards, saying that he fears lest they turn against Savona. He offers to accompany us himself."

"Um," said Peter again.

"At first I thought he was treacherous. I feared that he intended to betray us to the Spaniards, so that we, rather than they, would be ambushed."

"You feared that at first?"

"I did. But now I wonder whether his offer is not a genuine one."

"The chancellor seemed rather anxious to have us go? He offered to accompany us himself?"

"He did."

"And whom would he leave in charge of the town?"

"The Count Duprès."

"Mischief," said Peter, slouching further into his chair. He cocked his hat over his eye and he thought a long while. He thought about the chancellor and tried to form some estimate of the man's character. He was Ornando's uncle, and would do everything in his power to drive the French from Savona.

And what a splendid opportunity it would be when Sir George's troops were called away on duty! The chancellor's agents would capture Savona, kill Philippe, dishonor Renée.

"Undoubtedly," said Peter at last.

"Undoubtedly *what?*" Sir George demanded.

"Undoubtedly the chancellor wants to get rid of us so that he can establish Ornando at Savona. We would be gone about ten days. During that time Savona would be captured and—a lot of other things would happen."

"I know, I know!" said Sir George. "But I tell you I have other duties besides playing nursery-maid to Savona."

Peter did not answer. He slouched further into his chair.

"See here, Peter," said Sir George, more warmly, "we've got two choices: We can ambush the Spaniards at the risk of losing Savona; or we can sit here like a couple of dunces and let Lautrec be flanked. My guess is that if we choose the latter course your head and mine won't be worth much. Whoever heard of a soldier sitting in a peaceful town while his blasted enemies walk past him to blow up a whole army! I say, my blood's up! I'm not going to sit in this place any longer making eyes at that contessa woman!"

PETER listened to this outburst and then said, grinning, "You're an old warhorse, George. You've got the fever in your blood. I don't blame you at all, but as for me, I'm going to stay right here."

Sir George sensed a good deal of what was going on behind Peter's eyes. He stopped walking up and down and stood in front of Peter. He almost shouted. "I say, whose company is this—yours or mine?"

"My dear George—" Peter began.

"My Lord Pole," finished Sir George, "there is no one who is more at your service in peace-time than myself. My sword, my mind, my heart are yours. But so long as I am captain of the company in which you are the lieutenant, we do as I say, not what you think!"

Peter was a little amused, yet temporarily he offered no resistance. But he began to assemble a plan.

The next morning the French troops assembled, and with a blare of trumpets and drums marched into Savona to be reviewed by the duke before their departure. The reviewing-stand, near the gate, was occupied by the duke, the duchess, Philippe, Renée, the contessa, and other courtiers. As the troops reached it on their way out of town, Sir George and Peter stepped aside to let the column march out the gate. The chancellor likewise stepped aside to speak to one of his secretaries who was to remain behind.

Sir George rode up to the duke.

"I have decided at the last moment, your highness, to leave my lieutenant with a special guard of thirty-six men. I do so because His Majesty has made me personally responsible for your highness's safety."

THE duchess had been warned of this move beforehand. Before her husband could reply, she said:

"Your words anticipate my wishes, Captain. I think his highness's guard should be augmented."

"Nonsense, my dear," said the duke. "Nevertheless I thank you for this courtesy, Captain."

"To ease my mind, your highness, will you not invest Lord Pole with the command of the palace guard, subject only to yourself?"

"Why, if you wish——"

"Please, your highness," interrupted Philippe, "that duty has already been confided to me."

"But I prefer to have his highness in charge of a soldier, my Lord Duprès," said the duchess. "You are to have the government; Lord Pole will merely command the military." She turned to her husband. "Will you not agree to this for my sake?"

"Very well, my dear." The duke shrugged. "You will take no offense, Philippe?"

"I can not but feel slighted, your highness."

"Think nothing of it." The duke turned to watch Peter as he gave commands to his squad. They were filing back through the gate. The chancellor, seeing that something was going on,

Continued on Page 74

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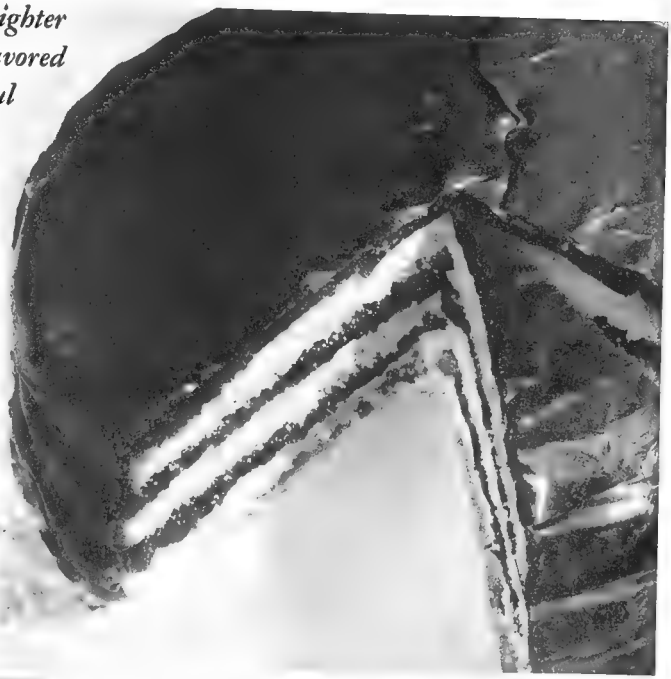

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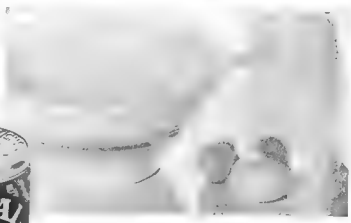

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Continued from Page 72

approached the duke. He began remonstrating.

"A small matter, my lord," interrupted Sir George, feigning indifference. "A last-minute decision. I act in accordance with the wishes of her highness and of His Majesty of France." He turned to Peter, who was approaching. "I am sorry to deprive you of a battle, Lieutenant, but to leave his highness without a French guard would be to disobey my responsibility."

"It is not the guard, but the man in charge of the guard!" cried the chancellor. "This is an insult to the Count Dupres."

"But that is easily altered," said Sir George. "Let the count ride with us. I would gladly give him a command."

"Pardon, Monsieur Captain, but I think my duty is here," said Philippe from the balcony. "If the safety of his highness is in question, I do not see why you urge me to leave his side. If his highness desires, I am content to serve with Pole. I shall not allow him to quarrel with me."

The duke showed that he was annoyed, but the duchess quickly followed up Peter's advantage. The chancellor spread his hands. "Since the count is content, it suffices," he said, "tho it would have been more courteous, Captain Pentley, had you given me notice. I follow you, Monsieur." He gestured toward the gate. But Sir George did not budge. He wanted no last words between the chancellor and Philippe.

"After you, my lord," he murmured, bowing in his saddle. The chancellor shrugged and rode through the gate. Sir George followed, passing close to Peter. No one could have suspected their expressionless faces of having planned the minutes of this scene beforehand -no one, unless he had seen the lid of Peter's left eye drop as Sir George marched passed him.

AS HE approached the duke in his new capacity of captain of the guards, Peter was conscious of Renée; was conscious that her eyes were on him, that she was wondering about him. When he looked up at her she dropped her eyes, and her cheeks flushed. He did not know what she was thinking. He was being received somewhat indifferently by the duke. "I should like to know what commands you have received, Lord Pole."

"None but to defend your highness with my life."

"I have yet to learn that I am in danger."

"My lord, the state is always in danger," said Peter.

"For my part I am grateful to Sir George and to Lord Pole for this evidence of their loyalty," said the duchess.

"Well, I am not. I do not like to be served by an Englishman's lieutenant. Since you approve of Lord Pole, keep him for yourself. Dupres is good enough for me. Come, Count, I'm as thirsty as a horse." With his hand on Philippe's arm he turned and walked away.

Peter, with his little company of guards, escorted the ducal train to the palace. He set up an emergency régime at once. No one was allowed to enter or to leave the palace without stating his business. Philippe said, laughing, that Peter had put them into a state of siege. He sneered. "It is the way with young soldiers to magnify their command," he said at the dinner-table. He ridiculed the idea of danger. Peter thought he overplayed his part; was suspicious of him.

BUT the difficulty was to know what to guard against. Peter could define no danger. He could accuse no one. He could not, however, rid himself of the sense that some plan was being executed before his nose. It was as if he were blindfolded, as if he were again mounting the brigands' trail with his eyes in darkness. In the hope of obtaining a few clues, he scattered his most intelligent guards among the Italian garrison in the town. They had orders to report any signs of treachery. The remaining thirty Frenchmen were put in charge of a veteran named Labay, a man who had been campaigning for twenty-five years. He was not clever, but he was sturdy and reliable.

Altho Sir George had protested against the futility of defending the palace with only thirty-six men, Peter had decided to risk it. Confident that the chancellor's news about the Spaniards was only a ruse to get the French troops out of Savona, he could not have left Renée alone in the emergency which he felt approaching. Altho his thirty-six men might prove to be an inadequate defense, he was sure that he himself could protect her, run away with her—anything to save her from a man whose name he detested as much as he feared it. But now that he had taken this position he was appalled by his own temerity. For he had nothing with which to fight!

His one resource was a reserve band of twenty-five men whom Sir George had promised to leave encamped about ten miles across the plains. This reserve could be called either by the captain or by his mad lieutenant, depending on which of them got into trouble first. The signal by which Peter was to reach them was a bonfire to be lighted in the belfry of the cathedral. This could be seen far across the plains—for what it was worth!

The fourth instalment of "The Gentleman King" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

CHOSEN OF THE LORD

Continued from Page 29

just bein' neighborly. He don't mean no harm."

She gave her husband a withering look. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Rob Seymour, lying there in the shadow of death and allowing your children to be tempted!"

Jim said, "Oh, now, Annie, you don't mean all that. I know you're upset and not yourself. Me and the missis figgered you'd be. That's why she got together this hamper and had fetch it over."

Annie did not answer him, but turned her attention to the little girls, who were sobbing. She cried out harshly, "Stop that noise, will you?" She was shaking like a leaf, and she felt the blood pounding in her temples. "Can't you see this man is an agent of the devil, sent to us in time of tribulation to tempt us with food and drink, just as our Savior was tempted in the wilderness for forty days and forty nights? And did He touch a mouthful? He did not. He prayed to His Heavenly Father for strength and He gave Him strength. And He'll give us strength too!"

She straightened her thin body suddenly and turned her face upward, closed her eyes, and stood with her arms flung out stiffly in a gesture of supplication.

Jim grinned at her. "Well, say, Sister, that's the first time ever I've been called that; but look here, you ought to think of them kiddies. They say you ain't got a mite of food in the house."

Then she heard her son David's voice. He was, she noticed for the first time, standing motionless by the window, watching her. He cried, "You get out of here and leave my mother alone; do you hear? She don't want any of you or your food!"

She felt her heart leap up. She echoed exultantly, "That's right, David. We don't want any of him or his food!"

Jim went heavily down the stairs, holding the basket before him. The little

Continued on Page 76

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What *every* woman wants

EVERY woman wants that vivacity and youthfulness of spirit which arise from a healthful, well-cared-for body. Beauty is only skin deep. It fades with the years.

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Continued from Page 74

girls looked after him, their lips quivering, their faces streaked with tears, but they uttered no sound.

Annie felt the flame in her cheeks recede, the beating in her temples lessen. She said quietly to David, "Go down after him, Son, and bolt the door."

DAVID did not return at once, and Annie went to the door and called him. When he did not answer she started down to see where he had gone. The front door stood ajar, and through it she saw him standing on the narrow porch, staring out across the snowy fields. She cried, "Come right in, David. Do you want to catch your death of cold?" He turned and came slowly into the house.

"What were you doing standing out there?"

"Nothing."

He started to pass her, but she caught his arm. "What is it, David? What's the matter?"

He shook her hand free. "Nothing, I tell you."

She was suddenly afraid. "Did Jim Cardy give you any talk, David?"

He hesitated. "No. Not much."

"What did he say?"

He straightened up. "Mom," he announced, "I'm going to work."

"You're going to—what?"

"I'm going to work. Pop's laid up now and somebody's got to bring some money into this house."

She cried out, "Who put that notion into your head?" She did not give him time to reply; she rushed on savagely, "I know who. Jim Cardy. While I was up-stairs he was down here poisoning your mind." She was afraid of the fury she felt. "Don't let me hear any more talk of your going to work, David Seymour. Don't you ever speak of it again."

She shot a glance at him. Something in his very impassivity terrified her. "Do you think I'd let you mix with those town boys? He knows Jim Cardy would like to turn you into? Not much, I wouldn't. You're going to stay home and study hard and some day you'll go to college. You needn't worry about us starving meanwhile. We'd a great deal rather starve than set your footsteps toward hell."

He replied slowly, "He said you'd say all that."

"What are you talking about? How could Jim Cardy know what I'd say?"

"He said I ought to get out and bring in some money."

She was trembling again. "What have I ever done to him that he wants to take you away from me?"

"You don't understand, Mom."

"I understand him. He's an evil man, living on the wages of sin, and the only way he can hurt me is to drag one of my children down with him, and that's what he's trying to do. That's why he runs the kind of place he does, to corrupt youth. And now he wants to corrupt you."

DAVID shook his head. "I think he only means to be kind. Honest, Mom, I think you've got him wrong. Look at how he came way out here to-day and brought us food."

She stared at him aghast.

"I'm not setting myself up against you, Mom. Don't think that. It's only that I want to help you, be the kind of man you'd like me to be. I came down-stairs after him. Before I knew it he'd set his back to the door. He says, 'Say, wait a minute. I want to talk to you,' and I says, 'Well, I don't want to talk to you.' But he wouldn't move. He says, 'Your ma's all upset and can't think straight, but you can, and I can talk to you as man to man.'" There was a lilt to David's voice as he said it.

She cut him short with, "You aren't a man, David; you're a little boy and extra small for your age; besides Winter's not over yet, and if you were to try to go back and forth to work it wouldn't be any time before you'd be laid up yourself. And that isn't all. Where would you get work? Who's going to take on a little boy with no experience?"

"He says he'll start me at five dollars a week, setting up pins in the alleys. He says he knows how you feel about pool-rooms, but he says he's as particular about the boys working for him as if they were his own kids."

"His own kids!" she sneered. "Yes, I know. I lived in the house with them. I saw their goings on!" She added harshly, "And don't you let me hear another word about it! Not another word!"

He answered doggedly, "I'm goin' to work."

"You heard what I said."

He recited, "I'm the man of the house and I got to look after you and the girls now that pop is down and out." Then he burst out childishly, "Oh, gee, Mom, think how swell it'll be to bring home some money to you!"

She turned and went up-stairs. She thought her legs would not support her weight. When she reached the top step she sank down and covered her face with her hands and began to cry. The girls came out of their father's room and stood staring at her, frozen with horror; but David sped up the stairs and flung his arms around her neck and said with a rush, "Don't you cry, Mom, Don't you cry. I won't leave you ever."

ANNIE watched the gray dawn roll into the room. All night she had sat, unseeing, by the window. She had wrapped an old coat of Rob's around her shoulders as protection against the cold of which she was scarcely conscious. Mechanically, at intervals, she rose, turned up the lamp, and administered a dose of medicine; turned down the lamp and returned to her chair. She thought of Jim Cardy; saw him perched on the edge of Rob's bed, his shaggy coat well up around his ears. He was, she knew, mocking her with his smile. She would have liked to tell him so, but could not.

Daylight recalled the bare, cold, comfortless chamber in all its ugliness. She rose stiffly, and after a glance at Rob went down to the kitchen. The coals of the fire still glowed red, and she stretched her numbed fingers to them. Then she set about coaxing it back to life and soon it crackled and spit cheerfully, and the girls came scampering down to dress before it, their thin, little bodies shaking with the cold as they pulled on their clothes.

She asked sharply, "Where's David?"

Christina answered, "Oh, he went out early to clear a path to the hen-house."

Annie glanced out the window. The snow swept down ceaselessly from the gray sky. She thought if this keeps up the doctor won't be able to get here at all and Rob'll die, and the thought of his dying filled her with a strange elation.

Christina's voice broke in upon her thoughts, "There's the doctor, Mom."

Annie experienced a moment of sharp resentment against him for having been able, after all, to get out through the storm. She conquered it instantly and went to the door. Before entering he stamped the snow from his boots, but it clung to his eyelashes, his coat, his muffler. The red mittens he wore were crusted white.

"I thought I'd get here before the snow got too deep. Looks as if we're in for a blizzard, all right. I guess that boy of yours'll have hard work getting to town. I passed him on the way out."

She stared at him. "Passed David?"

He nodded, and she said quickly, "Oh, but it couldn't have been David. He's out back."

"Oh, it was him, all right. I stopped him and asked how his pa was getting along."

He stumped up the stairs to the patient's room, and she followed slowly. He said, "Well, Rob, how do you feel? You look first-rate. As soon as I get my hands warmed up a bit I'll look you over. What do you think of the snow-storm we ordered up for you?" To her he added, "Get me a basin of warm water, will you?"

But she was not listening. The doctor tapped her arm. "A little hot water, please, so's I can take the chill off." He crossed over to the window. "Now, then, let's pull up this shade so's I can get a good look at you, Rob."

Continued on Page 78

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GLAZO

Continued from Page 76

After the doctor had gone Annie sat down by the window, her hands clasped in her lap. Things, almost forgotten, flashed into her mind: dinner-hour at Cardy's -the confusion of voices—Jim, at the head of the table, shouting, "Look at Annie. She's as thin as a match-stick. You don't feed her enough, Ma. Annie. I know what ails you. You need a good husband to look after you—" the shout of their laughter, and his, which capped all others and stung her to the quick—Mrs. Cardy choking down her mirth, "Now, Jim, you let her be," and his voice booming, "Annie's a nice, sensible girl; goes to church regular and knows the hymn-book by heart, and these worthless fellers round here don't know enough to step up."

Christina came into the room and cried, "Mom, come look how it's snowing!" and at that Annie roused herself and went to the window. The roof of the hen-house was a white hump against the sky, and beyond it stretched fields of unbroken, gently undulating snow. She thought, "David will never be able to get home to-night, and if he doesn't I'll go after him."

BY NIGHT it had stopped snowing. Annie, standing in the open doorway, watched the stars come out. She had not touched a mouthful of supper. The little girls cleared away the dishes and cast covert glances at their mother. Christina ventured at last, "David will be home soon, Mom, now that it's stopped snowing. I guess he'll be here any minute."

Annie did not answer.

Christina came closer. "I guess maybe he's down the road a ways. I can put on my snow-shoes and go see."

Annie shook her head. "He is in a place run by an infidel who laughs at all righteous things and who sneers at the church."

It was a clear, crisp night, flooded by a brilliant moon, and Annie, with snow-shoes strapped to her feet, walked along the white road with a swift, light tread. All the way she talked to herself in a low, earnest tone. The cold, austere beauty of the night soothed her. It was like a reassuring answer from above. She began to weep softly. "My little David -my little boy—I used to hold you in my arms and look down in your face and pray you'd follow in His footsteps and now you've been lured away from me. You're in the power of a man who holds nothing sacred but the sun." But when she conjured up his face it was the face of Jim Cardy.

By the time she reached the village the streets were deserted, but lights shone boldly from behind uncurtained windows. She took off her snow-shoes, slung them over her shoulder, and hurried past the dark cluster of shops in the center of town, on across Main Street, until she came to the plate-glass window of the pool-room, which was in darkness. She skirted the building and drew near the long, low structure which housed the alleys. She caught a glimmer of lights through the closed shutters and, coming closer, she could hear the pounding of balls and the crash of flying pins; voices; laughter.

She pulled aside a loose shutter and looked through the window. The low-ceilinged room was blue with smoke, but she could distinguish a knot of men gathered about a blackboard, while others waited, then stepped smartly up, selected a ball, hefted it, and sent it spinning down the narrow, gleaming alley.

One of the alley boys was David. She could see that his cheeks were flushed with excitement and his eyes shone like stars. He laughed as he leaped nimbly out of the way of the hurtling balls, and he flung himself with a zest at the task of setting up the pins.

Jim Cardy was nowhere in sight. Then suddenly she saw him. He came through a door at one side with a tray of glasses filled with amber liquid. The men crowded about him. Each took a glass, raised it in salutation, and put it to his lips. Jim tossed his off with a laugh. He was head and shoulders above the others. His coat was off and he had his sleeves rolled back over his swarthy arms. She could not tear her eyes away from him. They clung to him like burrs. He was the incarnation of Satan himself, with his dark, handsome, insolent face!

She ran around to the door, turned the handle of it with fingers that shook, and flung it open. She stood framed in the doorway, and she shouted, above the thunder of the balls, "You drunkards you! You gamblers! Would you stoop so low that you take a boy brought up in the fear of God and drag him down to your own vile levels?"

They stared at her without moving, and she advanced slowly toward them. She saw at the far end of an alley David watching her, eyes wide with terror She cried, "I've come to save you, David; to take you back with me."

Some one shouted, "Aw, hire a hall!" and they began to laugh, but Jim Cardy held up his hand for silence. He said to her, "David'll go right along with you, Annie. He'll be ready in a jiffy." He spoke soothingly to her, and, coming close to her, he patted her arm. She turned on him. "Teaching him to smoke and drink, were you? Well, I'll show you up! I'll blacken your name from one end of the town to the other! I'll make an example of you!"

David sprang forward. "Stop, Mom! You don't know what you're saying!"

But she did not hear him; she chanted on, in a high, ringing voice, "If you come home and repent, David, it won't be too late. Repent and you will be saved."

David shrank from her. "I don't want to go with her. I'm—I'm afraid of her."

Jim motioned the men away and they drew on their coats, muttering and looking at her askance. They filed out slowly, glancing back over their shoulders.

David was sniffling in his sleeve, and Jim gave his shoulder a pat. "Go along with your mother, David. That's a good boy," and he left them abruptly alone. Annie dropped down on a chair. She was suddenly overwhelmingly tired. She said, "He'll let you alone after this, David. He won't come near you again. We've won! We've won! Glory be to God!"

The boy began speaking in a low voice; he brought the words out stumblingly, "I don't know what you're thinking about, Mom, coming down here and talking like that in front of all those fellows and men too. Nobody'd give me a job in town now. Nobody. They'll think I'm I'm a boob. Can't stay out late one night without your coming down and calling everybody names. I won't stand it. I don't have to, and I won't.

"I can earn my own living, I can. And I will too. I want a good time once in a while. Anyway, you think everybody in the whole world is bad, you do, excepting only you, and you think there's sin every place you look. Well, that's not my way. No, sir. And I like my way a whole lot better than I like your way and I'm going my way after this!"

She caught at his arm, but he tore it loose. "Coming down here and making a fool out of me in front of all those fellows! I'm nobody's baby, I'm not," and he flashed past her through the door.

THERE was no one astir when she let herself in, and she went up-stairs to look at her husband. He was sleeping quietly, with Angela sprawled across the foot of his bed. She descended to the kitchen, where, in darkness, where she sat huddled in a chair without troubling to remove her jacket, shaking from a chill and staring with bright, feverish eyes at the red embers in the stove.

There she remained until it was light, and with the coming of day she got up, built the fire, and put on some coffee. What she needed above everything else was strength and a clear head.

After she had drunk the coffee she went out to the shed to bring in fire-wood, and while she was stooping to pick up chips, suddenly her elbow struck something which clattered to the ground. She turned and saw that she had knocked from its peg a rusty, old rifle of Rob's which he occasionally fired in the air to drive off chicken-hawks. She picked it up

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SUMMER BRINGS FRESH CHARM TO THE FEMININE MODE

THE Summer silhouette is, in general, much the same as that for Spring. Most of the more formal types, both for afternoon and evening, show uneven skirt lengths—the tendency being toward the down-in-back and up-in-front movement. In the skirt treatment circular flounces, godets and peplums play leading roles, while princess lines are followed in many bodices. But almost never is the fitted hipline destroyed—even when the peplum is used, it is placed well below the molded hipline.

Cape collars have again come to the fore and add their fluttering grace to the sheer silk or chiffon types. Almost every kind of bertha, shawl collar and cape is strongly endorsed this season. These are usually of the frock material, although sometimes a contrasting one is seen.

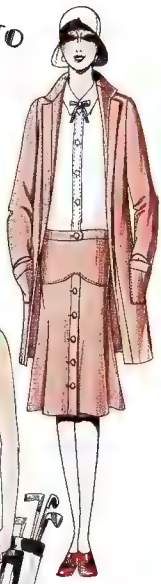
For sports the sleeveless silk, cotton or linen frock is varied by pleats, circulars or godets, and is often cut low in back in the sun-tan revealing style. Little jackets accompany these models for general daytime wear.

4803

4818
Monogram 573

4816

4799



Coat 4798
Blouse 4820
Skirt 4812

4803—This model is equally smart in silk or cotton plaid. Gingham is a favorite this season, as is printed or plain linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch plaid material. Width 1¾ yard.

4818—The straight lines of this model and the inverted-pleats make it ideal for tennis or golfing. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1⅝ yard. Monogram 573, 3 inches high.

4820—Very tailored and mannish are the lines and finish of this tuck-in blouse, and it is just the thing for sports wear or for wear with a tailored suit. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material.

4812—This skirt is excellent for sports with a tailored tuck-in blouse. Its fitted yoke and circular flare are very new and smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 36. Size 30 requires 1⅜ yard 54-inch material. Width 2 yards.

4803 4818 4816

4816—The yoke and the long cut of the blouse to effect a skirt-yoke give tailored, interesting lines to this sports frock. The deep box-pleats offer plenty of room for freedom of movement, and add to the appearance. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard.

4795—This tennis frock sponsors the low-in-back vogue and the full, circular skirt. Handkerchief linen, tussur silk, crêpe de chine, piqué and cotton broadcloth are all suitable for this design. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 39-inch material. Width at bottom about 2¾ yards.

4799—A deep square yoke effect gives interest to the waist of this frock, while pleats, stitched down part way, make the skirt attractive. If one wishes to become fashionably tan, the sleeves are omitted for golfing. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Width 1⅜ yard.

4798—As a part of an ensemble such as the tweed one illustrated, this coat is ideal, or in a white homespun it would be the latest word in Summer fashion if worn over white or bright colored frocks. It might also be made of linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2 yards 54-inch woolen material.

4798

4795 4799 4812

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4689 4696 4794 4322

PRINCESS LINES ARE FORMALLY ADOPTED

4689—The princess silhouette in a modified version. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch print. Width about 1¾ yard.

4696—Shirring molds the hipline. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch orange material. Width is about 2⅝ yards.

4794—Collar and skirt dip with irregular chic. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 6⅛ yards 39-inch print. Width is about 2 yards.

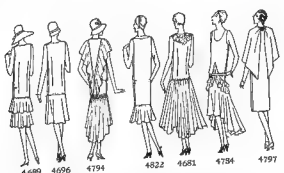
4822—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch brown material—⅛ yard 39-inch lighter for trimming. Width about 3¾ yards.

4681—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch green material -2⅜ yards darker—⅝ yard 27-inch lace. Width about 5¼ yards.

4784—The lace peplum frock is new for evening. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch all-over lace. Width about 3¼ yards.

4797—Figured lamé, printed taffeta or flat crêpe might be used. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 39-inch figured material.

4699—Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch pink material. Width at lower edge of underskirt is about 1¼ yard.



4689 4696 4794 4822 4681 4784 4797

Coat 4797
Frock 4699

4681 4784

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SEVEN VERSIONS OF THE NEW CAPE COLLAR

4824—Perky bows finish off the bands on this simple frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch green material. Width 3¼ yards.

4821—The uneven pointed tiers are a new note this season. Designed for sizes 14 to 42 Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material. Width 3¼ yards.

4804—The hips are swathed by a clever new belt arrangement. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 6⅝ yards 39-inch print. Width 1¼ yard.

4815—The geometric trend is subtly implied in soft chiffon. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 39-inch material. Width 3¼ yards.

4794—A long cape back follows the dipping line of the skirt. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 6 yards 39-inch material. Width 2 yards.

4788—The scalloped collar and the rather severe V neck are chic. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 39-inch material. Width 1¾ yard.

4800—Gatherings in the center-front effect a slight blouse. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¼ yard.

Many of these extremely chic frocks may be worn for less dressy occasions when the large cape collars are removed, and long close-fitting sleeves are added.

4824 4821 4794 4788 4800 4804 4815

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NOVEL WAYS TO CHIC FOR SUMMER DAYS

4634

Jacket 4712
Frock 4727
Monogram 558

4824

4795

4634—This higher waistline is smart and becoming to the slender figure, and this model may be especially chic if made of crêpe de chine or one of the soft checked cottons. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material—⅛ yard plain. Width 2¾ yards.

4712—This short-jacket design is suitable for almost any of the season's materials. Chiffon or georgette for afternoon or evening, flat crêpe, linen, wool or velveteen for daytime, all are suitable. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material. It is unlined.

4727—This frock simulates the two-piece styling, but the blouse is stitched to the skirt below the belt. A band of the self-fabric forms the trimming. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 39-inch material. Width 1¾ yard. Monogram 558, 3 inches high.

4795—This model has excellent lines and depends upon the fabric itself for decoration. It is trim and very summery in either tussur or linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch material. Width is about 2¾ yards.

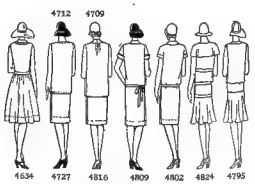
4824—A cape collar, which is in good taste with the circular flounce, and the horizontal bands make charming decoration. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 39-inch printed material—1¼ yard plain. Width about 3¾ yards.

4709—This jacket is decorated with a straight collar and patch pockets. There are darts on the shoulders to insure a smooth fit. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch plain material—⅞ yard 36-inch dotted material for trimming.

4816—The waist is attached to the skirt in a pointed line in front and a pointed yoke decorates the neckline. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch plain material—1¼ yard 36-inch dotted material. Width at bottom about 1¾ yard.

4809—Collar, cuffs and jabot trimly decorate this simple sports frock. It is appropriate in cotton, linen or one of the sports silks such as tussur. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material—½ yard plain. Width 1½ yard.

4802—This is a frock which is ideal for morning wear. Its sleeves are cut in one with the frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch plain material, ¼ yard 36-inch plain to trim. Width at bottom is about 1¾ yard.



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A PRINTED AND PLAIN DAYTIME WARDROBE

Blouse 4806
Skirt 3828

Blouse 4820
Skirt 4812
Monogram 552

Blouse 4801
Skirt 3588

4662

4797

4798

Jacket 4826
Blouse 4707
Skirt 4656

4806—A deep square yoke which may be of contrasting fabric as illustrated, makes this blouse distinctive. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch printed material for the blouse—⅞ yard 39-inch plain for yoke.

3828—This skirt, which is made on a yoke which fits smoothly around the hips, has a pleated section in front. Elastic is inserted at the top. Designed for sizes 14 to 38. Size 30 requires 2 yards 39-inch material. Width about 1¾ yard.

4820—This tuck-in blouse has youthful tailored lines. In handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine or cotton broadcloth and decorated with Monogram 552, it is very smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch material.

4812—This skirt is especially smart because of the snug yoke and circular low-placed flare. The front closing effect is unusual and distinctive. Designed for sizes 14 to 36. Size 30 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch material. Width about 2 yards.

4801—This sleeveless, low-in-back blouse, worn with a circular or pleated skirt, makes an ideal sports costume. The snug girdle gives smart, flattering lines. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 39-inch silk material.

3588—This skirt is cut circular in the manner of many of the newest sports skirts to be worn with separate blouses and short jackets. Designed for sizes 31 to 41 waist. Size 31 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material. Width about 1⅔ yard.

4798—This coat is smart in printed linen. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch printed material, 1¼ yard plain.

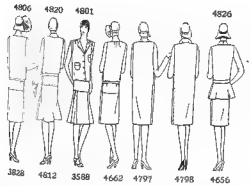
4826—This jacket follows the semi-fitted contour which is smart. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material.

4707—The blouse which can be just glimpsed, has a wide girdle. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch material.

4656—This skirt is pleated in front and plain in back. Designed for sizes 28 to 38. Size 30 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material. Width about 2 yards.

4662—The waist and skirt are joined. Designed for sizes 14 to 46. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material—1⅛ yard darker. Width 1¾ yard.

4797—This is one of the new Paris models. Designed for sizes 14 to 42. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch printed material.



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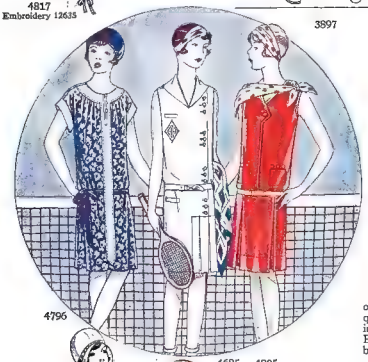
4817
Embroidery 12635

3897 3979 4564 3876

CHILDREN AND MISSES HAVE INDIVIDUAL CHIC



4796

4685 4805
Monogram 573

4442 4668

3897 3979 4564 3876 4796 4685 4805 4442 4668

3876—Designed for sizes 2 to 9. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material—½ yard 36-inch darker for collar.

4796—Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch cotton print—1¼ yard 36-inch plain for trimming.

4685—Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 13 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material. Monogram 573 is three inches high.

4805—Designed for sizes 6 to 14. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch cotton material—1⅛ yard contrasting binding.

4442—Designed for sizes 10 to 17. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material—1 yard 39-inch darker material for waist.

4668—Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 10 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch material for dress—1⅛ yard 54-inch material for the jacket.

4817—Designed for one size only. It requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material for dress. Embroidery No. 12635, blue or yellow.

3897—Designed for sizes 1, 2 and 3. Size 3 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch cotton material—2¼ yards darker binding to trim.

3979—Designed for 2, 4 and 6. Size 6 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material for trousers—⅓ yard for Eton —⅞ yard 39-inch for blouse.

4564—Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 6 requires 1 yard 36-inch material for blouse—1⅛ yard 36-inch darker material.

4571—A cape collar lends chic to this frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 17. Size 15 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Cotton or silk is chic.

4705—This may also be worn with long sleeves. Designed for sizes 10 to 16. Size 13 requires 4¾ yards 39-inch material.

4212—The perky shoulder bows are smart. Designed for sizes 12 to 17. Size 15 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch printed material.

3756—Rows of shirring are very chic this year. Designed for sizes 8 to 17. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch printed material.

4571 4705 4212 3756

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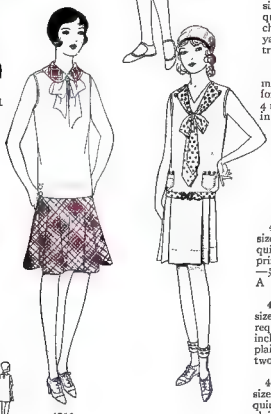
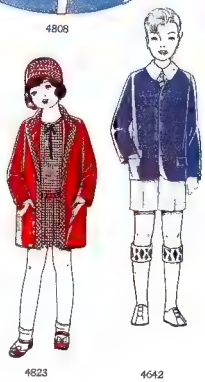
SIMPLE CHARM MARKS THESE NEW JUNIOR MODES





4655—Designed for sizes 4 to 10. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch print—⅜ yard lighter. Embroidery 12367 comes in blue or yellow.

4755—A smart little linen bloomer frock. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Cotton is smart.

4769—Designed for sizes 1 to 6. Size 4 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch checked material —⅜ yard 32-inch plain to trim. Made of gingham.

4684—A quaintly modish frock. Designed for sizes 2, 4 and 6. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 32-inch plain material. The bows are ribbon.

4615—Designed for sizes ½ to 3. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch print —¼ yard 36-inch plain for trimming.

4811—Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 39-inch print—2¼ yards plain —⅝ yard lighter plain. A silk print is chic.

4567—Designed for sizes 4 to 12. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch print—⅜ yard plain. Monogram 544, two inches high.

4810—Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 1¾ yard 39-inch plain material—1 yard 39-inch plaid material for skirt and collar.

4793—The graceful capecollaris very smart. Designed for sizes 8 to 16. Size 14 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch material. Silk or voile is smart.

4808—This chic model has a ruffled skirt. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 14 requires 5⅛ yards 39-inch material.

4792—Voile may be used for this party frock. Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material.

4823—Designed for sizes 2 to 10. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch check—1⅜ yard 36-inch plain material for the coat.

4642—Designed for sizes 4 to 8. Size 8 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch material—⅜ yard 54-inch lighter for trousers.

4807—Designed for sizes 8 to 15. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material—⅜ yard 36-inch dotted to trim neck and to make belt.

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from loose pins and buttons

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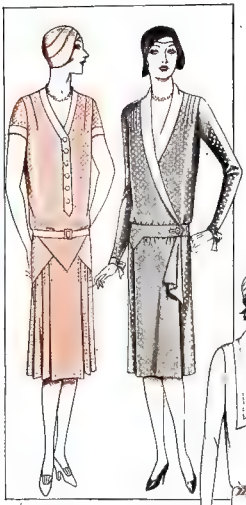


Larger-hip 4819

Larger-hip 4825

L. H. 4669—The flare is employed in this frock to give a soft drape to the skirt. The waist extends below the belt to give a smooth, snug hipline. The surplice closing and the jabot are noteworthy features. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4 yards 39-inch print—⅝ yard plain. Width is 2 yards.

L. H. 4594—The neck is cut to a V in front and is edged with a long band which hangs loose from the waist. The frock is attached to a bodice lining. Designed for sizes 35 to 51. Size 41 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch checked material—¾ yard 39-inch light plain for vestee—1¼ yard 39-inch dark plain. Width 1⅞ yard.

L. H. 4819—These lines are slenderizing, making it an ideal morning frock for the larger woman. Designed for sizes 35 to 45. Size 41 requires 3 yards 36-inch checked material for the frock—⅝ yard 36-inch plain material for the bands at the neck and sleeves, and for the belt. Width about 2 yards.

L. H. 4825—The diagonal which is always slenderizing, is emphasized in the waist of this informal daytime model by a collar of contrasting material. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch dotted material for the frock—¾ yard 39-inch plain material for the collar. Width 1¾ yard.

L. H. 4813—The V neckline, the collar and the vestee make this frock distinctive and becoming to the mature figure. The inserted side-pleats which give a comfortable fulness do not destroy the simplicity of line. Designed for sizes 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material. Width 1¾ yard.

L. H. 4743—L. H. 4736—This jacket and frock make a smart serviceable suit when fashioned of either silk or wool. Checked linen may also be used for resort wear. Jacket designed for sizes 35 to 47. Frock designed for 35 to 49. Size 41 requires 5 yards 39-inch checked material—2¾ yards plain. Width 1⅞ yard.

Larger-hip 4813

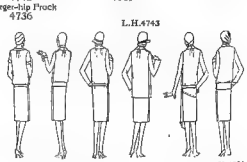
Larger-hip Jacket 4743

Larger-hip Frock 4736

Larger-hip 4669

Larger-hip 4594

L.H.4743



L.H.4819 L.H.4825 L.H.4813 L.H.4736 L.H.4669 L.H.4594

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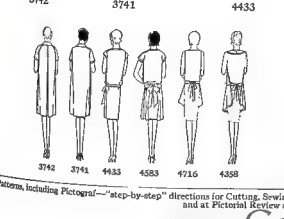
COTTON PRINTS FOR MORNING ATTIRE

4716—The front of this apron is cut in from the sides at low waistline, and the lower edges laid in pleats, forming cascades. A tie-belt, arranged over the pleats, ties in back. The cotton and linen prints are suitable. Designed for sizes 16 to 44. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch printed material.

4358—This apron is both attractive and sufficiently protective for work about the house. Extensions on the upper-front close in a seam at the back. Smart in printed or checked cotton. Designed for sizes 36, 40 and 44. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch printed material—¼ yard 36-inch plain to trim.

4716 4358

4583



3742 3741 4433

4583—In such a smartly tailored frock you may feel perfectly well-dressed, even when just working around the house. In cretonne, cotton and linen prints it is delightful. Designed for sizes 34 to 50. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch printed material—2⅜ yards plain binding to trim. Width about 1½ yard.

3742—In the office and around the house you will be smartly attired, and your dainty frocks will be protected if you wear this attractive smock with the chic raglan sleeves. It may be made of printed silk or cotton. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 39-inch print—¼ yard 39-inch plain to trim.

3741—Checks are ever so good this season and may be used to make this clever smock which conveys the impression of tailored efficiency. The mannish notched collar and the gathers at shoulders make it as smart as a real frock. Designed for sizes 14 to 44. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch checked material.

4433—In plain or striped tub silk, or in a cotton voile this sleeveless frock is modishly suited to morning wear. It is smartly designed with the yoke extension on the vestee, stitched down over the gathers in front. Designed for sizes 14 to 48. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 39-inch material. Width about 1⅝ yard.

3742 3741 4433 4583 4716 4358

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that foils teeth beauty and makes gums tender

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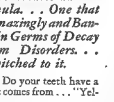
Look in your mirror. Do your teeth have a yellowish tinge? That comes from . . . "Yellow Mask"

Its Origin—and Dangers

That yellowness *is not on* the enamel. It *is in* a thin, porous mask that has formed over the enamel and is caused by the hardening of a "liquid cement" in the saliva. Food, coffee and tobacco stain this mask its unbecoming yellow.

In health's interests, as well as beauty's, it is vitally essential that you get rid of it. For within this mask breed germs of decay. Millions of them! And the mask protects them . . . defends them while they attack enamel and gums.



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"My teeth looked so yellowish . . . I switched from a dentifrice I had used for ten years to Orphos . . . and I'll think it is for life, for in two weeks it made them beautifully white." Miss A. L. M., New York City

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Orphos Co., Inc., 22 W. 32nd St., New York City

Orphos TOOTH PASTE
-Removes Yellow Mask

Continued from Page 78

slowly and examined its breech. It was loaded. It had been placed, she knew, in her hands by divine intention. She carried it almost reverently into the house.

The sun was not yet up, but the eastern sky was rosy and a pink blush lay along the snow on the horizon. She closed the kitchen door softly behind her and stepped out into the sharp chill of the morning. Beyond a slight light-headedness she felt well and strong. She even felt happy, and the hymn she liked best, "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood," rose to her lips as she walked.

Sometimes she felt as if she were flying; scarcely touching the ground with her feet; flying on swift white wings over the white earth to do her Master's bidding. She was serene and calm. If only her heart would not go like a trip-hammer in her breast.

As she approached the Cardy house the old loathing of it filled her. The house, spread out over its acre of land, seemed to her by its very size a symbol of his loose manner of living. There was nothing neat and compact and God-fearing about it. Its spaciousness was lewd. It flashed over her at that moment that ridding the world of Jim Cardy would be a step toward wiping out all evil; a step toward making the world as pure, as spotless as the fields of trackless snow. And she had been chosen for this task! Chosen of the Lord!

THE Cardys ate in the kitchen, and Jim, she knew, would be seated with his back to the door. She could steal up on the porch behind him and riddle him with bullets. She gripped the rifle tighter and crept forward. Then the silence, which was wrapped round her like a cloak, was suddenly torn asunder by the thunder of Jim's laugh. She closed her eyes and swayed for an instant. Laughing! And so close to death; to death and damnation.

She rounded the side of the house and pressed back against the wall. He had stepped out on the porch in full view. A perfect target. He was coatless and he stretched his strong, brown arms above his head and yawned. God had sent him out there. There was to be no mistake. She raised the gun and cried, "The vengeance of the Lord is upon you!" and, shutting her eyes, pulled the trigger!

It would not go off. She tugged at it frantically with frenzied fingers. It was like a moment in a nightmare. Beads of sweat sprang out on her forehead and upper lip. Her mounting hysteria shook her with a violent chill, but the trigger was immovable. It might have been carved out of stone. She was conscious suddenly of an iron hand twisting her wrist. With a scream she flung the gun from her and pitched forward.

SHE opened her eyes and saw Jim Cardy bending over her. Alive. He was alive. She had not killed him, after all. Thank God! He said quickly, "Get up; don't say a word. Nobody saw you except me. David's here. I kicked some snow over the gun." He helped her to her feet. She thought, "Suppose he were lying there dead. Suppose all the life had gone out of him and I was looking down at his dead face, his dear, dead face."

Tears trickled down her cheeks. He shook her and said gruffly, "Don't you try any more tricks like that on me, do you hear? or I'll have you in the lockup. I'd put you there now if it wasn't for the boy."

She said, "No, Jim. I won't," very humbly. He took her arm and half lifted her toward the house. It seemed to her for an agonized moment that she could not meet his wife and her boy; but David, his young face puckered with anxiety, came running down the steps. "Are you all right, Mom? Are you all right?"

Jim Cardy answered for her, "Yes. She's all right now. I'll go get the car out and drive you folks home," he said to her without glancing at her. "Remember, no more funny business."

She nodded. Just to hear his voice. To know that he was alive. Ah, dear God.

Mrs. Cardy was drawing her over the sill toward the fire crackling in the stove. "You come right in, Annie, and have a bite with us before you start back. You look clean tuckered out," she added in a lower tone. "We kept David here overnight. He was so upset. If I was you I wouldn't keep too tight a rein on him. All young 'uns want to flap their wings, you know."

Hung over a chair, before the fire, was Jim Cardy's coat. In passing, Annie reached out her hand timidly and stroked it.

LITTLE THEY KNEW

Continued from Page 25

Now, a man does not say that unless he is really serious, does he, Ruth?"

"I know so little about men. I prefer dogs," said Ruth. "They are so much easier. Besides, I always thought the general and you —"

"There was nothing definite," said Dollie quickly. "Of course he was very devoted. I can not deny it. But at the same time he is rather old for me. Isn't it funny, a fortune-teller distinctly said I should meet my fate this year and that he would be fair?"

"The cold weather is upon us. Romance is in the air, and blue jays bicker in the silver oaks," said Ruth, and she opened her mouth very wide and laughed her good-natured laugh, showing all her teeth, and not any of them had any stopping.

"What a funny girl she is!" mused Dollie. "Here she has never had a young man of any kind, nor do men pay much attention to her, and yet she seems very happy and is never at all put out for us to see her being a wallflower at the dances."

MRS. MacGREGGOR unfortunately got an attack of dengue just before the commissioner's ball, so Bunty packed her bag and spent the night with Mrs. Cane, who lived next door. Bunty had a new dress and a breathless air for that dance because she was convinced it was to be the night of her life, and that Captain Thistle, who of late had been more and more attentive, would most certainly say something.

She was terribly distressed to see Ruth unearth the same old blue-silk dress she had worn at countless other functions, and prepare to put herself into it.

"But surely, Ruth, you've got a newer dress than that?"

"I meant to make myself one, but somehow I never had the time. What's wrong with this?"

THERE was so much that Bunty could not even begin to put it into words.

"Let me send over and get my white chiffon for you."

Ruth opened her mouth very wide to laugh at that

"Can't you see me in white chiffon, dearie!"

"Really, Ruth, you would look awfully nice if you would take a little more trouble with yourself. Truly you would."

"No wonder," said Bunty to herself, "that she sits out dance after dance when she will not take any trouble with herself at all. I can distinctly see the marks of a dog's muddy paws upon the skirt of her dress. And her aunt really ought to tell her what a mistake it is—"

The club was disguised as fairy-land on the night of the commissioner's ball. Bunty danced the first dance with Captain Thistle. People were getting a trifle excited about it all. Ruth, who started off by being a wallflower three times running, watched them with some amusement and wondered if there was anything in it. Somehow she thought not. Still, they made a handsome couple, and

It would not go off. She tugged at it frantically with frenzied fingers. It was like a moment in a nightmare. Beads of sweat sprang out on her forehead and upper lip. Her mounting hysteria shook her with a violent chill, but the trigger was immovable. It might have been carved out of stone. She was conscious suddenly of an iron hand twisting her wrist. With a scream she flung the gun from her and pitched forward.

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Tears trickled down her cheeks. He shook her and said gruffly, "Don't you try any more tricks like that on me, do you hear? or I'll have you in the lockup. I'd put you there now if it wasn't for the boy."

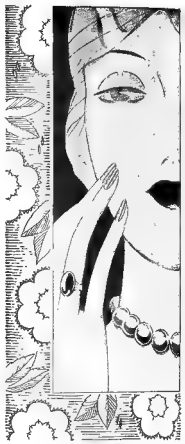
She said, "No, Jim. I won't," very humbly. He took her arm and half lifted her toward the house. It seemed to her for an agonized moment that she could not meet his wife and her boy; but David, his young face puckered with anxiety, came running down the steps. "Are you all right, Mom? Are you all right?"

Jim Cardy answered for her, "Yes. She's all right now. I'll go get the car out and drive you folks home," he said to her without glancing at her. "Remember, no more funny business."

She nodded. Just to hear his voice. To know that he was alive. Ah, dear God.

Mrs. Cardy was drawing her over the sill toward the fire crackling in the stove. "You come right in, Annie, and have a bite with us before you start back. You look clean tuckered out," she added in a lower tone. "We kept David here overnight. He was so upset. If I was you I wouldn't keep too tight a rein on him. All young 'uns want to flap their wings, you know."

Hung over a chair, before the fire, was Jim Cardy's coat. In passing, Annie reached out her hand timidly and stroked it.



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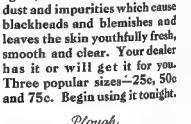

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If Bunty had been relying on Alistair, it might be a good thing.

Kenneth MacBane came to claim a dance he had booked several days beforehand, and to her surprize had not forgotten. He was a good-looking lean young man with blue eyes, and nondescript hair, always faultlessly brushed. After the dance he led her to the side door where his two-seater was waiting.

"I put it there on purpose for sitting out," said Kenneth. "So much cozier, don't you think?"

SHE settled herself in the corner. Kenneth caught her in his arms and laid his face against her soft white shoulder, where it emerged from the ancient blue silk of her old dress.

"Ruth, Ruth," he murmured madly, "I wonder if you have any idea how glorious you are?"

She tried to disengage herself, and said coldly:

"Isn't this a joke?"

"Joke?" He almost wept. "Joke? I swear to you, Ruth, that I have thought of no one but you——"

"Do you say that to every girl you sit out with?"

"I've only been waiting for an opportunity to ask you if you would marry me. As soon as I saw you I knew you were the girl I had had in my mind, ever since I was at Cambridge, to be the ideal wife for me. I thought you knew how I felt."

"How on earth should I know how you felt?"

"Surely you saw me looking at you!"

"I never thought anything about you. Oh, please don't kiss me again. I don't seem to like it."

"Gosh! I never dreamed you'd take it like this. I thought you knew——"

"I always imagined that you and May——"

"Yes, yes," he put in impatiently, "every one does, I know. You can't do anything up here with a girl without every one imagining you are madly in love with her. As if a man naturally wanted to marry the sort of girl he only wants to play golf and tennis with."

She put her hand to her head.

"I'm feeling rather giddy. Is there anything funny about me, I wonder? No, no, please don't do it again."

"Can't I even hope?"

"It would be an awful waste of time. You—you've no business to go proposing to people like that, all suddenly, without giving them any warning."

She was near tears.

He said, "I thought you knew. I thought you had seen me looking at you."

He left her standing in the moonlight of the garden. There she was found by the general, who bore down upon her, looking very trim and spruce.

"Trying to cut my dance, young lady?" "Far from it. But could we sit out? I am a little out of breath."

"Nothing would suit me better," said the general. "I have left my car just round here. So much more comfortable than these chairs, and, besides, bugs always come out of them and bite me on the arms."

When they were seated in the car she turned to him.

"Tell me, is there anything funny about me? Anything unusual and—and—queer?"

"Lots," he said candidly. "Firstly, you are much nicer than any of the others."

She laughed, opening her mouth very wide. In the moonlight he could see her teeth; they were none of them stopped.

"So nice are you, Ruth, that I have been wondering if I could have you for my own."

Ruth sat bolt upright, as if some one had stabbed her through the back.

"I'll tell you in what way you are different from the others," he said. "You are a Fragonade, and they are the chocolate boxes; hand-painted and tied up with a silk bow."

He was an able man.

"I've been waiting for a long time to say this to you. I know I am a good bit older than you are, but I would make you a very good husband."

She laid her hand on his.

"Oh, please, if you care anything for me don't say any more. Not another word."

"My dear, aren't you well?"

"Oh, well enough. Well enough." She rocked herself to and fro as if in pain.

"I am sorry if it has come as a surprize. I suppose in my own heart I thought you knew."

"If I'd known all the things that I am expected to know, I wouldn't have had any time in between for leisure," she said.

"At least I may hope that perhaps——?"

She shook her head wearily.

"It would only be a waste of time. I hadn't even thought of such a thing. Besides, I always imagined——"

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The words died on her lips. After all, it was becoming tedious.

"D——," said the general. "Another ideal gone. As a man gets older he abandons them one by one. I have never cared for a woman seriously before. I never shall again."

He left her.

"AND what sort of an evening did you have, dearie?" asked Mrs. Cane, who was sitting up for them with a food-drink in cups.

"A trifle wearing," said Ruth.

"Too perfectly lovely and glorious for words," said Bunty. "I danced four with Captain Thistle."

She lay till dawn broke, remonstrating with Ruth for not taking more trouble with herself, and gave her many useful hints on the way to become a social success.

"Men are frightfully put off by little things, like shabby dresses and unmanicured hands," said Bunty. "They really are. I tell you for your own good, Ruth, that if you'd take a little more trouble you would appeal to men much more."

"The way to appeal to men is to prefer dogs," said Ruth, yawning. Bunty thought that a silly remark, and fell asleep marveling at her.

BY THE end of October things were pretty tense in Maymyo, for Captain Thistle was paying marked attention, they said, to Brenda, Dollie, May, and Bunty, each one of whom was fully convinced she was the only one he was serious about. Mrs. South got no sleep o' nights, wondering who was going to marry who.

And it was not odd that the commissioner's ball had gone by for the first time any one could remember without a single engagement being announced as the result of it.

MR. CANE, who was merely a barrister and not entitled to wear a glamourous uniform of any kind at any time, returned from the hills to Rangoon at the beginning of November. With him went his pale wife. Did she not always go everywhere with him? She complained, but she went. And there, also, went Ruth Cane, as care-free as ever, with an ancient battered topee on the back of her head, and her hair sticking out in handfuls of black curls each side of it.

All the other girls went to see her off. They liked her, and besides they were all sorry for her because she had such a dull time. Not a single man came to see her off, which was most unusual when a girl went down to the Plains.

"I'm going to write to you," whispered Dollie "There is something I want to consult you about."

Brenda, May, and Bunty, on various parts of the Maymyo platform, made the same confidence. Ruth, the picture of good nature, promised to give them any advice she could. They envied her because she was so gay and care-free.

"Love," said Dollie to her mirror, "is beautiful, but how wearing it is!"

May had gone off her food entirely. Her mother was very anxious about her.

There were moments when Bunty could not be sure whether she loved Tim Thistle, or hated him for the havoc he had wrought in her peace of mind. And ever in her dreams she saw him talking to her in that pleasant, eager manner of his, a little diffident, a little shy. Surely he must soon cease being either with her. It did seem, sometimes, rather dreadful that he should spend so much time with Dollie after all the things he had said to her. She wrote:

And the trouble is, Ruth, I can not be really quite sure which of them I really care for—Alistair or Tim. Alistair has been rather spiritless lately and of course he rather minds all this. He is difficult it is to act for the best! My life is one long misery trying——

RUTH read that on the veranda of her uncle's house in Rangoon. May's letter was no more cheering.

You see, Ruth, it is so hard on poor old Kenneth. All this time we have been such good friends, and of course I know that he cares a lot about me. He has been so sad lately, with his nose all put out of joint. I do like him, but Tim, of course, is marvelous. All the girls are raving about him, and I am afraid one or two of them think he is quite serious. Is life not difficult, Ruth?

"It is," said Ruth grimly, folding that letter on the veranda of her uncle's Rangoon house.

Dollie's letter was even worse. Dollie, being older, took things still more seriously.

I am between two fires, Ruth. I like the general and I adore Tim, and both are devoted to me. What ought I to do? I am so afraid the general might shoot himself if anything awful happened to him. I often envy you. It must be very nice not to care for men. So many love me, and, alas! I reciprocate so heartily.

"Got a headache, dearie?" asked her aunt, passing.

"No, Aunt. I am confronted with a problem and am trying to solve it."

"I never could," said Mrs. Cane, and was gone. She heard her niece walking about the veranda, and called to her.

"Are you coming to the gymkhana, dear? No. Then I will be back at eight-thirty. Tell your uncle if he comes."

Ruth sat down alone on the veranda, and held her head. Footsteps aroused her. She was hardly surprized to see Captain Thistle, he had been so much in her mind.

"May I come in?" he asked diffidently, having already come. She indicated a chair and hastily gathered her correspondence together. The servant entered with another letter for her. She put it on the table. Captain Thistle lit a cigaret.

"I did not want to bother you, but you seem to be a friend of every one's. I am in a hole."

"That I rather gathered."

"They all seem to expect so much more than I ever meant. I dare say I expressed myself badly, but at the moment I feel like a man who intended to take a stroll in a meadow and found himself up to his knees in a bog. If you understand what I mean."

"Which of them is it?"

A terrible bleakness came over the handsome features of Captain Thistle.

"None of them at all. I have never

Women spend years in fear and doubt

** * * so unnecessary when correct information is theirs for the asking*

EVEN the most modern young women, many of them, are starting married life under a cloud of misunderstanding. Not that they cannot get advice on intimate feminine matters, but the information is so often incorrect. This leads to doubt and fear—the fear of uncertainty.

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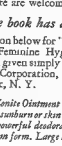

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been more than merely polite to any of them. A man must keep his end up in society. But I have no desire to marry - now. I found much consolation in horses and dogs. If you understand what I mean."

"You must surely have said something——"

"Beyond the ordinary courtesies of every day, nothing, I assure you."

His eye fell on the unopened letter on the table.

"Hadn't you better read it? It's from Brenda," he said. He knew their writing by heart.

DEAR RUTH: Do not be surprized to hear at any moment that I am engaged to Captain Tim Thistle. He is so very kind and affectionate——

She threw it from her with a groan.

"Oh, Tim, Tim, rightly did they christen you 'Temptation Tim.' What am I to do with you?"

He said, very earnest:

"Change your mind and marry me, Babs. You ought to have done it when I asked you in England. I knew as soon as I saw you that you were my one hope of salvation, and my heart nearly broke when you turned me down. I can tell you it has not been much fun, penned up there in the same station with you, having nothing to do with you. Having you treat me like dirt. If you had only married me, there would have been none of this trouble. A married man can be so much politer than a bachelor. If you understand what I mean."

He advanced toward her half shyly.

"Ruth darling, can't you reconsider your hateful verdict? Change your mind and have me! We are both fond of the same things. Games and horses and dogs. And I am awfully fond of you. And then I would not always have to be considering whether I was being too polite——"

"If you were not so dreadfully rich and so terribly good-looking," she moaned. "I've always hated handsome men, and rich men are so selfish. I always said if I ever married it would be a poor man, and one that I could do things for."

He said earnestly:

"You will have to go a very long way before you can find a poorer man than I, Babs. For what good is money if I can not have you? It seems to me that money only buys you a whole lot of things you don't want a bit, and you have to have them for politeness' sake. If you understand what I mean."

She got up.

"I dare say it's the only thing for both of us, Tim, and it will settle things once and for all. After all, I do like you a great deal more than any one else."

"Have other fellows been making love to you?" he asked, almost surprized.

"Oh, just occasionally, you know, dearie. Boys will be boys."

"Curse their eyes," said Captain Thistle quietly, gathering her into his arms.

Mrs. Cane came back from the club at eight-thirty, just as she said she might. She found Ruth alone on the veranda.

"Aunt Lucy, I am going to be married."

Mrs. Cane felt the girl must be joking.

"And to whom?" she asked with mild sarcasm.

"Captain Thistle."

Mrs. Cane sat down very suddenly, and called for a glass of iced water.

"But, dear, do you know him?"

"He asked me to marry him at home, before he came out here. I didn't want to, because I never wanted to be frightfully rich. Now I suppose it can't be helped."

Mrs. Cane listened to her with a headache coming on. And now she was finally convinced that she never would understand Ruth.

"IT IS the most extraordinary thing that has ever happened," said Mrs. MacGreggor, after the wedding, over the cocktails. "She was a girl who sat out at every dance and who got no attention of any kind. And then this is sprung upon us."

"I always fancied Lucy Cane was sly," said Mrs. South.

"Personally I always thought he liked Brenda."

"You thought that?" Mrs. Pulchree laughed depreciatively. "Why, my Brenda is such a child. Too young to think of marriage yet. I am sure such a thing never enters her head."

They all nodded amiably, whatever their private thoughts may have been.

"A blight seems to have fallen on this place," said Mrs. South. "Dollie must have turned the general down. He has been looking like a ghost for weeks. We see nothing of Allstair, and now I hear that young MacRane has gone into the jungle, tiger-shooting."

"And she had such a dull time up here in October," repeated Mrs. MacGreggor, as if she found consolation in the thought.

They stared into their cocktails in silence.

Little they knew.

SURVIVOR

Continued from Page 18

the catastrophe brewing in the basement behind him. His own few words sounded remote and inane, and so did the applause at the actual uncovering of the "Arapahoe." There was no thrill in it for the perturbed man.

Afterward it was worse. He ought to have gone inside. There were works of old pupils of his on exhibition, and they would think it queer of him not to. He made an effort to listen to the kind things that prominent people were saying to him, the indulgence of Mrs. E. D. Bragford, the parrot-patter of Mrs. Winn Constable, the gush of Mrs. Colbine. It came as a relief, tho, when Abrahams, the art-dealer, stopped to add his congratulations.

"I'm glad to see you, Abrahams. I heard you were back—yesterday, wasn't it? Tell me about your trip. Did you find anything worth while?"

ABRAHAMS sketched his fifty days, Chicago, New York, London, Paris, Provincetown.

"And back here for to-day and your 'Arapahoe,' best of all, old friend."

"Thank you, Abrahams. No, I've not been in yet; I'll go presently. By the way, I see your truck parked out there on Colfax; have you a loan in the show in there?"

The dealer laughed. "What a man! For one thing, there's your own 'Young Circe,' as usual. What would their show be without that?"

It was a comfort to Dobson to reflect what would Abrahams's own gallery be without that same "Young Circe"? What would his window in Seventeenth Street have done any time in these past ten years without its mainstay and keystone in that marble shard of loveliness, the masterpiece of Dobson's later middle life? It would be pleasant if it would sell, of course, but sometimes Dobson was almost glad it hadn't been taken and shut away in privacy. There in Abrahams's window it did its bit in leavening with beauty the daily ugliness, a monument almost as public as the others, the "Grizzly at Bay" before the court-house, the "Scout" in City Park, and now the "Arapahoe" here.

People who had been in to the exhibition were coming out again, and now the worst of the ordeal began. Dobson could keep his eyes wherever he wanted them, but against derisive or scandalized whisperings he could not stop his ears.

"Did you ever in your *life*! Who is this Shannon person?"

"Isn't there some one supposed to

Continued on Page 92

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"Carol . . . better put something under this vase. It's perspiring"

(FROM THE OTHER ROOM) *"Don't you work up a perspiration, dear. The table's all right . . . it's waxed"**

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Continued from Page 90

handle these exhibitions, some one responsible?"

"But what I can't understand—I'm told she's actually a *pupil* of Mr. Dob——"

"Shhhhh! (Right there.)"

Ears crimson, eyes averted, Dobson kept silence, and denied Mary once.

There was the voice of Mrs. Dickens, the Governor's wife: "Why, of course Earle didn't realize—never had laid eyes on the girl's work. It was simply that Roy, his brother's boy (he has a crush on the girl), plagued him—and believing she was a protégé of Mr. Dobson's—Roy made that up out of whole cloth, as we can now see——"

Deeper crimson, farther away, Dobson denied Mary twice.

"I'd rather be *anything* than *embarrassed*." That was Mrs. E. D. Bragford, president of the State Confederation. "I think this will teach them that it should be strictly limited to entries having some art education, and by that I mean in some recognized course devoted to it, such as Mr. Dobson's——"

It was startling then. It was the sculptor himself, red-jowled, bright blue-eyed.

"If you are speaking of Mary Shannon, Mrs. Bragford, she is not only a pupil, but she is something of a protégé of mine."

It had nothing to do with Dobson's intelligence, or with his will. It was simply a year's accumulated explosives, going off disastrously. Snickering at Mary Shannon, were they? Sneering at Mary! Wheeling, he marched into the basement of the Capitol.

He knew he was being an idiot, and worse than an idiot, a renegade. He knew it with his head, tho, not with his heart, or his feet.

He had not seen Mary for months, till he saw her across the shoulders of the people there in the Bureau of Claims. Her head up, her face a mask, her stubborn shoulders squared against the affront of muffled gasp and giggle, she stood withdrawn in a farther corner, hemmed in by the crowds. Whether they were the figures of the living or of her own distorted bronzes Dobson could not have said; Mary, cornered, was all he could see. Miserable child, she had nothing to thank for it but her own vain folly. But who cared?

Half a quiet had fallen at his appearance in the doorway, a gesture of the crowd's curiosity and vague illness at ease. It became a whole one as he began to make a circuit of the exhibit. Halting heavily before each successive prodigy, he appeared to study it with deliberation; he scarcely saw it, as a matter of fact. He was too upset. The strongest impression he carried out of it all, indeed, was not of the dead casts but of the living faces that watched his as he deliberated, some of them hard, dull, and old, some old, soft, and self-satisfied, and some, scattered here and there, the faces of the strangest youth, intractable and vigilant.

"Who are these?" Dobson found himself wondering.

THERE was one face triangular and sallow, save for a hectic feather on either cheek-ridge, and with long black hair. Another, a foreign-looking girl, had blond eyebrows meeting in a thick line and a nervous mouth painted in pure magenta. Another, a tenement young Hebrew, had mine-dust bitten into his neck-pores. They were all different, but somehow or other they were less different than they were alike.

"Where did they come from," Dobson wondered, "and what are they doing here?"

Against almost the last of the pediments in the gantlet a placard was propped: "SURVIVOR." When Dobson lifted his eyes to find the figure above it that pipe-limbed, egg-headed travesty of an Indian holding his pants up patiently, he shivered a little, said "God forgive me!" to himself, and closed his eyes tight. But then he opened them.

His voice was harsh and loud, for he spoke, purposely, across the width of the room.

"Splendid, Mary! Do your own thing in your own way, and don't bother about the fatheads. They come to scoff now. They'll remain to pray." On impulse he raised one hand to his temple. It was a funny little old-man salute, as prim as it was unpractised, and by so much the more impressive. "Good!" he cried. "Push on!"

He nearly collided with Abrahams in the doorway, but cleared himself and escaped into the corridor. His legs, he found, were as rickety as an old rag doll's. Outside he avoided the crowd and followed the building's shadow around, wanting no more of his day of days, wanting only to get home.

He tried his rooms, above the drugstore, but found no peace there. Driven out to his studio, it was little better. If he had had something to work at, something to beat and mold with his hands, in place of the vacancy left enormous by the "Arapahoe's" departure, it would have helped. Helpless, he wandered or sat.

He could see now. He had made a fool of himself.

To what end? Thinking in his quixotic zeal to fend off mockery from Mary, what he had done in all probability was only to double it by his transparent clowning.

And at what price? At the price of the oldest and deepest loyalty he had, his faith in the virtue of beauty and in the dignity of its creating.

THE sun went down, leaving for a moment between the peaks a glitter in the shape of a curving sword. "The coward does it with a kiss," he recollected, "the brave man with a sword." He had done it with a kiss.

As it grew dark he made an effort. Jumped to his feet, shook himself. "What the devil! All this stew over nothing, practically. It's late and I haven't eaten: I'm hungry; that's the trouble." Hurrying to his rooms, he began to tidy himself, and decided abruptly on evening clothes. "What the devil! I have finished a piece. Such days don't come too often. To-night I'll have nothing but the best. I'll go to the Laville Café, order a sole and little beans and white wine. Swank it." On the way, turning into Fifteenth Street, the ferrule of his stick faltered in its resolute tattoo. "People. There'll be a crowd there." But then with relief and a little shame he recollected: "It's too late and too early; I'll have the place to myself; quiet, that's the ticket," and strode on.

White wine? This night itself was white wine as he walked. Still Spring, already Summer. Moonlight and arclight, weaving beauty between them out of raw brick ugliness. And people had liked the "Arapahoe" uncommonly.

On Dobson's right was the better commercial quarter, on his left the poorer. From the poorer came the greater noise of life, gossip, hails, fall of feet, muffled music, instrument and voice. It bothered the sculptor, affronted him somehow. He increased his pace, turning his silk-hatted head a little away. Soon he would reach the cross-street where he could make to the east.

But now there was a sweaty yellow window to get past, a cheap restaurant, full of bubbub. The door opened and a fellow came out, loafing, perhaps for a breath of air. Starting at sight of Dobson, leaning to peer, he turned back and began to bellow.

"Hey, everybody, out here! Look! It's himself—the old man."

A rush, hurly-burly, violence. There was no room for defense, no chance for protest, hardly time for dismay. And Dobson was inside.

A few tables dressed in greasy oilcloth at one side, at the other a lunch-counter backed by gas-burners and a hot-plate, on which a stout woman, worried and none too clean, was busy turning wheat-cakes. Steam of cooking, steam of life.

A body leaping, athletic, reaching is one leap the height of the counter, erect, arms spread. Whose voice was that? It was Roy Dickens's.

"Come on now, all together, three long, loud, lusty cheers for the grand old man!"

Like the crashing of avalanches.

Confusion of the ears, confusion of the

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eyes. Who was that foreign-looking blond girl with the thick brows, sliding pie into a magenta mouth with one hand and waving a cup of milk-muddied coffee in the other? Why, it was the girl from the afternoon and the Bureau of Claims room, no longer sulkily vigilant, but almost a wanton for triumph now. And there above his plate of cakes doused with syrup was the fellow with the long black hair and the triangular, consumptive face, exulting: "Fatheads, you were right, sir; they've had the earth, and look what they've done with it; out with 'em; give us the room!" And back there was the mind-dust-bitten boy, his shoulders rounded over an accordion and his eyes as rapt as if it were real music he was playing for the dancers, not jazz.

AND who danced? Who was this coming from the dancing, luminous with perspiration, eyes shining, hands out, this strong angel, wild and young? Mary Shannon, Mary herself.

"This is our day, Mr. Dobson, yours and mine. Won't you ask me to dance?"

What did she mean, *her day*? Had *she* been taken in? Consternation, exasperation, pity. Or—or was it *he* that was being "had"? His face aflame, he dropped his eyes.

"I am too old for dancing."

He turned and fought his way out, as tho some one were trying to stop him. Not till he was clear away on the sidewalk was a hand laid on him. It was Mary's.

"Please; I must tell you. They may talk, Mr. Dobson, but I am the only one that *really* knows *how* brave you've been. How wise and brave when you turned me out on my own when you did, and how fine and brave to-day." Bending quickly over the hand she held, she kissed the back of it, squeezed it, and let it go. "I thank you, sir," she said.

It was the bitterest thing he had ever known, the misgiving that went with him as he went away If it *was* all malice, tongue in cheek—and certainly, flushed and self-deluded as they were, they couldn't all have been fooled by his folly of the afternoon—then this of Mary's was the blackest worst.

Where was he going, dropping one wooden foot in front of the other so? He had forgotten. Passing by the Laville Café without even seeing its rosy globes, he let himself be carried on to the east. When he reached Seventeenth he turned down it, north. Espying the white illumination in Abrahams's Art Gallery a block ahead, he realized what had brought him drifting, the want of something to see in the wilderness that was his own thing.

The dealer had been in late in consequence of his loans to the exhibition. He was locking the shop door when he saw the sculptor approaching, twenty yards or so away. He hurried toward him, his hand thrust far out.

"Well, Dobson, old fr'nd, where are you bound in your splendor? If nowhere in particular, why not come along with me to—back to—the Laville? I haven't dined."

"Thanks, I will. One moment, tho. You—you've got your pieces back from —my piece—back from the show?"

Abrahams could find no way to hold him from going forward. He followed, agitated, stumbling among his words. "—I've been thinking, Dobson—I've decided it's poor selling-policy to keep that marble of yours always on view, on the street, practically. Why buy it—that's the psychology—when you can see it every day just by—"

But there the sculptor stood before the shop, pale to the temples, mouth ajar.

"What the devil, Abrahams!"

Where from a time that began to seem immemorial Dobson's "Young Circe" had been wont to grace the center of that big window with her pure-white, tristful loveliness, Mary Shannon's dark atrocity, the "Survivor," stood. To the right was the smaller bronze of what might have been meant for a tiger, but looked like a mangy cat. To the left was the bust of an apparent idiot, apparently done with a mason's trowel.

"What the devil, Abrahams!" The old man's voice broke high. "You too?"

The dealer looked everywhere. "Well —you see—old friend—"

"You don't mean to tell me *you* swallowed that to-day. *You* can't be simple enough to have believed I saw anything—" Dobson pointed a shaking finger at the nearest, the idiotic bust "—anything but the fumbling of a kindergarten child in that thing of Mary Shannon's there."

Abrahams gasped. "Heavens, that isn't a Shannon, man. That's an Epstein I picked up in London, and they made me go to the bottom of my pocket for it, don't forget. The other, the animal piece, is an Ed Villon: but tell me, you must have seen the plate of that one in the studio this Spring. I had to dig for that one too. Deep."

Perceiving Dobson dumb, Abrahams rushed on: "A gamble, of course, in this town. I shall not sell them this month nor next. But by Christmas I shall have sold them; wait and see. I know my people: I can predict definitely. The Ed Villon I shall sell to Mrs. E. D. Bragford, and she will pay for it—through the nose. The Epstein, Mrs. Donald Dickens, the Governor's wife, will take; Mrs. Bragford will have told her to by then. The Shannon piece I shall not offer here, but in Chicago. A prophet in his own country, you know."

Abrahams had been talking against a thing that failed him now. With a catch in his throat, "Old friend," he cried, stepping forward to throw an arm around the smaller, grayer man, "as for me, myself, I see more truth and worth and beauty in your 'Circe' than in all of these. That is my taste. Added to that is my loyalty. But these days are other days, and my old taste will not pay my assistants' wages, nor loyalty my rent."

Dobson shook the arm off and stood away. He tried to keep his voice level, but it trembled for all of it, like a blade in an infuriated hand.

"I have owned up that I have made an ass of myself, Abrahams. It seems to me that you at least might accept it at that, and drop the ragging." Dobson wheeled round, stiff-legged, and marched away.

IT GREW midnight and past midnight in Dobson's workshop.

It is curious what the human mind can be when it is driven to defend itself. He no longer thought of Abrahams, but he had not yet managed not to think of Mary Shannon. It seemed to him he would have given anything to have been able to forget her as he had last seen her, flushed with what seemed to him her self-delusion of achievement, surrounded by bragging riffraff, in that squalid eating-place. Flapjacks and raisin pie, fried-egg sandwiches and muddy coffee, straining, wild hallooing, perspiration, jazz. Ugh!

By an effort of the will, in panic, Dobson ran away into his memory. Ah, but this was better! Leaves and cheese, smoked fish and gray sausages, under the flaking gilt trellis-work of the Masque d'Or. Alan and his girl there, Sven and his Lilla. Ivan Mourvitch and Fredda Webster from Des Moines with his hair a shirt and patched trousers, bellowing "*Mort aux vieux!*" Down with the old fogies! Up youth! "What do you think that old donkey of a dealer . . . a hodgepodge," says he. "My little boy with chalks . . ." "Money-bag, Pot-belly, let him wait ten years . . ." Dancing, when dancing was dancing, warm, eager, and wild. Gas-lit nights of dancing, lilac-lit days of working—working when work was a true, fierce, rebellious matter, sweet clay on the hands.

Work! Dobson got out of his chair, stood on his two feet, and began shaping with a thumb before his eye the vacancy where the "Arapahoe" had been.

"To-morrow I will go about it. A—uh—the—'Indian Mother.' So. And so. Yes, 'Arapahoe Mother'—companion piece—the west approach will want something now to fill it. So. And so. Marching toward the sunset, bowed a little, burdened. But unbeaten, untired. So."

With a sweep of the thumb the old man finished the line of the shadow of a noble beauty.

"Good! Push on!"

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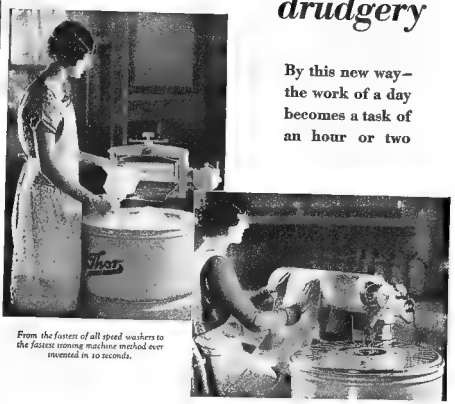

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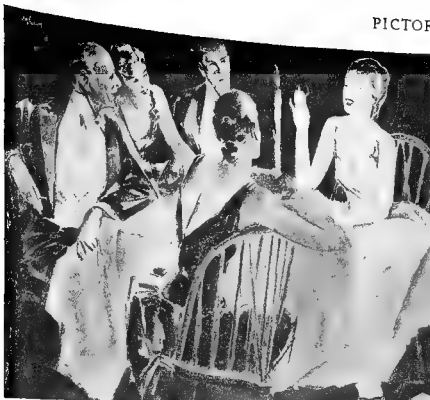

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FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND MY CHILD TO SCHOOL

Continued from Page 4

In progressive schools where discipline and duty have been abolished children are busy of their own accord; are not given to mischief (which is merely a spirited child's resentment against authority and dulness). Indeed, they are beautifully behaved, are careful of each other's rights and privileges, and have a code of natural courtesy emanating from their own group, self-government, which is finer than anything that blossoms from the public-school teacher's ruler.

Let us be frank. What do we remember from all the years of actual schooling? I remember nothing of algebra, or geometry, or arithmetic, beyond being able to do my ordinary accounts, nor have I ever needed more. I've forgotten what are the favorite industries of Senegambia, New Zealand, or Arabia, and I could not, without looking at the globe on our table, tell you exactly where any range of mountains is.

My Latin I have forgotten so well that I can't, without using a "pony," translate an enticing page from "Daphnis and Chloe." I got my passive French in school and my active French in real and stumbling conversation with French shopkeepers and friends.

What educational equipment have I actually carried with me into my adult life and my work? Reading, first and forever—and the stimulation to read came from the librarian in the children's room of the St. Louis public library—that blessed young woman who let me range the shelves through the reading-hours and take home two books every night, which was against the rule.

I remember the teacher who inspired me and influenced my life most, and that by ways subversive to school discipline. I sat first in the row beside her desk. She could look over my large open geography and see that what I was busily studying was not the day's lesson, but a smaller, open volume of Dickens or Hugo or Shakespeare. I loved her because she understood, and was my accomplice in this duplicity.

I REMEMBER that my school-days were one long period of pretending to do one thing but really occupied with some ruminations that belonged only to me. I remember in high school taking English examinations which enabled me to skip a whole year's work. Every intellectually ambitious child can tell the same story. Most of the school-hours of bright children, the children who love learning, are wasted in repetitious lessons waiting for the dumber ones to catch up, and the pity of it is that the stupid children, too, are being stuffed with a fodder they do not desire and will never need when they could be learning something else at which they could excel.

Hundreds of thousands of children are sitting at desks for six hours every day of every year. Sitting still, not whispering, not wiggling their seats, waiting for their own good they should be running, standing, leaping, swinging, swimming, exploring, using their bodies like young animals, and learning the things a young human creature should learn, which is how to use and develop his body gracefully, rhythmically, and with strength, and how to make things, to build like all primitive creatives, aggressive beings.

I shall point out some of my objections to modern play-schools later on. But one great revolution in education they have accomplished. They have amply demonstrated that children love to go to school if you give them the kind of school they enjoy, and that what they learn disciplines their minds and bodies and exhilarates their spirit.

It seems to me unfortunate that modern, progressive education places so much emphasis on co-operation. The whole tendency of modern child-education is to

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encourage the child to co-operate, to function well with and in groups. That is a necessary and highly important equipment for people who live in societies. It makes the child a successful adult, smooth, efficient, able to function well in a machine civilization. But machine civilization inevitably rides over the individual; and what hope is there for a culture in which the individual is smothered, in which the child is taught first to co-operate, to get along with a group?

It will make a good citizen, a successful citizen out of him, which is what his parents and society desire ardently, but it will equally dull the edge of his individuality. Because the fact remains that the greatest things have come out of antisocial beings, out of just the sort of shy, defective, and imperfect people who could not co-operate. A blind person has very sensitive hands and ears; a person crippled in the legs has enormous strength in his arms and shoulders; these are the compensatory, the balancing strengths. Many of the greatest artists and warriors have been men and women who sought in art and warfare and learning compensation for their lacks in real life.

Napoleon was a little bit of a man, not even a Frenchman, a parvenu who struck noble attitudes. Byron was a cripple, and Shelley a sensitive outcast from aristocratic society. The list is endless.

We can not educate for genius by depriving our children of things, or crippling them, of course, no more than we can by stuffing them with exceptional advantages. Who is there to say where the divine spirit really manifests itself? But modern education in educating for efficiency and co-operation and social health first and foremost is, like the established system, tending toward a utilitarian, practical end. It is the other and the more healthful way round to the same material end.

Perhaps that is the inevitable trend of modern life. Perhaps we who want another sort of ideal for our children are not fitting them for the life they will find around them. But some one must carry on the ideas of civilization and art and culture, and they are all ideas which can only be generative and bear fruit in turn in individualistic persons.

My own children happen to have the ability to adapt themselves, so I have not yet found in modern schools the answer to their needs. I don't want them to be good mixers, people who are successful in high-power salesmanship and at parties. But I would like them to be self-integrated, simple, joyous, and serious people, standing out for something definite and fine in life. And my aim is to find for them the sort of education that will encourage an inquiring, brave, but not necessarily co-operative attitude toward society. In so far as the modern school will help me toward that end I am grateful.

BUT the trouble with people trained to co-operate is that they can't stand alone very well. They co-operate for all purposes. They are always organizing, and it is the bane of American life. They organize in groups for everything; they can't be alone and be at peace. They organize to read, they organize to go on picnics, they even organize to eat.

It is of course gratifying to psychiatrists to have modern schools which function to make persons who will be well adapted to society. But it results in the age-old bans against freedom and initiative, all the old intolerances modernism is supposed to do away with. A case in point was this: A new little boy moved into our neighborhood. "I know him; I won't play with him," said a nice little girl about his age. "He's awful; he went to our school. None of us would play with him."

I found out why. It seems at lunch one day he took the butter off his plate and smeared his face with it, and roared with laughter at his own joke. Now, that simply wasn't done, explained Nancy. At another time he had refused to undress for physical examination. His mother told me she was always being called upon to explain his actions.

I got to know him well, and he happens to be what the French call "an

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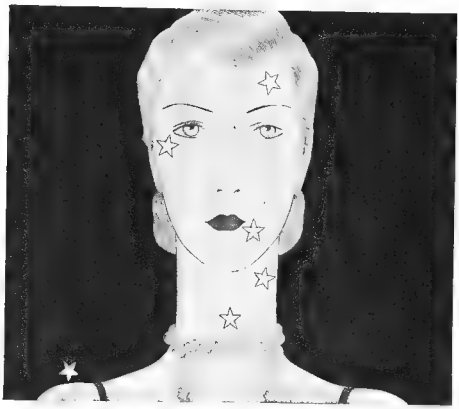

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"STEP ON IT, MOTHER ► THIS ISN'T THE POLKA"

MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . *Episode Number Four*

THE HAPPY RHYTHM of her youth, the buoyancy, sparkle and zest of all her ways, her self-reliance and sanity—it is these charms of the modern daughter which are tempting the world away from old-fashioned ideas — preaching the new thought of not growing old.

In a gloomier age, women were resigned to drudgery. Today, young womanhood does not permit drudgery to cloud her joy of living. She is the champion of every new device which adds to the pleasure and ease of existence.

It is this eagerness of youth for something better which has won for Modess, in so short a time, a nation-wide popularity. For Modess is infinitely finer—more comfortable, safer.

The softness, pliancy and gracious ease of Modess are due to the remarkable new substance of which the filler is made. This filler is as fluffy and downy as cotton, amazingly absorbent and instantly disposable. There are no square edges to irritate—the sides are smoothly rounded. For still greater comfort, the gauze is cushioned with a film of cotton.

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Modess
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original," a remarkable child who thinks things out for himself. Because he was "queer" and "funny" and "different" he was ostracized at school. The whole incident sounds familiar. Sounds reminiscent of all the prejudice and the punishments society has inflicted on those who were original and therefore different. I have known several children from this modern school, one of the finest in the country, and they all have this spirit of group consciousness.

But the most serious reason why I hesitate about sending my daughter to an experimental school is that it gives the child so many different kinds of vital experience, satisfies his curiosity at so highly charged a pace that by the time he is twelve he is apt to be bored. By that time he pretty well knows it all. He is superior, critical, sophisticated. Such children have had everything humanity has struggled for, in the miniature, and just when they should be awakening to the wonder of life, life hangs heavy on their hands, and they become full of neurotic disadvantages.

THEIR most conspicuous defect is that they lack a sense of wonder; they know everything and therefore minimize the efforts even of masters. It is the policy of modern play-schools to applaud the efforts of children in the various arts and crafts, to encourage them to be creative. And so they are encouraged to dabble in all the arts.

A child takes some mud, shapes it with his hands into a pot or an ash-tray. It is given the respect of real pottery. A glaze is applied to it. It is burned in a real kiln. The result is nothing but a glorified mud pie made permanent, but the eyesore is praised and put in a prominent place on the library table, because the creative instinct is sacred. So when the child sees the works of a master potter he says, "Oh, yes, just like mine."

It is the same with painting, with literature, with nature-study. Having been given intensive and correct training in the beauties of Mother Nature in scout groups and at expensive Summer camps, children are bored with nature and the country. "There is nothing to do out here," they complain when they come out to their Summer homes; this at a season when country children have so much to do and are so thrilled with it all that the days are not half long enough. At an age when life suddenly becomes painful, mysterious, and wonderful for them there are no mysteries. Thin-blooded, high-strung, as there is no wonder and yearning so there will also be no attendant development into maturity.

Do I paint a gloomy picture? Avowedly, but that is the tendency of too luxurious, too free an education, of too much dabbling in all the mysteries. The country school with its limited three "R's" is far more wholesome, and the small-town high school, with its colored and white children, rich and poor, more invigorating.

Whatever intelligent, progressive people must decide, at least one thing is to be sure and fixed, that we are on the side of change and progress; that convention and fixity are dry-rot, that every generation must find its convention in its own way. But of the modern ways we must pick and select and examine to find what is the best way for a particular child. A new way of education is not necessarily a good way just because it is new.

Nature itself is conventional. It is always the same. It is always fixed in its seasons. But within its convention it is flexible. There is Winter, cold, fearful, and inexorable, but it must yield in the end to Spring. Spring is a flowering-time; it is a time of fresh trial, of experiment; and in its turn Summer with its maturity of action, and Autumn with its fruit, will tell us how well we have sown.

Inexorably there is change for each seed, and so for each little spirit newgiven to a world of sensation we must give the freedom and the opportunity to plant itself in the best place under the sun we can find, in the finest generative soil, so that it may grow into a fruitful maturity.

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noblesse oblige of a parent. The right education and the right home atmosphere are that sun and that soil. It is what your child has a right to expect, and what you must give him, or declare yourself a coward and a failure as a parent. "What can you do?" said a neighbor who reads these pages as I write. "Mary doesn't get the sort of education she needs either; but what can I do about it?"

We are not the only mothers in this predicament; yet now is the time when we must be vigilant and exert our will. The country seems simply bursting with schools, and there are endowment appeals and building programs. Conservative educators are battling progressive educators, and we, the parents, whose children are to be shaped between those two grindstones, must find out what it is all about and in how far the different schools are suited to our desires.

We need to examine ourselves to find out what sort of education we want for our children, we need to ask ourselves whether the American school education is either necessary or desirable, and, if not, to suggest some other sort that better meets the needs of our children.

Let the parent be free to determine what kind of education best suits his child. If it is the crafts or the plastic arts that best express the child's nature, let him go to a school in which these are the featured activities, as in so many of the modern experimental schools. If he adores the outdoors and prefers traveling and adventure, let him go to a junior farm-school (is there any such thing in America?). Or if your girl or boy leans toward intellectual things send him to a school which features these.

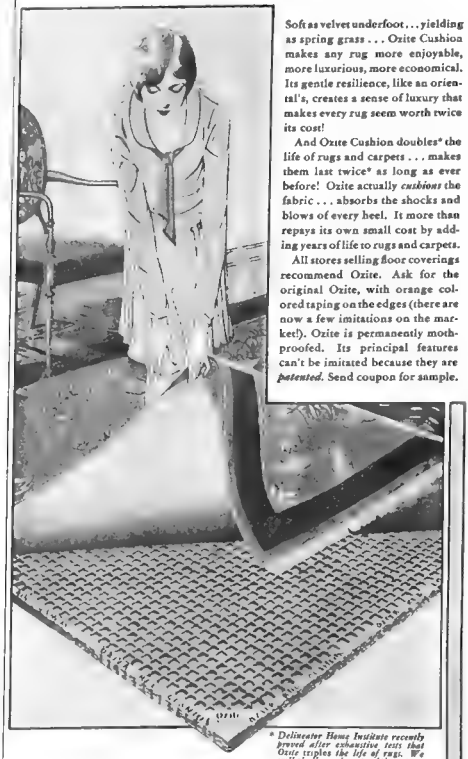
BUT where in America will you find schools that give classical education in sufficient doses to the young? Where will you find a school for your young children up to the high-school age in which art and music and dancing alone are featured? I have known of only one. To find schools which give children foreign and classical languages when they are young enough for it to make an impression on them you must go to Europe. English schools teach Latin from the age of six up. In Swiss, French, and German schools languages are taught to children early in the years of grammar-school.

I have a neighbor who by charting the education of her two children has been able to properly develop their intellectual leanings by sending them to school in Europe, and spent less money than she would have had to in New York. Her son is nine years old. He has had two years of Latin. He went to a school in Sienna for a year and has a grounding in Italian. He is in a Swiss school now, where he is picking up French and German as only a child can, and in this one year he will learn more French and German and Latin *than he can see* than the average high-school student will learn in four years of high school.

You will say he is an exceptional child and has exceptional advantages. The advantage he has is that he has intelligent parents, parents with initiative and interest enough to direct the education of their children instead of letting the American school system direct them. These children are only getting the education average to European children of their own age. There can be junior schools here to teach the same subjects if we, the parents, insist; if our own will to have them is strong enough to impress itself upon our educational system.

Certainly America has come to the parting of the ways. Intelligent parents are more and more deserting the public-school system and trying to find special schools which will give the sort of education their children need. This involves a great deal of money for tuition, and most of us aren't able to afford it. Most of us send our children to public schools for which we pay taxes, and we have a right to a greater choice of school curricula. Let us have compulsory education, by all means, if we are to be a huge and growing democracy, but let us see that compulsory education does not mean that every child gets identically the same kind of education, regardless of its needs.

EVERY RUG needs an Ozite cushion



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All stores selling floor coverings recommend Ozite. Ask for the original Ozite, with orange colored taping on the edges (there are now a few imitations on the market!). Ozite is permanently mothproofed. Its principal features can't be imitated because they are *patented*. Send coupon for sample.

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Rug Cushion

Patented Sept. 9, 1924

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Gray hairs mean Heartbreak Age to a wife and mother. Your family begins putting you on the shelf, drifting away to younger companions, because those first gray hairs make you seem old—when you're *not* old. Keep modern and young with your family by using Notox.

Inecto Rapid Notox is a corrective for gray hair that is as up-to-date as tomorrow's newspaper. Experts talk of it as an example of the wizardry of modern chemistry. Old crude hair dyes covered up gray hair by coating each hair with a dull uniform paint. Notox penetrates the outer transparent layers of the hair and actually colors the inside of the hair shaft as nature does. That's why Notoxed hair has all the gloss and sheen of natural healthy hair. That's why Notox does not alter the hair's fine texture. That's why you can wash, sun or wave Notoxed hair without affecting it at all. The color is inside, permanently!

The effect of using Inecto Rapid Notox is so entirely natural that no one need ever know you use it unless you wish to tell them, to boast about how you have ended Heartbreak Age.

The smartest and most reliable beauty shops use Inecto Rapid Notox. Stop in your nearest one today to make an appointment or to ask for a copy of the booklet, "Have you one gray hair?"

Beauty shops, drug stores, and department stores also sell Inecto Rapid Notox for use at home. Simple complete directions in every box.

NOTOX

Colors hair inside as nature does

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spoil looks, grace, poise—thicken ankles

Every time you buy shoes the same thing happens—they spread, and the heels wear down on one side. It's not the fault of the shoes—but the way you walk. The weight of your body is off balance.

There is only one way to correct this—wear Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads in your shoes. They equalize the body's weight; remove strain on the ankles; preserve the shape of your shoes; make you walk gracefully, comfortably; save repairs. Sizes for men and women. At shoe, dept. and drug stores—35c pair.

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Children are not like cattle. What is good for one is not necessarily the same thing that is good for millions of others. Human beings differ from animals in that they have, or are supposed to have, individual and differing minds and temperaments. Suppose the whole nation sat down to a breakfast every day of oatmeal and eggs and bacon. How long before it would revolt? In what way is there any allowance made for the differing needs of the human mind and the creative spirit?

I repeat, I am in a quandary. I suppose I will solve this problem of education only step by step, as we solve the most important problems of our lives, without coming to grand conclusions, or taking any steps that are heroic or radical. I will probably try to muddle my way through much as other parents must, except that I hope, through discussing with other parents this whole question of education in the terms and from the view-point of a rather ignorant layman and parent, I, with them, will be roused to find just the right education for our children—a vigilance that all children deserve from their parents.

HIGH HEELS AND BLUE STOCKINGS

Continued from Page 6

more. Chatter, not gray matter, matter, matter!

And then suddenly I met *the men!* And they upset everything by liking me, all right, as I was, and I them! After all this meditation on the spring-board, I plunged into the swim and had a plain, simple, grand time. I fell in and out of "crowds," in and out of love, and made the magnificent discovery that there are many more types of males than there are mansions in heaven and that you are very apt to meet those that have the same interests as you have.

There were some that liked your for your banter and your brown hair; others that fell for your nonsense and your nose and a common enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan; and another was a doctor, and with him you hiked and danced and dined and talked bacilli and polyomelitis cures and cabbages and kings as much as you pleased—and he became a closer friend because there were more sides of you that the two of you could mutually stimulate.

And there were murmuring moonlit walks and discussions on the living-room couch, and sometimes these discussions ran into a different vein—everything at its time and place, and there was no recipe for what every girl should be and what every male would like. Both men and women were nice people, it marvelously eventuated—a great and entirely new truth like baby's first step! The main thing was to be yourself, utterly yourself; and the happiest moments were spent with those who most aided the bud of you to open and flower. Fortunately I had many such contacts.

THE man I eventually married was one of that constantly increasing number who vow they will never marry any but a reasonably gay and friendly woman who is also their mental equal. I don't think I am his intellectual equal. But anything can help one in the adventurous business of realizing oneself wholly, that attitude should.

However, I can't say that the little gold key is everywhere the key to people's hearts. Your worst enemy may still press-agent you with praise as sweet and deadly as the gas that smells like peach-pits. "Wait till you meet Blanky," she coos—"she's so highbrow!" Her listener suddenly discovers that he must catch a train. Or else if he—or she—does meet you the sales resistance is terrible; as under the French legal system, where the accused is held guilty until he proves himself innocent, you're apt to be suspected of at least seven deadly social sins.

Naturally in an age where thousands

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Sani-Flush reaches down into the hidden, unhealthful trap and cleans that. It banishes foul odors. Sani-Flush leaves the toilet bowl glistening, sparkling white. All so easily. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. The job is finished.

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Your Toilet Goods Dealer and Druggist has NONSPI at 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

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Discriminating women the world over use only B. PAUL'S HENNA to restore natural color to their hair—defies detection. ONE BRIEF APPLICATION restores color with glorious glints of youth. Dainty—easy to apply at home by anyone. Try it—see what a beautifying transformation it affects. Absolutely harmless. B. PAUL'S HENNA contains henna, herbs and other harmless ingredients. Never affected by oils, tonics, wavers, previous dyes, Turkish or Sea baths. Does not stain scalp, wash or rub off. Permanent.

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Write for Samples
100 hand-engraved $10.00
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ART ENGRAVING CO. 1048 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

and thousands of young hopefuls hatch yearly from the academic egg, the suspicion that they will all open their bills and pipe Greek is much allayed. The supposedly intellectual girl has no such hurdles to jump as in grandma's day, or even mother's day. The modern girl has learned to wear both the high heels and the blue-silk stockings. She has taken the curse off the blue stockings; she wears them in their place, attractive, and, if occasion demands it, sheer.

And increasingly, as it is considered entirely normal and natural, not startling and spectacular, for women to have intellects and intellectual interests, the healthy, well-rounded woman will carry the day, and the warped female will be recognized as the eccentric exception. It is happening all around us now and will continue to happen more and more.

The prejudice against women's development and the self-consciousness of women themselves are, of course, hangovers. There has always existed a grim suspicion of even the male "highbrow," the "nut," the "crank." He may perform some vaguely useful service, such as working with "bugs" or finding a star or analyzing electrons or writing a book, but the general notion is that he is apt to walk into a manhole while carrying home the eggs or to talk down at you in a pedantic way or wear last week's soup on his shirt.

BUT if the highbrow is a woman, of course it's all twice as bad. And it used to be two hundred times as bad, since the female sex was for ages standardized, and any departure from that standard at once brought the spotlight of ridicule. This is the morning after the night of suppression.

Remember that it's only a rather short time ago that women were bartered with hams and potatoes in the moonlit days of the minstrels, when war was the game and women were pawns. Men were instructed in the arts, and women in their congenital incapacity and original sin. Among the statutes of the age of chivalry lay such courteous edicts as this: "If a woman will insist on her views she shall be struck in the face till the blood comes."

If there was any improvement in the state of affairs it was not the beautifully sung and often brutally treated wealth of romance who helped to make it so, but the horny-handed tradesman's wife when the middle class and the town rose to sway. She was so plainly useful and even shrewd that she had to be granted some rights and some reason.

But it must be admitted that the average married woman of those days—after completing a few trifling duties as baker, weaver, tailor, beer bleacher, spinner, brewer, soap-maker, cook, dairyman, and occasionally gardener and field-hand, eked out with numerous childbirths, and services as nurse, pharmacist, doctor, and laundress—had but little time left for aspiring toward a higher mental life.

The theater was for her a vestibule of Hades, the Bible her only allotted literature, gossip her only news-sheet, and the church her one legitimate diversion. In spite of some slow amelioration an English folk-rime of the era bears jocund witness to the esteem then reaped:

A dog, a woman, and a walnut-tree,
the more you beat 'em the better they be.

I don't know much about walnut-trees!

Only two centuries ago, moreover, we hear Mr. Blackstone, the legal clarion of Europe, tooting forth the flattering opinion:

"By marriage the husband and wife become one person; that is, the being or legal existence of the woman is suspended and consolidated and incorporated into that of the husband."

And as late as the middle of the past century, verbal vegetables of derision were being hurled at the heads of the girls who dared to creep or stalk to the newly founded Queen's College. Probably they were frights, indeed, scared rabbits or militants, conscious of all eyes, going to excesses like the slaves newly emancipated. In good Victoria's day it was still considered necessary for the Brontës, Amandine Lucile Aurore

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Enables you to change even dark colors to delicate, light tints

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HERE is a new way in home tinting and dyeing that will change your previous ideas on the subject. Note the coupon, please, and accept the test it offers.

A way that forever banishes that "home dyed" look from home dyed things. That *brings exact professional results.* It brings you the EXACT colors of $150 to $500 imported dresses; of $5 to $10 hosiery; of costliest French lingerie! AND—it enables you to change even the DARKEST materials to the very LIGHTEST TINTS. A way unknown before.

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It is a new invention perfected by the makers of RIT, the most famous home tint and dye in the world. An invention protected by rigid U. S Patent; there is no other like it.

It is called WHITE RIT. And it removes *instantly*—ALL the color from any dyed material. *Yet it is actually as harmless to the finest fabrics as plain boiling water!*

It takes only a few minutes to remove all the old color—spots or stains—from the article to be dyed. Then, with famous RIT fast color dyes, you dye it to the *exact* color that you want.

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That takes the failure out of home dyeing. Brings actual professional results. For most failures in home dyeing come from dyeing over the old color. By first removing the old color with WHITE RIT, you *start* just as the original thread at the looms was dyed. And thus get perfect results every time.

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Whatever color you choose, in RIT dyes, you get the actual shade of today's vogue as selected by the leading Parisian designers—not *imitations.* Thus with WHITE RIT and RIT colors, there is virtually no limit to what you can now do.

Accept 15c Package

Let us send you free a full-size package of WHITE RIT, to use in removing the old color from the material you wish to dye. Then secure from your dealer whatever RIT French colors you may desire. Mail the coupon now before you forget to Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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If Arm or Leg Hair Worries You

Remove Now Without Bristly Re-Growth

By a total and altogether delightful absence of stubble, one can instantly feel the difference between this and old ways.

An Utterly New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Dupin, and Mary Ann Evans to climb into the protective literary trousers of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, George Sand, and George Eliot respectively.

As you know, Charlotte Brontë was one of the most tender and maternal characters the world has ever seen; her life in Yorkshire was one long siege of solicitous nursing. When finally she got to London and was lionized, her gentle and lovable simplicity remained uncorrupted. Her friend Thackeray has testified to her womanliness as well as her genius.

AS FOR George Sand, whatever you can say about her, you can hardly say she lacked what the immortal Madam Glyn has termed "It." She was the "all-around woman" for you. Certainly she was at her best in the country tales of the simple things she loved; yet no world movement of the time escaped her attention. After her breach with her husband she tried her hand at every gentlewoman's art—fancy-work, painting fans and snuff-boxes, and the like, to keep the home fires burning in her Paris garret; failing, she took up her pen.

And George Eliot notably combined a virile intellect, an overpowering scholarship, an ardent nature, and a delicate sensitivity. In fact, in one way this writer, whose range extended from the exquisite exploration of the human heart in "The Mill on the Floss" to the amazing erudition of "Daniel Deronda," was a clinging vine; she was as dependent on the sympathy of George Henry Lewes as a plant on light. After his death she never wrote again. In short, the real great women of the era, as of all eras, were free of the indigo-tint—true women, expressing their natural selves.

Of course the little *poseuses* we have always with us, and they bring the curse on the whole sisterhood. Contemporaneously with these well-balanced women, the "Bluestockings" flourished—laughing-stocks of their day. It was at this time that the name itself was born.

The first Bluestocking, as the world has forgotten, was a man. But all the world remembers that a bunch of silly women sported the hated hose. It happened this way: One Benjamin Stillingfleet was wont to drop in at Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu's on, say, alternate Tuesdays and Thursdays, when a little society of self-appointed brow-raisers met to establish "a cultural level beyond the reprehensible current interests in the chit-chat of gossip and cards."

God being apparently at a loss or disinclined to save the King and England from intellectual drought at this juncture, Mr. Stillingfleet and his little high-domed band stepped in. Mimicking the custom of a similar army of self-elected *illuminati* in the France of the 1580's, who in their turn imitated a bright little band of Venetians of the Renaissance, Mr. Stillingfleet climbed doughtily, with a nicer sense of history than esthetics, into his indigo socks, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the cult followed all too literally in his footsteps. And so the club was dubbed "Bluestocking."

The name was new, but not the game.

Everybody knows about the *Précieuses Ridicules* in seventeenth-century France, with their rush of attitude to the head. Molière finally laughed them off the scene. They started legitimately enough when a really intelligent woman, Mme. de Rambouillet, turned her back on the court of that bore and boor, Louis XIII., and invited the wit and talent of the time to come and sit in her tapestry *bergères* for a quiet and cultivated evening at home.

Charming and brilliant women like Mme. de Sévigné came; and so did the master minds of the time, like Richelieu, Corneille, Bossuet, La Rochefoucauld. Then the wave of cheap imitations set in. With perspiring attempts to construct little graven images of culture, the goddess, alive and glowing, flew out of the window.

Even as among the Greeks you find Aristophanes satirizing freakishness and fraud, yet at the same time, in the heyday of Greek culture, Aspasia, beautiful, radiant, beloved of Pericles, is renowned for dazzling wit and learning; and twenty

Her School Days Are Pay Days

Verma Duckworth of Arkansas approached the end of Third Year "High" with misgivings.

Senior year could be so delightful if one didn't have to think of the expense. Of course there would be dances and parties, demanding new clothes—perhaps a class present for the school—a class pin—her graduating gown—and so on—and on—and on. Where was the money to come from?

Luckily for Verma, a friend happened to suggest that Pictorial Review had a spare-time plan guaranteed to overcome just such obstacles as she was facing.

To Verma's great joy, she found that it was easy work, requiring no special training or experience, and all she needed to give to it was her spare time.

To make a long story short, Verma became a special spare-time representative of Pictorial Review. And how proud she is of the fact that with her very own money she has been able not only to pay her entire year's expenses at school, but to bank a tidy sum besides.

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Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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centuries ago, in the marble schools of Alexandria, at the lovely Hypatia's feet, sat men and women alike drinking in the pure wisdom of her philosophy; and among those men studying under her several were her ardent suitors. Is there any better proof that she was no pedant? In the pagan period before Paul slipped women into the sacred straitjacket of "meekness, silence, and subjection," there were free days and glowing days when feminine minds and spirits and bodies developed naturally and inevitably as flowers.

So you might trace endlessly from era to era the clear-eyed real thing in culture, and side by side with it the prunes-and-prisms and the posturing of the feverish fake. These near-thinkers and sterile neurotics are of both sexes, but probably the female of the species is more deadly than the male in this day of new-found rights and emancipations.

In this day of wholesale education, where we are ground out of the academic machine almost like so many certified sausages, there are bound still to be many excesses and eccentrics typical of our own day; but gradually, as prejudice and self-consciousness disappear and it is considered no more exceptional and amazing for a woman to wield a test-tube than a dust-cloth, perhaps the golden age of natural, free, cultural companionship will come again.

And in that age, if there be a king and a queen and they have a girl child, and if at her christening there be fairies to wish her grace and winsomeness, skill with her fingers, and a high brow, the king and queen will serenely smile and hand out another round of home-brew ambrosia; for they will know that when Beautiful grows up she will not be sleeping, but, wide awake, she will run to meet her prince with a flash of slim high heels and cerulean silk.

PARTY IN A PENTHOUSE

Continued from Page 23

Every one went a little mad that Winter. There had never been so many parties. There was a veritable epidemic of fancy-dress balls. Alden lived at the costumer's in his lunch-hours. He had so much work that he didn't know what to do He drew plans, with dance-tunes of the night before banging in his head.

There was no time for tea, even for quiet little teas alone with Flora. He came home just in time to change his clothes and go on.

In the midst of the maelstrom there was a little trouble about Gilly. The head mistress called up one evening just as they were going out, and said she need not come back after the holidays. She had repeated some of the jokes from home to the children at school, poor sophisticated mite, in an effort to get on, and the mamas had had a mothers' meeting and petitioned the principal to dismiss her. It was too bad. Really too bad.

THE head mistress sounded very solemn. But Flora was out in the elevator waiting, and Alden had to ring off. He got a French governess for Gilly. She learned to pipe French songs before dinner, and the affair was rather passed over. The head mistress was a stupid old maid, and after all *tant pis.*

However, something happened somewhere, for on Sundays, instead of lounging in Lido pajamas until tea-time, Alden was to be seen on long walks out the Lake Shore, the great figure with the wee one by his side; a mournful pair, Gilly all frizzed up in French clothes, dragging Josephine Baker in chocolate felt and green feathers. What they talked about no one knew. Alden used to make a good joke of it if he met any one. "I am doing duty as a father," and so on. Flora had no time. If you go out every night, you have to sleep some time.

Flora was thin and nervous after her

The Story of Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream

Over thirty years ago, when I was a young medical student in Vienna, I worked under the direction of a famous physician and skin specialist who had remarkable success in treating the greatest variety of skin troubles. And although he gave different prescriptions to his patients, they were all founded on one special base.

I marveled at this unguent which had power not only to soothe and heal the skin, but to invest it with great beauty. And I began earnestly to wish that more people might know about this wonderful preparation and benefit by it . . . . I dreamed of possessing the formula and re-creating it in the form of a beauty preparation—a perfect cleanser, molder and revitalizer in one—a balm soothing and protective to the delicate skin of a baby.

I will spare you a recital of the struggles and the failures bridging this vision of mine and its realization. It took years and years of persistent effort before I finally persuaded the Viennese physician to part with his secret recipe . . . the price was a fortune! From this recipe, after many, many more years of research and experimentation, I evolved my Pasteurized Face Cream. And nothing can equal my satisfaction and my joy when the great task was completed . . . when I held in my hands this *concentrated beauty treatment!*

What Is "Pasteurized Cream"?

The word "pasteurized" is the keynote to the cream's extraordinary wonders. When Louis Pasteur discovered the process that would purify milk and cream, and make it safe for the most delicate of children, he unknowingly discovered also the finest process for purifying face cream too, so that it would be safe for the most fragile skin.

Pasteurized Face Cream is far more than a cream . . . it is a reproduction of the skin's natural oils and youth essences! Here is no mere temporary freshener of the skin, on and off in a twinkling—this a beauty-builder which works hand and hand with Nature! Note the extraordinary richness of this cream—a velvety quality resulting from a rare and varied combination of beauty-giving ingredients. The skin welcomes Pasteurized Face Cream . . . hungers for it. And the longer it is left on the greater the benefits derived from it. *There is no necessity for washing it away!*

As a cleanser, Pasteurized Face Cream is perfect. Pore-clogging dust and impurities disappear at its touch. And while it cleanses, Pasteurized Face Cream revitalizes the tissues. It lifts away the tired, drawn look from eyes and forehead. It sculptures contours into clean-chiseled lines of youth! Sensitive skins, skins roughened and scaly from exposure, hard water and harsh soaps, find in Pasteurized Face Cream soothing comfort—renewed smoothness—silken softness. Oily and pimpled skins which rebel against most face creams, respond amazingly to Pasteurized Face Cream.

Women whose fancy is captured by a pretty jar do not buy Pasteurized Face Cream. But women—*and men*—of discriminative judgment realize that here is unparalleled value . . . For with all its rareness of quality, its swift, unfailing powers to beautify the skin, Pasteurized Face Cream is so priced that it is accessible to every man, woman and child. 1.00

If you wish to give your skin the benefit of a complete beauty treatment after cleansing and revitalizing the skin with Pasteurized Face Cream, *clear and animate* it with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood. This "skin-clearing masterpiece" refines and purifies the skin and is remarkably efficient in correcting freckles, tan and sallowness. 1.00. Finish the treatment with Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion. Irons away lines—tightens the pores—keeps the contours youthful. 1.25.

These three creations—Pasteurized Face Cream, Beautifying Skinfood and Skin-Toning Lotion—constitute the famous Three Steps to Beauty (3.25) the greatest beauty value in existence! Within two weeks this remarkable treatment will bring about an amazing improvement in any skin!

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illness. There was a sort of unnatural brightness to her eyes. She hardly ate at all. She was going on her nerve. But she was cutting out all the other women. The Russian colonel had been followed by a German, and the German boy a Yale bond boy named Snake, a strong, silent he-man with a face like a cherub.

The budget for publicity had swollen into terrific sums. They were oceans in debt, not because they were really poor, but there was simply no time for settling, and anyway only dull people paid their bills. Alden was so tired that he could hardly think, but there was no way of stopping without dropping out altogether. And there were only a few more weeks to go.

Christmas rushed by. Then New-year. Balls up thirty flights. Balls in cellars. "Ladies to the right. Gentlemen to the left." "Oh, Alden, you're condemned. Here's five nights running you've sat next to me." "Your frock is too deevine." ". . . that enchanting little torso murder . . . " ". . . and when you dream about horses it means you're a . . . " "Flora has a new beau. Have you heard? Guess."

Alden heard his own voice cackling on like a stranger's. Often he looked anxiously across at Flora. She laughed sometimes almost hysterically. If she could only hold out till after their party, the last party of the season, the party in the penthouse. Miles above sea-level, with the curtains drawn back so that you could look down on the white, frozen lake and the creeping yellow lights of the cars, silver bowls of caviar and big vases of mimosa and calla-lilies and a negress from the South Side to sing.

ALL afternoon Alden attended to everything. He saw the furniture moved. He seated the guests at little tables. He arranged the flowers.

Late, when everything was ready, he slipped out to get some flowers for Flora. He always picked out her flowers with infinite care. To-day it was not conventional orchids or sweet gardenias, but an exotic, flaming bouquet of magenta petunias to put against her red hair.

He came along home on foot, coat collar turned up, his cane headed cane over one arm, the bouquet twirling from one finger.

Life was very good. The great buildings looked like lighted ocean-liners along the lake. High up, against the frosty sky, he could see the lights of Flora's window. Modern sentiment, he thought, to have to look twenty stories high to your lady's bower.

It was all over. They had made a success. The hard work was finished. After to-night Flora, poor girl, could have a rest. Finished. Next week they would go away and be alone together, not to any of the outlandish places he gabbed about, but to some quiet spot where they could just lie in the sun for hours and say nothing. He remembered going as a child to Old Point Comfort. It sounded good and homely now like a soft, white bed.

As he reached his door the Yale boy was just coming out, more pink and cherubic than ever. Alden saluted him gaily. "Nice boy, dull boy, but nice boy," he thought in his long ride up in the elevator. "Poor Flora, why did he have to come hanging around and boring her when she ought to have been resting?"

A hired butler opened the door to him, and he entered his own house like a stranger. He went through the rooms, airing, set, silent, expectant. The bustle of preparation was over and there was a dead calm. He chopped a few cards. The fresh mimosa hung heavy and sweet in the air. It smelled like a funeral. There was just time to dress for dinner.

Flora was at her mirror, doing her hair. Alden stood in the doorway. She was really ravishingly pretty. Already half at the soirée, he felt frightfully gay.

"The only thing this party lacks," he said, "is a coup, a *bombe surprise*. Something to start it off with a bang. To make it really amusing, you and I should be announcing our divorce."

Flora's green comb stuck in her hair. There was a sudden vacuum. Then her

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white hands waved the air. She laughed her high, party laugh.

"Why, Alden darling, how perfectly marvelous of you! I have been trying to tell you for days. Snake and I want to be married."

Alden sat down suddenly on a stool. The bouquet still twirled from his finger. His head was spinning. His ears humming. Too many parties. Too much work. When you talk so much about nothing, you get so you can't really talk at all. He couldn't even think. In a haze he saw Flora helplessly waving her white hands, explaining. Now and then he caught familiar phrases and recognized them as his own. He began to remember things about Flora and that boy. That time, and that other time, when——

The penthouse was spinning. The lake whirling around the penthouse, the penthouse around the lake. Somewhere behind his eyes that cursed tune pounded mercilessly. He put his hands to his head to stop the whirling, but it only went faster. He heard a voice, his own voice, saying, "What about the child? You know I'd never hold you against your will," and other stupid things that dull, respectable husbands say.

Then suddenly the anesthetic wore off. The whirling ceased. Everything ceased. It gave way to misery. Where Flora was, there was no Flora at all, only a dull, throbbing ache.

THE guests were arriving. The hired butler was swinging open the door with great style. "Ladies to the right. Gentlemen to the left." It had all the look of a good party. It was going to be a success.

Flora, excited, was a vision in pink tulle, with that soft, red hair and the cluster of pink petunias. On fire. Not a flame. Flora was never elemental. More like an artificial gas-jet turned on to its limit.

At her side Alden. He looked terribly ill. All gone. Like a man who has just had an amputation. But there was a white flower in his buttonhole. He could see again, thank God. Debonair, in his old way, he greeted the guests.

"Have you heard the news?" he called gaily. "Guess. Flora and I are getting a divorce."

THE FIRST SUCCESS I EVER MADE

Continued from Page 2

because I was one of those soldiers who didn't like the army, and most of my time in it I was ill. The next time I'm going to borrow more money and get myself a good job.

Meanwhile my wife and two small children were scraping along as best they could. Altho every now and then I sold a short story, I was still principally a ranchman, and by no manner of means could be spoken of as "one of our successful authors." My wife, however, had plans of her own. She had become weary of writing children's stories for English consumption.

All Summer she had been working upon a novel. I saw some of it, and the parts I saw I didn't especially like. If she had listened to me she would have started afresh. Fortunately one of the happiest facts of our married life is that my wife has seldom listened to me in the more important events of life. When she does, it is only after the most convincing sort of argument. She finished her novel and sent it off. Months later I returned, weary and shaken by the horrible warfare of various Middle-Western camps. I hadn't paid back that five hundred dollars yet and the people who had lent it to me wanted it. Life looked a little blacker than on that February night in 1914. And then, out of a clouded sky, came an offer for the serial rights of my wife's novel, and within eight months it had been sold to the motion-pictures and had become the most popular novel of the year—a really spectacular success. It was "The Branding Iron," and publishers still speak of it with awe.

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FIELD OF HONOR

Continued from Page 13

the *Bucentaure's* fire without returning a gun until they were right in position. How splendid the men had been! And when they let out at the French flagship they let out fair. Twenty guns dismounted and four hundred men gone in the first single discharge. Then the duel with the *Redoubtable*, and the dreadful moment when Lord Nelson fell. Hardy hadn't seen him fall, just noticed him on his knees, with his left hand touching the deck.

"They have done for me at last, Hardy!" he had said. "My backbone is shot through."

Thank God, he had been able to give the admiral good news when he went below—ten ships struck. And then he had to go on deck again, for five of the enemy's van had tacked and were coming for the *Victory*. He had to go on deck again, but the enemy ships to westward had satisfied themselves with the opening fire and passed on. When he came below again he told the dying man that there were now fourteen or fifteen prizes. He wished he'd known then that the real number was eighteen.

AND then Lord Nelson had spoken of Lady Hamilton, and Hardy wished he had not. The flag-captain had hoped all along that there would be some message for Lady Nelson. But he must not criticize the old commander under whom he'd served since Cape Saint Vincent.

He looked around at the sea under the setting sun. There were six dismantled prizes westward. These were the *Victory's* own. There was Lord Collingwood with his. The English tenders were saving the men from the *Achille*. Northward old Gravina was running for Cadiz with what ships were left him, eleven sail-of-the-line. There was an end of Bonaparte and the wars.

Didn't like the sunset, Captain Hardy didn't. Didn't like the sea. It was going to blow like the Bull of Barney. Prizes must go by the board, he feared. You might beat the French and Spanish, but you couldn't beat Old Man Sea. And he had to take care of his ship and his men. And by Heavens! he must enter the log.

He went below, and seized his pen clumsily. "Partial firing continued until 4:30," he wrote, "when a victory having been reported to the Right Honorable Lord Viscount Nelson, K. B., he died of his wound."

LORD CASTLEREAGH leaned back in his high chair. There was a faint smile on his lips. He was looking at a memorandum for the Prime Minister.

"So now a deaf and boisterous parson becomes Viscount Earl Nelson of Trafalgar and Merton; receives five thousand pounds a year pension and ninety thousand pounds to buy an estate. Yet he loathed the navy. During the two years he was chaplain to the *Boreas* he was on leave most of the time, and when on board rarely performed his duties. Admiral Nelson was only a viscount, but his brother is now an earl. Don't you find it ridiculous, Garrett?"

"I do, my lord. But why give all these honors, this money?"

"Because of gratitude for what Admiral Nelson did for England. Perhaps," Castlereagh smiled frozenly, "because of gratitude that he fell at Trafalgar. One Bonaparte is enough for us to fight."

"Oh, my lord!" Garrett was shocked at the secretary's calm cynicism. "Have you forgotten, sir, the matter of the codicil to Lord Nelson's will? If I am going down to Putney to the Prime Minister, shall I take your notes on that along?"

"Oh, the document Captain Hardy brought along, recommending Lady Hamilton to the care of the nation! Lord Grenville considers it very injudicious to publish it, seeing the mention of the Queen of Spain in it. I know it to be untrue."

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"But, my lord, all that time you were bothered with Ireland, might not Lord Chatham have employed Lady Hamilton—"

"That fat woman!" Castlereagh was bitter. "His Majesty's Government never employs that sort of woman in diplomatic affairs. We will not bother the Prime Minister with that. Chuck it to the fat parson and let him do what he likes about it. I'll warrant she'll get little out of him."

"My lord, Lord Nelson loved this woman."

"That is more than evident, Garrett."

"My lord, may I be perhaps impertinent? but these were Lord Nelson's last wishes."

"Those last wishes, Garrett, are against the policy of His Majesty's Government."

"My lord, it is known everywhere that this woman is penniless. She has squandered all he gave her. What will she do?"

"I don't know," Castlereagh said carelessly, and he turned to the papers on the table before him.

TO GARRETT the appearance of the Prime Minister was a shock. Pitt's face was lined and there were great shadows under his eyes.

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Dillon," he had answered Garrett's requests about his health, "I have not been able to sleep since the news of Lord Nelson's death. I envy him much. And our Austrian allies at Ulm—I had thought better of them. However, there is good news from Berlin." And Garrett knew he was speaking of the midnight oath of friendship sworn by Czar Alexander and the King of Prussia over the tomb of Great Frederick. "The Cossacks of Suvarof, who drove the French off Lombardy, will drive General Bonaparte out of central Europe. Depend upon it, we shall win, Mr. Dillon, if the King of Prussia does not desert us."

Garrett, who knew the vast sum which had been paid to the King of Prussia for his aid, could not imagine his desertion.

"I am glad you are with Lord Castlereagh," the younger Pitt said. "He is a man who risks all for his country. He sees affairs in the grand manner and works them out with deadly force. There was never a more brilliant Secretary at War. His main idea, Mr. Dillon, is that with complete control of the seas we can move troops and ammunition in ships, and save the long land marches that kill a commander's heart. But we have no troops; we have only money. And yet it will be a great duel, Mr. Dillon, between General Bonaparte and himself. For General Bonaparte is an infernally clever man."

"And yourself, sir? Lord Castlereagh considers himself only as your assistant. When you return from Bath you will be so much better."

"You are very kind, Mr. Dillon," the Prime Minister smiled. "I congratulate Lord Castlereagh on having you, and am envious of him."

On the drive from Putney to Westminster along the Thames, in the dripping November fog, Garrett's heart sank a little. He had thought with all the world that after Trafalgar all was finished. And three weeks ago the allied powers were so certain of victory that their plans were not only to humble France and to take from her the territories she had added to her great domain, but to dispose of her as a conquered country. And now according to both great statesmen the war was to be indefinite. And Garrett had thought to be home in Derrymore by Spring.

He had been thinking more about it than he knew. The gray, ivied house with the stretch of oakwoods about it. The great lake that could be so clear that, the fishermen claimed, you could see the Danaan cities flooded over by Danaan magic before the grubbing-men had put over from Scotland and Wales to take possession of the fair land. And on the shores were oakwoods, and apple-orchards, and bleaching-greens, and fishermen going out after the fresh-water herrings when sunset came. The girls making willow baskets for Belfast market, and the old women in the evening sitting outside their cottages working at their spinning-wheels. Little Ram's Island of the ivy-trees. The long lines of rooks homing to the oakwoods. In Winter the snipe rising with their soft whine from the bogs, and, under the fulness of the moon and a white frost, the whistle of the wild swan, the honk of the wild geese. Garrett looked out at the clammy yellow mist of London, and cursed long.

At Derrymore all was going well. His agent, Armstrong, had written him that the turbary rights had fetched good prices this year and that the fishing had been marvelous. There had never been such a year for flax, and the cattle had reached unheard-of prices in Belfast. The cider-presses had been going night and day. Armstrong had taken down his coels and guns and put them away.

"Madam is well, as she has without doubt written. She has told you of the bargain in Holland bulbs we got from the German seedsman; they'll make a brave showing come Spring. If I may make so bold, Mr. Garrett, madam seems lonely. But she has written you, I'll warrant, all about everything." And Jocelyn had not written a line.

There was no one denying, he told himself firmly, that he did miss her. Too often that child's face and sleek black head, as of a Spanish woman's, would come before his eyes. And once or twice he had heard her voice call "Garry!" But then he had awakened from his daydream. The women in London he could not understand. The young ones were simpering fools, ready to agree with you on anything, or in political circles parroting some cry of whose significance they knew nothing. Or creatures like Lady Castlereagh. He wished the simpering misses or the intellectuals or Lady Castlereagh could meet Jocelyn's calm eyes.

He had known no other woman. She no other man. The young loyalist orphan and the rebel exile had met and married. It had seemed quite inevitable, perfectly natural, and every one had been glad. And now it had come to this that she would not write to him. They two, who had been so close, were now as tho the white mountains of the Arctic seas were between them. He had not written to her, for there was no news to impart except of his duties, and his duties were distasteful to her. He knew she was safe in Ulster. As the wife of the aid of Castlereagh, she was under the protection of every Unionist in Ireland, and as for the niece of Napoleon the young rebel pikemen would die for her dear dark head, and old broken-hearted patriots would murmur prayers for her as they passed. "Och, would she ever win to happiness at all any more, the lovely stubborn child?" Garrett asked himself.

THE Prime Minister, jolting in his carriage from Bath to Putney, read his dispatches for the hundredth time. The taste of them were in his mouth, bitter as gall. The gout had left him, but he was so weak that at times he did not know whether he were only dying or quite dead. Pitt was no more than forty-six, in the prime of his life, and yet he was dying, perhaps dead. And Bonaparte, only ten years younger than he, had celebrated the anniversary of his coronation as Emperor of the French by his greatest battle; had spent days before it and after it in a muddy coat and wet boots, with potatoes and onions for fare. The little man had an iron constitution. And not only that, an iron nerve. The spy whom he had set on the Emperor at Schönbrun had reported when the news of Trafalgar came to Napoleon, he had only shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed, "I can not be everywhere!"

Pitt had flung money about as tho he were Midas, and everywhere had made a bad bargain. The King of Prussia had pocketed his guineas. And now the Emperor of Austria had told Napoleon that "the English are a race of merchants who, in order to secure to themselves the commerce of the world, would set the Continent on fire." Ungrateful dog! Mack had said the same thing at Ulm. The money given to Bernadotte had availed nothing. True he had held his troops back at an important part of the engagement, and helped to save the Russians. He might as well not have,

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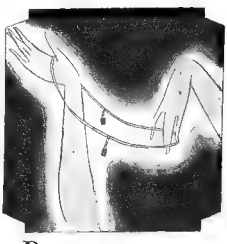

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thought Lord Chatham wearily. He had made the worst of bargains there. And now the wolves of the north were hurrying back to Moscow, beaten, starving, their colors lost. Well, they had been paid in advance.

The battle puzzled him. Of course he was not a military man, but from the dispatches he thought he could see. Mack had been surprized and surrendered. Indeed, according to Lord Colthurst, there was nothing else for him to do—Bonaparte had moved with such swift-

The Prime Minister could not understand the movements of generals; cared little for them. After all they were only the footmen of empires. But with this defeat he saw all his great plans die. His country had lost the American colonies, but in a year's time had made up that loss in India. He had builded there an empire as big as Europe's self, and incredibly more rich, but to hold that he must have the Mediterranean! Must have Malta! Must have Egypt! And now through the stupidity of the Russians, the cowardice of the Austrians, the cynical treachery of Prussia, it seemed as if England should lose it all.

He had bought armies, bought men's honor recklessly, scattering gold through Europe as the sower sows corn, knowing well that India was worth it all, a mine of wealth greater than the America ancient Spain had held. Aye, and he had thought further than that, into teeming China's teeming self. And now, in one day's fighting, this Corsican had wrecked it all. He would never compromise with England. He was not to be trusted. Black Corsican blood! Bonaparte had never been under any illusion as to who was his real enemy. England might think she was safe, now that Bonaparte's fleet was ruined, but with Lord Nelson the line of great admirals had died. England was never safe, so long as Napoleon lived.

As he entered his house at Putney he made a tremendous effort. Mustn't show anything was wrong! Mustn't let down! The old erect carriage came back to him. He stiffened to the rigidity of a ramrod. His head was high. He passed the footmen in the vestibule accustomed! And stopped to warm his hands at the cheery blazing fire; looked around at the familiar shabby things. The map of Europe on the wall challenged him like some old ghost. All his weariness came back to him. He looked at it for a full minute. There they were, France, Spain, Portugal, the states of Italy, the Austrian empire, the German kingdoms, principalities, free cities; the great white space of Muscovy, the Mediterranean islands, Ireland, the bowsprit of Europe.

"Roll up that map!" he called suddenly. "Roll up that map! It will not be wanted these ten years."

GARRETT had told Lord Castlereagh that he would prefer staying in London to going home for Christmas, and the Secretary at War had seemed relieved. There was so much to be done. He dined with the Castlereighs on Christmas day, and the frigid, unfriendly table chilled his heart. The flighty fat woman, transparent, vain, intriguing, was such a contrast to the quiet, grave man. All her talk was of balls, and what this one and that one had lost at Almack's, and of her dogs.

Garrett thought. It will be dark at Derrymore now, and by herself Jocelyn will be sitting at her Christmas dinner, with four waxen tapers in the great dining-room. And after that she will go out and look at the lake, and, coming in, sit down at her piano. And tho a little bitterness was welling up in him against her, the look of Lady Castlereagh's pouting mouth, and sly, indecent eyes made the vision of far-away Jocelyn's head seem like some cool, chaste star, lady Castlereagh was asking him had he not formed an attachment in London. No, he had formed no attachment, he answered smilingly. Perhaps he was one of those dull people who took marriage very seriously, Lady Castlereagh suggested. Perhaps he was, Garrett admitted. Oh, dear! Lady Castlereagh sighed, why couldn't North of Ireland men be like men of the South?

Was Mr. Dillon going to stay in London over the New-year. He was not, Garrett said; he was going into Leicestershire. Alone? Lady Castlereagh's eyes crinkled slyly. Not alone, Garrett admitted. The tip of Lady Castlereagh's tongue showed at the corner of her mouth. With two horses, Garrett explained, which he had bought at Tattersall's a week before. He was going up to hunt with the Quorn; to see the famous John Raven work his hounds; to see how the English hedges compared with Irish banks. Lady Castlereagh raised her white dimpled hands in amazement.

THEN suddenly, dinner finished, she said in a strange, metallic, challenging voice, "Robert, I am going out. I am bored. Christmas bores me."

"Of course," Castlereagh bowed courteously.

But the visit to Leicestershire never took place. There was too much to be done. Lord Nelson's funeral was announced for the ninth day of the new year, and there were so many jealousies. The aged Sir Peter Parker was to be chief mourner as admiral of the fleet, and the unscrupulous old man wished to deprive Captain Hardy of the honor of carrying the banner of emblems, and to hand the post to one of his own relatives. Also Garrett had to go to Merton to tell Lady Hamilton that this being a state function, His Majesty's Government regretted it could allot her no place.

The huge woman, nearing fifty, with the cold, gambler's eyes, shocked the young Irishman. How could this old harmaid have ever captured great Nelson of the Nile?

"Did Lord Nelson leave any instructions to the Government regarding me?"

"I have seen none, Lady Hamilton," Garrett knew that he had been instructed.

"Is the Government going to reimburse me for the five thousand pounds I spent in buying corn for the Maltese? For the nine thousand pounds I lost on the flight to Palermo? For the money I spent in transmitting the King of Spain's instructions for the King of Naples to Lord Grenville?" All these claims were baseless, Garrett knew. "What reward shall I get for the secret order I obtained for the British fleet to water at Syracuse? This also was a lie.

"Dear Lady Hamilton," Garrett said, "these matters are beyond me. I am only a simple King's messenger."

She looked at him with her eyes accustomed to measuring men. "That is only a blind. You are a gentleman."

"I am sure," Garrett said with embarrassment, "that the Government will look into—"

"The Government had better," she said threateningly. "I shall tell England, and England will honor England's heroines as well as her heroes."

Garrett was glad to get away from this atmosphere of lies and greed. But his visit evidently had borne fruit. During the funeral of Nelson a greater cloud hung over the Government. The younger Pitt was evidently dying. In the bleak January days he rallied, and managed to see the former Governor-General of India.

But on the twenty-second it was known that Bishop Tomline, his old friend and tutor, was with him.

On the morning of the twenty-third, on coming into Lord Castlereagh's study, Garrett found him a stricken man. The whiteness of his face had turned to gray, and he had a strange feeling that the stone man had been weeping.

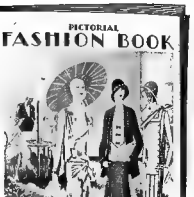
"My lord! My lord! Is anything wrong?"

"All is wrong, Garret." He rose and went to the window, looking out at the drizzling rain. "Pitt is dead."

"Was his end peaceful, sir? Happy?"

"Happy!" Castlereagh said bitterly. "His last words were a wail of agony." He turned round from the window and looked at Garrett. "He said, 'Ah, my country, how I leave my country!'"

WHEN, on the death of Pitt, the King formed a new government, it was a government of Whigs, and tho Lord Grenville seemed head of it, the vast Fox was really the directing spirit.



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Garrett resigned his office, as Castlereagh was no longer a minister, but in opposition to the government. When the young aid turned over his badge with the royal arms and the silver grayhound to the Foreign Minister, Fox smiled.

"So you no longer want the sixty pounds a year?"

"No," Garrett laughed.

"Mr. Dillon, what did you want anyway?"

"I wanted to help defeat Bonaparte."

"There will be no longer any talk of defeating the Emperor of the French," the Foreign Secretary said "There is room for everybody in the world. This England is going to be a happy England. There are going to be no more spies, no more intrigues. Mr. Dillon," he asked abruptly, "why don't you contest a seat in Devonshire, and come into the House?"

"I am not cut out for politics, sir."

"What have you been doing these last six months except politics?" Fox's face darkened. "King's messenger, foolwood! You have been the confidant of Castlereagh, and Castlereagh has never touched anything but politics from the moment that he became Irish secretary. Politics, intrigue, dishonesty!"

"Mr. Fox," Garrett said coldly, "I give you my word of honor that I have never seen any intrigue connected with Lord Castlereagh."

"Forgive me," Fox said quickly. "I am a hasty-tongued man, quarrelsome. I have quarreled with the King for so long that now I quarrel with everybody. What are you going to do now?"

"I am going back to my place at Lough Neagh."

"When every Irish landlord is running to England you leave England to go home! You grow more astounding every minute. Mr. Dillon, let me persuade you. If you wish to serve the country take a seat in Parliament. I have before me the hope of a peace with France. I intend to move the abolition of the slave-trade. You are a young man of courage and honesty. Look, I have here intelligence of an attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French. I am going to warn the French minister Talleyrand. What do you think of that?"

"I think it is the only thing to do, sir. But I also think that had the late Prime Minister or Lord Castlereagh knowledge of it they would have done the same thing." Fox roared with laughter.

"No, Mr. Dillon, you will not make a success in that sort of politics. But you will make a success in the sort I understand, courageous and straightforward dealing. You will pardon me if I intrude into your personal affairs; but Lord Moira has told me something of your situation. Your wife I know was a niece of the unfortunate Henry Munro, and disagrees with you on the question of Lord Castlereagh. She feels that Castlereagh is the murderer of her uncle. Now with our program there would be no more of that disagreement. Mr. Dillon, I may be impertinent. I know," he smiled, "I know my reputation, but perhaps I am the best judge of that. I am talking about. It is a pity to see you young people sepa-rated. Don't you think so?"

"Sir, you embarrass me," Garrett flushed. "But I am pledged to Lord Castlereagh."

"Then you are free, boy, for Castlereagh shall never see office again."

FROM the deck of the *Belfast* packet the soft Ards of Down came to Garrett's eyes, and soon after that the quaint castle of Carrickfergus.- The vessel had hardly been alongside the quay before he and his man servant were ashore. At the Bush and Breeches the horses sent by his bailiff were ready, and he was in the saddle after a quick meal taken standing. The clipped Ulster English and the lilt of Glensmen's Gaelic made him feel at home again; the smell of peat-smoke from the houses was drawn into his nostrils in great gulps.

The March drought had made the roads good, and as he cantered along he heard the storm-thrush whistling in the hedgerows and noticed that already the small red cones of the larch were showing, and the hawthorn was tight with buds.

At Lisburn he changed horse again, and he fancied now, with the twilight coming on, he could smell Lough Neagh in the distance, the fine scent of clear lake-water and rushes. Overhead a flight of swans passed, their wings making a faint thunder.

He had written to Jocelyn that he was coming back for a while, a dignified, quiet letter, touching as little on politics as possible, and being enthusiastic over fishing. He had thought it only honest, tho to say that there was a possibility of his returning to London if events demanded it. It had been a letter that cost him a lot of thought, for with all his fondness for her he had not allowed himself one word of love-making. He thought, "Once I am home and the old things about us, the quiet of the oak-woods and the still lapping of lake-water, we shall come close together again. We can surely talk over this political situation without arguing. Perhaps there need not be any talk at all."

Perhaps she would just come to him and say "I am glad you are back." And there would be a moisture in her eyes, which she would conceal by placing her head on his shoulder—the moisture that came into her eyes sometimes when she looked at the small lambs of Spring, or the blue cloud of wild hyacinths in the oakwoods, or the moon over the great lake. His heart suddenly went out to her. "Och!" he said to himself, his Ulster speech coming back to him. "Och! the eye-sweet lass!"

He had left his man at Lurgan and pushed on. They would not expect him home that night, he knew, but the home-coming would be all the sweeter for that. The mare between his knees was tired, and now a half-moon was up; and, thinking of Jocelyn and not of the road, he was at the gates of Derrymore before he knew it. The mare gave a little whinny of delight, and, stretching her sweet neck, broke into a canter up the drive. Dogs began barking everywhere, and as he swung out of the saddle he was surrounded by them, barking, shrieking with joy. Men servants rushed out to take his horse.

"Och, Mr. Garry, it's cruel good to see you home!"

"Sure, it's queer and tired you must be!"

A gamekeeper pushed through. "Mr. Garry, your honor, it's a cure for sore eyes to see you. There's salmon in the lake as thick as octopods. Begad! There's birds still. Sure what matter if it is closed now? Who'll mind?"

He passed through men and dogs, laughing with happiness and into the hall, where the maids were running with lamps and candles.

"Och, Mr. Garry, my dear child!" old Sally White was throwing her arms around him, "and why for couldn't you have come yesterday, and you'd have caught herself before she left."

He stopped and looked at her incredulously.

"Is she not here?"

"No, hinny, no. This morning she left for Dundalk. Her uncle is sick in the Isle of Man, and he was calling for her like. So she up and went. There's a letter for you, Master Garry. Oh, heart of love, don't look so taken back! *Agra!* Let you get out of your stiff riding-clothes, and let your old nurse be putting diet into you. Will you eat, Master Garry? Och, I won't leave you till you do."

She had written him:

I could not suffer it, my very dear one, to meet you again after this fit of happiness, and so I have gone away. What it is I fear, I do not know, but nine months of London, and of intimacy with Chatham and Castlereagh, must leave some mark in a time of dreadful history, and to see anything of Castlereagh's dreadful mask in your face, or the loftiness of Pitt in your eyes, and that would be worse, Garry, than seeing you dead. You are doing what you think right, and a man must act as he thinks, but a woman must go as she feels.

You wrote me you would be going back to London, you see, so that means you are still attached to the policy of the Tory clique. My dear, feeling as I do, there was nothing for me but to go away. Heart-

Continued on Page 111

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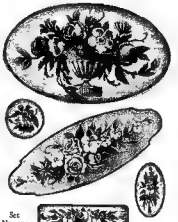

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ARISTOCRATIC AVOCADOS

By Mary Hamilton Talbot

A GREAT many people do not buy the avocado, known also as alligator-pear, aguacate, and midshipman's butter, because it was long placed in the luxury class, but our improved methods of distribution and transportation have now made it so plentiful that it is within the reach of most budgets. However, directions for the many delicious ways it can be used have failed to come with it, and I feel that the following suggestions will not be amiss: It is ready to eat when its thick-skinned flesh yields to a slight pressure or cuts as easily with a teaspoon as a well-frozen ice-cream.

The rich, nutty flavor of the avocado may be added to the ment in many delicious ways. In Florida there is a dish of dried beef and avocado prepared by heating 3 tablespoonfuls of bacon drippings in a pan, and adding to it ½ pound of dried beef unfreshed and picked into small pieces. Frizzle for 2 or 3 minutes, then remove to a hot-plate. Have ready several avocados, peeled and sliced; put them in the pan and let them heat through, and arrange around the beef and serve. They are also splendid served as an accompaniment to broiled bacon. Dip the slices in lemon-juice, then in flour in which have been mixed sufficient salt and pepper to season, and heat them through in hot bacon drippings.

A delicious accompaniment to broiled chicken are slices of avocado marinated in French dressing, made with lemon and seasoned with paprika.

Scalloped avocado may be served as the main dish for luncheon, or in place of a vegetable for dinner, for its food value is high, as it contains over 20 per cent. of fat besides other food elements. Toast bread-crums in butter, line the bottom of a baking-dish with them, add a layer of sliced avocado, season with salt, pepper, and a dash of Cayenne; repeat, and cover the top with the crums, and bake until thoroughly heated through.

IN PLACES where this fruit grows its nutty flavor is added to cream soups and consummé, by dicing it and adding just before it is served.

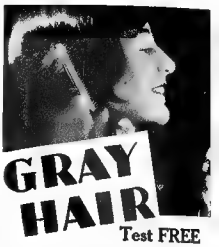
A piquant hors-d'œuvre is made as follows: Scald and peel as many tomatoes as are needed. Make a round opening at the top, hollow them with a teaspoon, season highly with mayonnaise dressing, catchup, and a bit of mustard, and fill with a mixture of finely diced avocado and crab-flakes. Serve very cold.

There are many flavorful cocktails made with avocado as an ingredient, as this fruit combines well with acid fruits and many vegetables. These two simple combinations bring out well the richness of the fruit. Dice an avocado, sprinkle with salt and a dash of pepper, and serve in cocktail-glasses with a sauce made of tomato catchup and lime-juice. Or mix thinly sliced avocado and grapefruit pulp, in the proportion of twice as much avocado as grapefruit, add maraschino-juice, and top with the cherries.

A very intriguing main-dish salad is prepared by softening half a box of gelatin in ½ cupful of cold water and dissolving it in 1 cupful of boiling water; then add the juice of ½ lemon and 2 cupfuls of mashed avocado pulp, which has been flavored with salt, pepper, and a bit of Cayenne. Pour into a ring mold, and at serving-time fill the center with either chicken, fish, or vegetable salad. Garnish with whirls of mayonnaise.

For another tempting salad chop 1 Bermuda onion, combine it with twice as much diced avocado, and serve on a slice of tomato nestled in crisp lettuce. Use French dressing made with lemon.

A few spoonfuls of lime-juice or other acid-fruit juice, beaten into mashed avocado, or mashed avocado and currant jelly spread on slices of toast, make tasty toasted sandwiches.



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EGGS IN PLENTY!

Continued from Page 46

spread with some of the corn mixture. Serve the remainder around the omelet.

Jelly Omelet

MIX a plain omelet. Before folding, spread with currant jelly, raspberry or strawberry jam, or orange marmalade. Sprinkle with powdered sugar before serving.

Cheese Omelet

MAKE a plain omelet. Before folding, sprinkle with grated cheese and place under the flame, or in the oven, until the cheese is melted. When ready to serve, sprinkle with more grated cheese and paprika and garnish with parsley.

Bacon Omelet

BROIL bacon until delicately browned and very crisp. Chop about ½ cupful and fold into a plain omelet. Garnish the omelet with bacon strips.

Supreme Omelet

¼ Pound Chicken Livers
2 Tablespoonfuls Fat
1 White Onion

SAUTÉ the finely chopped onion in the fat. When browned add the chicken livers, cut in pieces, and cook until done. Make a plain omelet, and, before folding, spread with half the livers. Serve the remainder around the omelet.

THANKS TO LORD SANDWICH

Continued from Page 42

Party Sandwiches

PARTY sandwiches always mean variety and daintiness. You should have some decorated, open-faced ones, and others that are more substantial. Cut your open-faced sandwiches in fancy shapes and spread them with a paste of cream cheese, or cream cheese and anchovy paste. Decorate with long strips of green pepper for stems, walnuts or cherries for flowers, green and ripe olives, cut in lengthwise segments, for stars; chopped pimiento for diamond- and heart-shapes, caviar or chopped ripe olives for spades and clubs.

Strawberry Delight

CUT rounds of white bread with a biscuit-cutter. Butter, spread with mint jelly, and garnish the top with split strawberries.

Daisy Triangles

1 Square Cream Cheese
3 Teaspoonfuls Cream
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Nuts
1 Peach, Fresh or Canned
1 Green Pepper
White Bread, Thinly Cut

SOFTEN the cheese with the cream, add the nuts, and spread on triangles of bread. Make a daisy with lengthwise segments of the peach; add a narrow strip of pepper for a stem.

For closed party sandwiches try the new flavor combinations in the following recipes:

Cucumber and Salted Almonds

1 Cupful Salted Almonds
½ Cupful Mayonnaise
1 Cucumber, Sliced Thin
White Bread

CHOP the almonds and mix with the mayonnaise. Place a layer of cucumber and a layer of almonds between thin slices of the buttered white bread.

Coconut Nectar

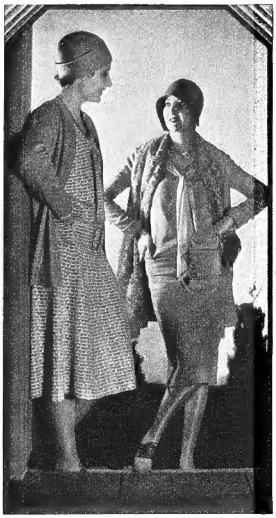
SPREAD thin slices of buttered nut-bread with orange marmalade. Sprinkle with moist, grated coconut. Cover with the nut-bread, cut in squares, and garnish with candied orange peel.

Chicken and Pineapple

3 Cupfuls Minced Chicken
1 Cupful Mayonnaise
1 No. 2 Can Grated Pineapple
Lettuce

DRAIN the pineapple and mix with the chicken and mayonnaise. Spread on a lettuce-leaf between slices of white bread. Garnish with nasturtiums.

Overheard . . . .



IN the green and white dressing room adjoining the ladies locker room of one of the exclusive country clubs, two young golfers were repairing the ravages of wind and sun.

"That '3 times a day in the dishpan' look is nothing compared to the '18 holes of golf' look that my hands have," remarked the girl in brown. "They're a sight. Not to mention my face. I'm positively weather beaten."

The girl in green laughed as she reached for the jar of "Vaseline" Jelly on the shelf.

"I started using this first for blisters on my hands after riding and golf. And I found it was simply marvelous for keeping my hands from getting rough and cracked."

"No wonder the supply is always low here," observed the other, as she applied some to her wind-burned lips. "And here's where it gets lower."

LOOK on the dressing tables of smart country clubs and you'll find "Vaseline" Jelly there among the beauty preparations. In the city, too, at night clubs, dance places, and restaurants patronized by smart women.

For simple and homely as this product is, its usefulness is so well recognized that it holds its own alongside of cosmetics with fancy names.

There is nothing miraculous about "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It is a natural healing substance, refined to perfect purity by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company. Since it can be bought anywhere in the world for a few cents, every dressing-table should have a jar or tube.

For softening hands—If the hands are rough and chapped, or too dry, or sunburned, or the cuticle is rough and inclined to form hangnails, massage them with a generous amount of "Vaseline" Jelly before retiring and wear soft gloves.

For chapped lips—Apply a tiny bit of "Vaseline" Jelly every time you think of it. ("Vaseline" Jelly is so pure it is often taken internally.)

For sunburn—The first sunburn of the spring is often the most painful. Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly, and continue applications till the soreness goes.

Remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd.

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FOODS THAT FAVOR EACH OTHER

By Grace Viall Gray

THE home-makers of to-day often wonder just what vegetables, sauces, and garnishes should be served with certain meats, and what desserts are dietetically right with the remainder of the meal.

With pork we usually serve the flavor-vegetables, as cabbage or cauliflower. Any vegetable that is usually served with vinegar is desirable with pork.

There are really five general rules to remember in serving all forms of pork, and they are as follows:

1. Use an acid fruit—apples.
2. Use flavor-vegetables—cabbage or cauliflower.
3. Use only one starchy vegetable—potatoes, rice, etc.
4. Use simple desserts—gelatin or fruits.
5. Use a sour jelly—cranberry.

If such rules are followed you will have a well-balanced meal.

Pork can be garnished with baked apples, apple rings, parsley, sour jelly, or glazed sweet potatoes. Pepper-sauce or cider-apple sauce blends well with pork. For ham there is nothing nicer than raisin sauce.

Here is a suggestive well-balanced pork dinner:

ROAST PORK
CRANBERRY JELLY (Sour Jelly)
BROWNED POTATOES (Starchy Vegetable)
GRAVY
TOMATOES AND LETTUCE (Sour and Green Vegetable)
APPLE BAKED IN CASSEROLE (Simple Dessert)

In serving a slice of broiled ham try pineapple as a garnish instead of apple. Sliced canned pineapple is excellent fried in the pan in which the ham was prepared. Turn the slices until tender and brown to a golden color. Use no sugar.

Almost anything goes well with beef, from potatoes to Brussels sprouts, beets, eggplant, peas, and corn. That is possibly one reason why beef is such a popular form of meat. Mushroom sauce and mustard sauce combine well with beef.

Broiled steak is delicious served with horseradish or lemon sauce or with pineapple rings mentioned in connection with ham. An excellent beef combination is:

CLEAR TOMATO SOUP
ROAST BEEF — BROWNED POTATOES
BROWN GRAVY — CURRANT JELLY
BROCCOLI
TOMATO AND LETTUCE SALAD
MACAROON WHIP

With lamb and mutton we serve spinach, squash, corn, carrots, peas, onions, and either white or sweet potatoes. Croquettes made of rice or cold cooked cereal are also nice with these meats. Caper, mushroom, cranberry, and horseradish sauces all combine well with lamb- and mutton-dishes. Mint or currant jelly is good with these meats, and endive makes a good garnish.

If you wish mint jelly and can not procure the fresh mint, you can purchase the mint flavor in gelatin form. Boiling water is all that is needed to make mint-flavored green jelly.

Here is a suggestive mutton dinner:

CREAM OF PEA SOUP
BOILED MUTTON — CAPER SAUCE
SPINACH
SPANISH RICE
CARAMEL CUSTARD

Rice (such as Spanish rice) with tomatoes is an excellent combination for mutton. Another good combination is:

BREADED MUTTON CUTLETS
CUBAN SAUCE
MINT PEAS — RICE
ENDIVE SALAD
GINGER ICE-CREAM

Veal needs something like spinach or cauliflower or beets and a sauce. Hollandaise sauce, as well as tomato, brown, or onion sauce, is used with veal.

Veal also is good with dumplings and horseradish sauce.

A good veal combination follows:

VEGETABLE SOUP
VEAL CUTLETS — TOMATO SAUCE
MASHED POTATOES — SPINACH
CELERY
RICE PUDDING WITH RAISINS

A pleasing change in serving poultry is to use rice in place of white potatoes. Both are starchy vegetables, and if rice is used as a vegetable the gravy is served with it. A good combination is:

ROAST CHICKEN
CRANBERRY SAUCE
STRING-BEANS — ASPARAGUS
BAKED SWEET POTATOES
DATE-CREAM PIE

With poultry we can use such vegetables as turnips, cauliflower, lettuce, sliced tomatoes, string-beans, Lima beans, and asparagus. Pork and duck are both fatty foods. In serving duck follow the same rules as for pork.

Date-Cream Pie

4 Tablespoonfuls Butter	2 Cupfuls Rich Milk
4 Tablespoonfuls Flour	½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Eggs	½ Cupful Sugar
	1 Cupful Dates

MELT the butter, stir in the flour and salt, add the milk, and stir over the fire until the mixture boils. Add the sugar with the stoned and chopped dates, and cook at a low temperature, until the dates are soft. Add the well-beaten eggs, pour into lined pie-plates, and bake until the crust is brown.

Cuban Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Ham (Chopped)	1¼ Cupful Stock
¼ Cupful Flour	1 Cupful Tomato Catchup
¼ Cupful Butter	½ Teaspoonful Salt

COOK the ham and butter until the latter is well browned; add the flour and salt, the stock (slowly), and then the catchup. Cook for 10 minutes. Strain, and serve with mutton cutlets.

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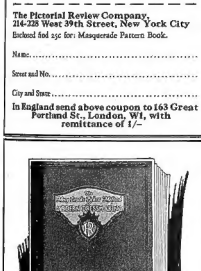

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Continued from Page 107

break I can stand, but with this gulf between us there might arise vulgar quarrels, and that for two who have been so close as you and I would be sacrilege.

I am going to stay with Grand-uncle Angus. The last letter I had from Douglas says that the old man is blind and lonely and all but mad, but will not leave his little flock. I shall be of some use there. I am going to resume my girl's name of Jocelyn Munro, not because I am not proud of being Jocelyn Dillon, but because, being a woman who has deserted her husband, I do not feel entitled to it. And now, my very dear, we must talk of justice to you. I have left you, the truest friend, the kindest friend, the dearest lover a woman ever had, just because there is a madness in my blood, a madness that makes my old grand-uncle like a wandering prophet of the hills, and brought my uncle Henry Munro to the gallows. All the world knows me for the ungrateful wench I am. But I can not think of you lonely, and dear Derrymore neglected. You must get a bill of divorce from me. That will be easy to arrange. And you must marry again, dear Garry, some one who will take care of your old house and will give your children to carry on the Dillon name and the Dillon chivalry. My dear, you must.

And now, after that, I am going to do something immoral and wrong. When you are married sanely, and some evenings you are down by the great lake, in that quiet hour we both know so well, remember Jocelyn. I should of course tell you to forget me, but, dear one, you have my heart always, for my sake can never be yours again, nor this poor body. You will keep a little place in your memory for the lover with whom you were, I know, happy for a year less one day. It will do the other woman no hurt. And so there's an end, Garrett, my dear. By the time you read this I shall be on the *Douglas* packet, turning my back on the life I knew forever, and on my country forever, and on you forever, too.

JOCELYN MUNRO.

THE young squire of Derrymore felt, now that he was more than mangrown, he must face life as he had never faced it before. All his young days he had known only Derrymore when his father and mother were living. But when they had died, in the shipwreck off Sicily, whither they were going for his mother's health, he had been as it were the adopted son of all the countryside. His mother's folk he never knew. They were officers of the old king's army in France. Some were dead now and some lost in the revolution and some in India. His grandfather had been colonel of the Irish brigade in France, and Garrett's father had met his mother at Versailles. Her name was Shevaun, and she spoke only French and the Irish language. Garrett could remember her vaguely, a merry, slight woman, with the hectic flush of decline in her cheeks. In deference to her wishes he had been christened Garrett, a favorite little name of southern Ireland.

With war, shipwreck, dueling, and the dispersion of the families, young Garrett had been left alone; he had been a ward in chancery. The estate of Derrymore was small but rich. Lord Londonderry of Mount Stewart, Lord Castlereagh's father, had consented to be one of his guardians, and the Rector of Ballinderry another. They had agreed on his going to school at Archdeacon Thurock's near Strangford Lough. Old Londonderry had been kind to him—that was the reason why Garrett had such faith in Castlereagh, that his father was so broadminded, so liberal. Garrett was not quite sure that Lord Londonderry did not sympathize with the United Men. At any rate he had a great admiration for William Orr.

WHEN at the Maze races in County Down, Garrett had first met Jocelyn Munro he found himself looking long at the grave, dark-eyed girl. She seemed so grave for her years. Mr. Emmet's rebellion had just been put down with an iron hand, more on account of the massacre of the aged Lord Kilwarden than for any other reason, and Garrett was surprized to hear that this quiet girl was a rebel and a great patriot. It was Mr. Ward of the Downshire Militia who presented him.

"You two are the orphans of this part of the world," Mr. Ward had said. "The counties of Down and Antrim are your only relatives now. So you mustn't be apart."

To Garrett it was a wonder to see how all the families of East Ulster loved this girl—Loyalist and Quaker and Roman Catholic. Old men who had marched as volunteers to the Dungannon convention, and now the gust of freedom having died down, and their years and honors weighing on them, shook their heads over the end of her ill-fated and gallant uncle.

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The quiet Quaker people looked out of their neat gray lives and loved the steady flame of her. The peasantry adored her. There seemed a conspiracy to bring them together wherever they went. At this house and that house, when, after dinner, the old people drowsed, they were always being sent out together—to see the flowers in the garden, to see that cromlech, or that old Danish fort.

He met her at Knockbreda, at Lord Donegal's house, where they were promptly sent out to see the vast fields where tobacco was grown before the prohibition in favor of the American colonies, and at Shankill, where the Brownlows lived. But most of all he liked to meet her at Shane's Castle, Earl O'Neill's great place, where she could easily visit Derrymore. He had her rowed out to Ram's Island to see the garden of the fruit-trees and the Round Tower. And he brought her to Toome Bridge, where his own bleaching-greens were, and whither the men from Rathlin Island, off the Giant's Causeway, came with kelp for the bleaching—great swinging men with their island cobs, and their Gaelic was like a song. He showed her the remains of the old iron-works—two hundred years old they were—founded by the Salters' Company of London.

SHE seemed always so clean, so fresh. Her dresses were of the linen and cambric of Ulster or of Dublin-woven silk. There was always about her some quiet quality, like the magic hour on Lough Neagh's shore when day faded into darkness, and the only sounds were of the herons' wings flapping and of the trout rising in the lake. Her eyes had the calm quality of lake-water at day's close. Always her hands were still, but her head was thrown up like a challenge. There was such youth in her step. And when she stood still, Garrett felt that she could unfold wings and fly.

He knew that the counties of Down and Antrim wished them to marry, and for that reason he mistrusted the match. None had said a word to him, but young Dillon was no fool. The girl too must know it, he felt. And he decided to avoid meeting her. But after one trial he gave up the idea. He missed her quiet silence, her rich, slow voice. So when he was invited down to Dundalk for a week's hunting he went knowing she would be there. And like a fool, he told himself later, he blundered into it.

"I suppose you've noticed," he told her at Ravensdale Park—they were staying with the Fortescues'—"that every one is trying to throw us together."

"It would be difficult not to see that," she answered.

"I suppose you understand why."

"I'd rather not talk about it," she said, and a frightened look came into her eyes. "Please—I don't know what you mean." The hunt came crashing past. "Please go on," Jocelyn said hurriedly; "you will miss the run." And feeling very much like a fool, he went after them, hitting Whitefoot an unnecessary welt as the cunning hunter went for a double bank. Tho he kept up with the huntsmen he remembered little of the run, so uncomfortable was he at having made a fool of himself.

For a long time afterward she seemed to avoid him, but at Christmas he met her again at the Ferrards' place, on the banks of Six Mile Water. All the month since he had seen her in Louth he had been looking forward to meeting her, and when she came up and greeted him like an old friend, the memory of his awkward sentence gone, his heart rose. At the ball on Christmas night he was the only man to whom she gave four dances. She told him where she had been since he saw her last, visiting here, visiting there.

"I wonder," he was thinking aloud to himself. Since he had come to his majority he had been living alone, but for servants, at Derrymore Manor.

"You wonder what, Garry?" She looked at him keenly.

"I was wondering," he said, "which of us is in the worse case—you, who have no home at all, or myself, who have a big home which is empty."

Again that strange look of fear came into her eyes. "I am in no evil case at all," she said. "All is well with me." And, making some excuse of a button lost from her glove, she left him.

"There you go," he said as he watched her pass swiftly through the room, "there you go, begad!"

He did not see her again until March, when he was fishing in the Bann. She was staying again at Shane's Castle, and came across with one of the O'Neill girls to where he was after a big springer in a pool. He had marked, when the fish was wringing after its journey from the sea, its silver belly shining in the water. But when the two women came along he gave the rod to his gillie.

"May I try your rod, Garry?" Noreen O'Neill asked.

"You may if you're able," Dillon told her. The muscular Ulsterwoman smiled, and, taking the sixteen-foot rod, began shooting the waxed hempen line over the water, dropping the prawn in with a gentle plunk. "Off with the two of you," she said, "and leave me in peace until I kill my fish!"

He moved up-river with Jocelyn. About them, under the Spring sun, the earth seemed to move with fecundity. The sally-bushes were gay with green, and everywhere the gorse was breaking into great sheets of gold. Daffodils nodded on the banks; swans moved proudly down-river, startled occasionally by the leap of a salmon in a pool. They came around a bend of the river, to a grove where old ash-trees rose out of golden moss, and a kingfisher flashed along the bank toward his nest by the river. Jocelyn stopped and walked in silence.

Tho he had always thought her lovely, he had never seen so much wistful beauty in her face. Her side face was toward him, and the smooth brow and black eyebrow, small, straight nose and tilted chin, had something exotic about them. Her skin had the clear coloring of a camellia. The lashes of her eyes were curling and perfect. There was so little Scot in her face. But then he remembered her descent from the Black Baron of Foulis and Frasin of Lovat, through ancestors who had fought on the Continent with Swedish kings and kings of France.

"I think long," she said, turning to him, "until the swallows come."

He did not answer her, but kept looking at her, as tho he were in some sort of trance, his eyes looking into her eyes. And suddenly a flash of color came over her face, spreading from cheek to dark hair, from cheek to white neck. And before he knew what he was doing he had her in his arms and kissed her. She lay quietly an instant and tried to get away.

"Be still," he told her in a strained voice.

FROM his shoulder he could hear her speaking in queer muffled tones.

"So the old folk have had their way."

"Not they!" he answered. "It's our own way we have."

She wished to go away, but he held her close. "I shall come back," she said, and he freed her.

"You are a loyal man," she said, "and I am a rebel. You will not try to make me think your way."

"God forbid!" he promised. "Each must think as he sees!"

"Yes," she said, "I knew you would feel that, that each must think as he feels. There's something else I must tell you." She smiled a little. "Garry, I don't know if you know, but I am all but a dowerless girl."

"Oh, that!" he said. "I didn't know. I never thought of it. But I am glad."

"I'll come back now," she said.

She rested against his shoulder again. He did not dare stir, lest she would be disturbed. He heard her murmur.

"What are you saying?" he whispered.

"Just this: Dear God, all is well with Jocelyn."

The second instalment of "Field of Honor" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published May 25th. If you prefer to read this story at one time save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all later on.

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